Good Housekeeping

DECEMBER
1929

25 CENTS
35 CENTS IN CANADA

DEC 4 1929

Beginning THE KRAMER GIRLS by Ruth Suckow

Coningsby Dawson · Margaret Sangster · Rose O'Neill
Frances P. Keyes · Jennie Harris Oliver · Florence B. Boeckel

The importance of *Healthful Cleanliness* in Good Cooking cannot be over-emphasized

HEALTHFUL CLEANLINESS is the first requisite in the preparation of palatable and wholesome foods—and there is nothing else like Old Dutch to provide this protection. Old Dutch possesses many other distinctive and valuable qualifications. It is safe . . . quick . . . economical.

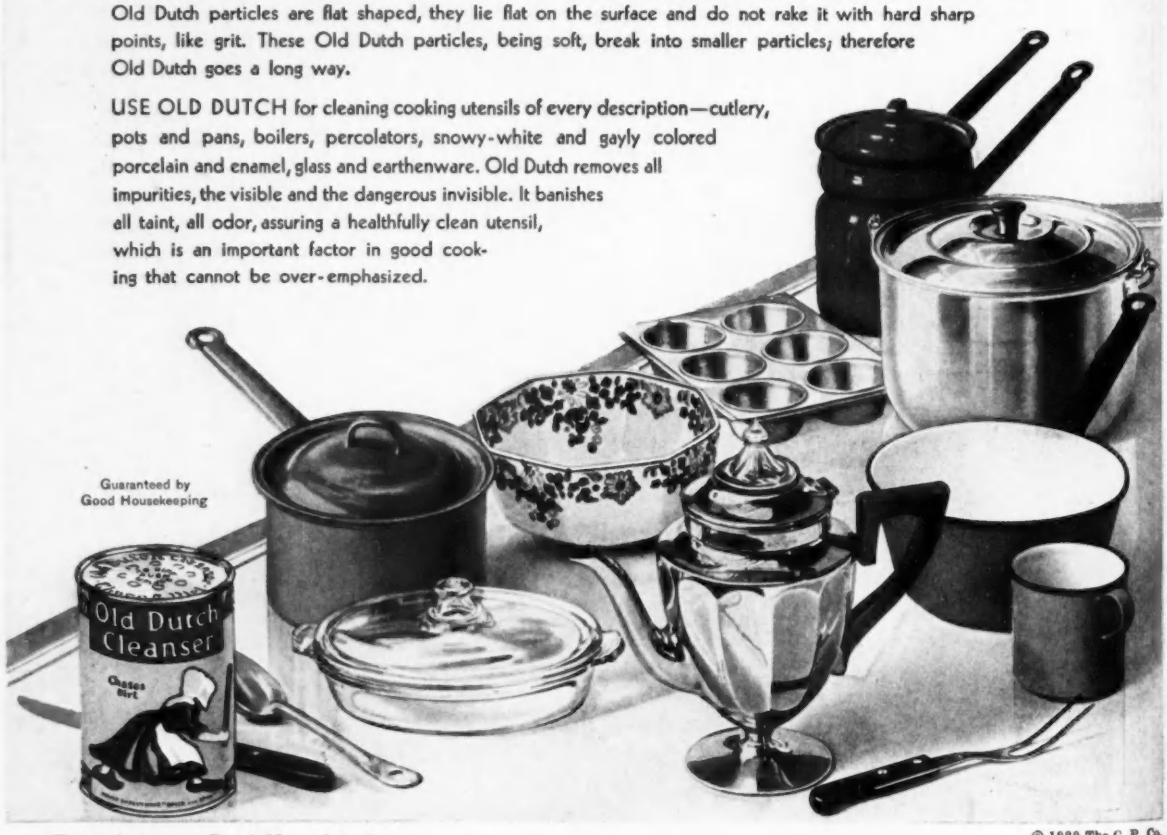
SAFE: Because it is free from acid and caustic, contains no sand or hard scratchy grit. It doesn't scratch. And that is worthy of consideration in this day of beautiful finishes. Scratches make utensils unsightly. They also provide lodging places for impurities, cause food to stick more readily and often scorch and burn, and then, too, they render cleaning more difficult. And here is still another advantage—Old Dutch doesn't harm the hands or disfigure the nails.

QUICK: Because of their remarkable detergent properties and ultra-modern efficiency, the soft, flaky, flat-shaped Old Dutch particles liberate and wipe away stubborn dirt, grease, grime, stains and rust with a clean sweep.

WHEN YOU USE Old Dutch, less work, time and energy are required because Old Dutch does so much more. You'll appreciate this especially at the holiday season . . . when there is so much to be done . . . cooking, baking, candy making and so many EXTRA utensils to be cleaned.

ECONOMICAL: Because EVERY PARTICLE of Old Dutch does its FULL SHARE of cleaning. The Old Dutch particles are flat shaped, they lie flat on the surface and do not rake it with hard sharp points, like grit. These Old Dutch particles, being soft, break into smaller particles; therefore Old Dutch goes a long way.

USE OLD DUTCH for cleaning cooking utensils of every description—cutlery, pots and pans, boilers, percolators, snowy-white and gayly colored porcelain and enamel, glass and earthenware. Old Dutch removes all impurities, the visible and the dangerous invisible. It banishes all taint, all odor, assuring a healthfully clean utensil, which is an important factor in good cooking that cannot be over-emphasized.



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VICTOR RADIO

MICRO - SYNCHRONOUS

the gift that keeps on giving!

This Christmas, for your home, for those who are dear to you, for yourself, you will naturally seek the supreme gift, a gift beyond price...the gift of happiness.

Victor micro-synchronous Radio, with Electrola, (playing Victor Records electrically) or the radio alone in its lovely Console, will provide more happiness, and *more tasting* happiness than any other gift at any price. Victor-Radio with Electrola is unique: the entertainment it provides is as varied as human desires. It is perhaps *the only thing in the world that can please everyone, all the time!*

Victor-Radio performance is accepted as the standard by which other instruments are judged ...and of which they must inevitably fall short. For no other radio is micro-synchronous; no other radio is backed by acoustical experience comparable with Victor's; and no other radio bears the name "Victor" and the famous Victor trademark.

When you go to your Victor Dealer's to hear the three models of Victor-Radio, you will find them beautiful, compact and soundly built, as become Victor instruments. You will recognize them as the gift that keeps on giving... a royal gift...*at a very low price!* Victor Talking Machine Division, Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Make this Christmas memorable with Victor-Radio!

Victor Radio-Electrola RE-45. *The modern complete musical instrument. Same radio equipment as R-32. All-electric radio and Victor Record reproduction. Automatic record brake. Marvelous power and quality. List price $275. Less Radiotrons.*

Victor-Radio de luxe R-52. *Wall cabinet of classical design in finest walnut veneers. Radio equipment identical with that of R-32. Inlaid door medallions of matched butt walnut. Blended finish. A luxurious cabinet housing a marvelous radio set. List price $215. Less Radiotrons.*

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Victor Super-automatic Station Selector. Just slide the knob to right or left... you have the station you want.

Victor-Radio *with Electrola*

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"The FOOL of the FAMILY"
By Margaret Kennedy

A new story of the Sanger family, who charmed and bewildered all the world in the sparkling pages of "The Constant Nymph," will begin

IN JANUARY

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
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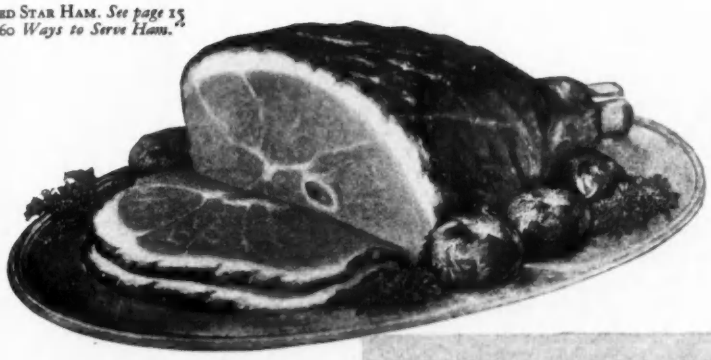
for CHRISTMAS WEEK

a "Star" Ham *Dinner, Breakfast and Supper*

BAKED STAR HAM. *See page 15 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*



DINNER

TOMATO BOUILLON
OLIVES CELERY
BAKED STAR HAM
WITH CINNAMON APPLES
CANDIED SWEET POTATOES
BRUSSELS SPROUTS
CRANBERRY JELLY
MINCE PIE
NUTS COFFEE MINTS

THE MOST taste-satisfying, time-saving purchase you can make during Christmas week is a Star Ham. And when you present Star Ham to your family in any or all of these menus you'll be delighted with the compliments from all around the table.

In rooms where savory, hickory smoke and heat are under exact regulation, the famous flavor of Star Ham is developed. You'll taste this delicious goodness in every bite of Star Ham. And that most noticeable tenderness is the result of choosing only the finest young hams for the Star Ham curing and smoking process.

Buy a whole Star Ham today. Look for the words "Armour's Star" on the wrapper and branded on the ham itself. Mail the coupon for a free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham." The recipes show how to use all of a Star Ham economically.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
Chicago
Armour and Company, Limited, London, England

BREAKFAST

HALF OF GRAPEFRUIT
WITH MARASCHINO CHERRY
STAR HAM AND CLOVERBLOOM EGGS
COUNTRY STYLE
STAR BACON MUFFINS MARMALADE
COFFEE

★

SUPPER

STAR HAM AND CHEESE RAREBIT
ON TOAST
LETTUCE SALAD FRENCH DRESSING
JELLIED FRUIT WHITE FRUIT CAKE
COFFEE

STAR HAM AND EGGS. *See page 18 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

STAR HAM AND CHEESE RAREBIT ON TOAST. *See page 20 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

★

LISTEN TO *the Armour Hour every Friday night over 36 stations associated with the N.B.C. Eastern Standard Time* 10.30 P.M.–11 P.M.

★ Full directions for the Star Ham dishes in the menus in this advertisement are found in "60 Ways to Serve Ham." Mail coupon for a free copy.

Dept. A-12, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

Name _____

Address _____

THE NAME "ARMOUR" ON A FOOD PRODUCT IS AN ASSURANCE OF QUALITY

In using advertisements see page 6

Silver ANNIVERSARY!

THE National Tuberculosis Association celebrates this year the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding—its twenty-fifth year of ceaseless warfare against one of mankind's greatest foes. During all this time it has been a leader in organized education of the public in the ways of health. Its chief object, as its name implies, has been to reduce the death-rate from tuberculosis, the disease which leads all others in cutting down both men and women in the prime of life. Diseases of the heart claim perhaps a greater total of lives, but their peak comes past the age of sixty, while tuberculosis hits hardest from fifteen to forty-five. Three years ago it caused 91,568 deaths in the registration area, and of these victims 56,746 were boys and girls, young men and women—more girls than boys, more women under thirty than men of similar age. But whatever the age or sex, a death from tuberculosis is a needless death, for proof is both abundant and positive that *tuberculosis can be cured.*

When the National Tuberculosis Association was formed, the tuberculosis death-rate was 200 per 100,000 inhabitants. What a task—what an opportunity—the new association faced! Gallantly it went to work, gallantly it has kept ever at its job, until today the death-rate is considerably less than half what it was twenty-five years ago. And this means a saving of approximately 130,000 lives—productive lives—a year. Perhaps you helped to save some of these lives. You most certainly did if you cooperated with the National Association—which you did if you bought only a single Christmas Seal. And if you realized the seriousness of the situation and bought the seals generously, your share was just that much greater. The road back to health is a long one—long and uncertain unless the patient has rest and an untroubled mind and good food. These must frequently—if not usually—be provided for through sources outside the patient's family. Hence the necessity for large sums of money—there are over 800,000 tuberculous cases in this country—and for an ever-increasing army of Seal purchasers. Remember—*tuberculosis can be cured.* And so, of course, it must be. Buy Christmas Seals—lots of 'em!

"No one could tell me where my soul might be,
I sought for God, and God eluded me,
I sought my brother out, and found all three."

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

A Song at Christmas

By Theodosia Garrison

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

THIS day two things I will do,
Seldom done before,
Hang my holly free from rue
At an opened door.

SET my candle burning high
In the window place,
So all men as well as I
Mark its slender grace.

NO more will I sit alone
On a Christmas even,
Since I have forgiven one
Long time unforgiven.

HOLLY shows a Christmas host,
A candle points the way;
Tell me, neighbors, if a ghost
Seeks my door today.

Beginning

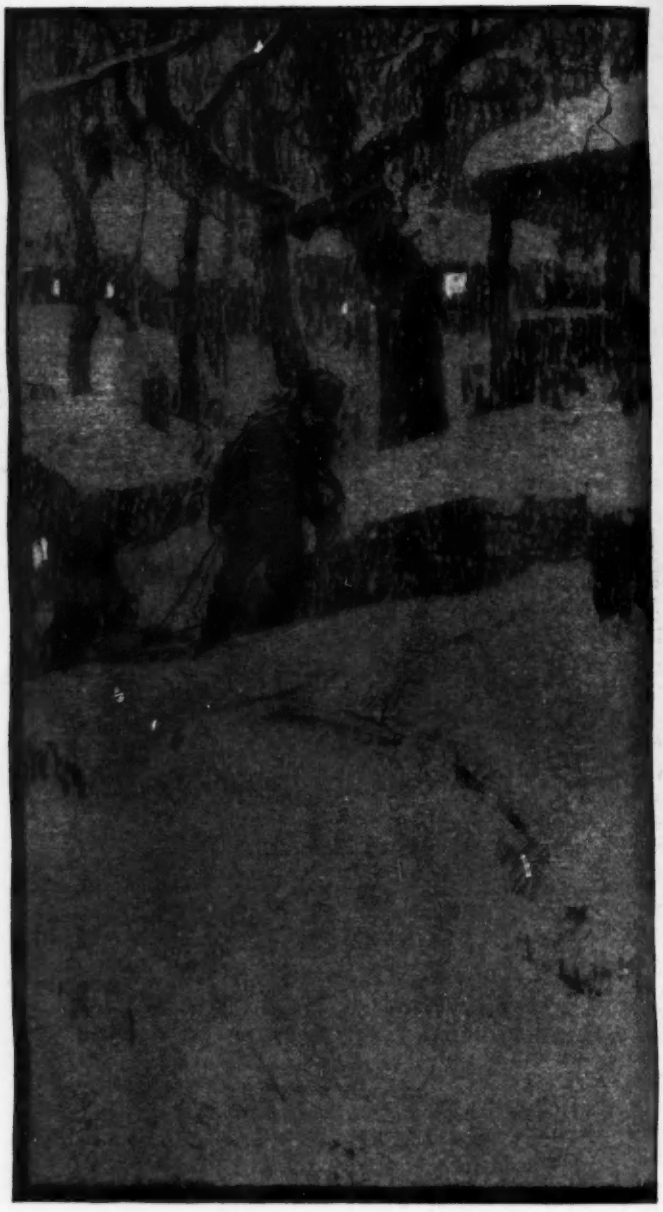
The Kramer *GIRLS*

By

Ruth Suckow

A Story of
The Hearts and Hopes
Of Three Sisters

Illustrated
By Maurice L. Bower



Georgie watched them from the
and Annie went trotting so hap-

CHAPTER I

GEORGIE was baking a cake for the church supper that night. Annie thought it was Georgie's turn to go, but Georgie said with brusk good-nature,

"Oh, go on, Annie, you know you're dying to."

They could never both leave their mother at the same time.

Rose was just getting home from school. She was a little late—had been practising basket-ball, probably. Georgie looked out of the window above the white-muslin sash-curtain. It was snowing outside, in big, soft flakes that piled up, white and feathery, in the rough crotches of the plum tree; and Rose was tramping through the snow, her hands in her pockets, her head up, enjoying it.

Georgie heard her stamping and brushing before she came bursting into the kitchen.

"H'lo, George! Gee, it's just great outside! What you cooking? Yummy! Smell it!" She sniffed the air hungrily. The whole big kitchen was full of the warm odor of nut cake baking. "What's it for?"

"Church supper."

"Oh, gee, I forgot! Tonight? You going?"

"No, you and Annie, I guess," Georgie said tolerantly. Georgie added severely: "Shake off your things now, before you go into the other room. How're your feet? Annie cleaned this morning."

She pretended it was the clean rugs that worried her, bending down at the same time to be sure that Rose's feet were not wet.

"Oh, they're all right," Rose said impatiently.

As she passed, Georgie gave a good-natured brush at her red felt cap, sending the snowflakes and the little, melted drops in a shower across her fresh, cold cheeks.

"Here, now, old lady!"

"Sh! Mamma!"

Rose giggled as she wrestled noiselessly with Georgie. She was strong, but Georgie was stronger. Suddenly and breathlessly Rose melted all to soft, cuddling weakness in Georgie's grasp, nestled her plump face into the big curve of Georgie's neck and shoulder, and kissed the back of Georgie's neck where the rough, short hairs curled.

"You old love-budget!" Georgie scolded with shamefaced pleasure. "Get along with you."

"Ouch!"

She had given Rose a good, resounding spat.

Rose hung her gray coat and red cap on the pegs in the chilly front hall, and then, whistling softly under her breath, went out into the sitting-room. It was a big, plain, old-fashioned room, painted and papered like the hall with light walls and cream-colored woodwork, but warm now from the hard-coal burner. Rose plumped down

window, going through the beautiful dimness and the softly falling snow. Rose pranced along, pily, carrying the cake wrapped carefully in a newspaper so that the frosting would not be spoiled

upon the wide, shabby couch near the stove. Annie's gray cat was curled up tightly on his favorite, feather-stuffed blue cushion. Rose didn't specially care for animals, like Annie, but at times she liked to feel the warmth of the cat's fur. Her plump hand was softly mottled with pink from the cold. She thrust it into the warm, downy nest of fur between the cat's neatly-curved thigh and his fluffy under-side. He flicked his gray ears, shook his head, snapped out "Miaow!" with emphasis, got up, turned all around, and then settled down more compactly than ever.

"Oh, well, if you're going to be so snippy, Mr. Gray!" Rose said. "I think you might get my hand warm for me."

She went to the window and stood with her cheek pressed against the curtain for the feel of the cold glass behind it. All the time, now, she was living and moving in a secret warmth that made her want to snuggle down by herself, dreamy and motionless, and then that suddenly brightened into a restless happiness that wouldn't let her keep still. She wanted to . . . to . . . oh, she didn't know what she wanted to do! But Rose hated to be alone. Since Gray wouldn't have anything to do with her, she went back to Georgie in the kitchen.

There, all at once, she felt disconsolate. She sat down on the green-painted chair, watching Georgie. There was a sort of comfort in Georgie's presence, even in the sight of her broad, sturdy back as she bent over the oven.

Annie was the one to whom she usually told things—about parties, basket-ball trips, what the girls had done, what the boys said to her. Annie loved to hear all about the high-school doings and listened with child-like awe and enthusiasm. But when Rose was with Georgie, she had a feeling that nothing could happen to her.

Georgie straightened up. "Too bad you didn't get here sooner, kid. You'd have come in for a job picking out hickory nuts. Practising?"

"Um-um. Had to stay after school. Whispering in assembly."

"You're a dandy!" Georgie commented.

"I don't care. It was Bert's fault."

"Oh, now, kid, take what's coming to you!"

"Well, it was. He was whispering to me. But *darling Polly*—" Rose simpered—"always keeps the girls and lets the boys go."

"You bet! That's the way of it!" Georgie muttered ironically, more to herself than to Rose.

"I don't care anyway. Miss Alexander had assembly, and she came over and talked to me."

"Did she?" Georgie looked pleased. "What did she have to say?"

"Oh, nothing. About work, I guess."

Georgie hustled about the kitchen. She was a little worried about "the kid." She didn't know just what had got into Rose these days. Or rather she suspected it all too well! Rose was beginning to think about the boys. Well, she supposed it had to come! Rose had been long enough in reaching her silly stage. When the other girls were beginning to think about their hair and clothes, Rose was still wild over basket-ball and just about as ready, it seemed to Georgie, to go out and play catch with the little Carmody boys across the street as to trail around with the high-school boys. But then Rose was so healthy, innocent, frank and open. Why couldn't she always stay that way?

Georgie glanced at her with anxious pride. She was a fresh, wholesome-looking girl, like her two sisters, but prettier. A little too plump, like them, even now; but so healthy and attractive with her large, soft-featured face with the pink-and-white skin that was as fine-textured as a baby's. Her soft, dark hair was slightly roughened, with glints of brown-gold along the edges of the waves. The whites of her brown eyes were transparently clear. Both her sisters were absurdly proud of her.

"Are you ready for the supper, kid?"

"As ready as I'm going to be."

"Oh, better brush your hair a little."

Well, that was one thing about Rose. She wasn't always thinking of her looks, anyway. She despised her looks, because she thought she was too fat, and spent as little time on them as possible. Her beautiful skin and her soft, brown hair she took for granted. She was contented with her middy blouses and her dark skirts. Oh, probably Georgie was imagining most of this, anyway. It was Mrs. Pick. who had put the idea into her head. Mrs. Pickering, the Kramers' neighbor, and a great crony of Annie's, was always commenting now on how Rose was changing and always teasing her about the boys. Well, Mrs. Pick. could just keep her mouth shut about Raymond Hamlin. Georgie drew the line there. Could Rose possibly—? But she couldn't believe it. One of the toughest boys in school. Georgie had told Rose to pay no attention to Mrs. Pick.

Rose went pell-mell up the stairs to her room. If she should disturb mamma . . . but then, Georgie thought, the kid had to have a little leeway for her high spirits. It was gloomy enough for a young girl in this house. Rose had those blue spells, too. She was emotional. That was what made these next few years a problem.

And yet she had escaped the dark atmosphere of the house better than any one would have believed possible. Georgie did really believe that, in spite of everything, Rose had had a happy childhood. She was going to escape the rest of it, too; Georgie had made up her mind to that.

Annie came into the kitchen, dressed for the church supper. Her round, soft face and light eyes were beaming.

"I don't feel right about going, Georgie," she said.

"Oh, go along!"

Georgie suddenly wanted to go, too. Her own unselfishness made her cross. But she could stand the brunt of it so much better, really, than Annie, that she took more of it than was necessary. Her own strength betrayed her and made her deprecate that of every one else. Georgie Kramer liked a good time as well as any one. But she liked to be the prop of her household, too.

"Too bad you didn't get here sooner, kid. You'd have stay after school," smiled Rose. "Whispering in assembly." It was Bert's fault. He was whispering to me. But *dar-*

Rose came running back. She had on the red felt cap that looked so dazzlingly bright with her brown hair and white skin.

"Have you said goodby to mamma?" Georgie said severely.

"No."

"Well, you go and do it."

Rose knew better than to make any demur, but she went without alacrity. Well, that couldn't be helped. The kid was too young to understand. She had never really had a mother. But she didn't realize it because Georgie and Annie had always taken care of her. Georgie wondered whether she had any affection for her mother.

come in for a job picking out hickory nuts." "Had to "You're a dandy," commented Georgie. "I don't care. *ling teacher* always keeps the girls and lets the boys go"

Rose went into the bedroom and up to the bed which stood massive and mysterious in the light dimmed by the snow dropping softly outside the window. A big evergreen tree grew too close to this room. She felt no shock at the sight of the big-boned, wasted face with its waxy, paralytic smoothness. She was used to it. But she felt no pity or affection, either. She never really looked at her mother, but kept away the aversion from her mind by a kind of soft withholding of herself. It was as if she held her breath until she got outside the room again. The girls—Georgie and Annie—looked after mamma.

"Goodby, mamma. I'm going to the supper," Rose said softly and dutifully.

She kissed her mother's forehead. The straining, dark look of those filmed and tragic eyes meant nothing to the ignorant, untouched callousness of her youth. Her affections, her clinging fondness, she had transferred to her sisters so naturally, and so long ago, that it never occurred to her that her mother's clouded spirit might be reaching out for her.

And perhaps it wasn't. Annie thought mamma "understood everything." But Georgie, more realistic although not less deeply moved by her mother's plight, was not sure. Perhaps, mercifully, mamma's spirit held aloof from Rose by the same necessity with which Rose held apart from her. Maybe it was a mercy, Georgie sometimes thought, that the kid didn't realize. But now, as always, it gave her a resentful shock when Rose came blithely back into the kitchen.

"You fellows better get a hustle on yourselves," she said gruffly.

"Rose, are you ready, dearie?" Annie asked.

In a moment the two were going through the beautiful dimness and the softly-falling snow, Annie carrying the cake wrapped carefully in a newspaper so that the frosting wouldn't be spoiled. Georgie watched them from the window. Rose pranced along, and Annie went trotting so happily.

"Oh, well . . ." Georgie thought tolerantly.

ANNIE and Rose sat together at the church supper.

"Here they come!" Charlie Ruble exclaimed. "Here's the girls I've been waiting for. Been keeping these two chairs the hull evening. Missis, here, tried to make me give 'em up two or three times."

Every one at the long table laughed. It was an old joke that Charlie Ruble pretended to be in love with Annie Kramer—with all three Kramer girls, in fact, but Annie particularly—and pretended that his wife was madly jealous. Mrs. Ruble laughed dutifully now, as always. It had taken Mrs. Pickering's sharp little eyes to discover that the joke wasn't quite so funny to her as to Charlie.

"Hey! Pass my two girls the salad. Why, they ain't getting a thing!" Charlie Ruble shouted. "I see how 'tis. I'll have to set between 'em next time. Ettie, here, she wants to starve 'em out. Spoil their good looks. Well, I'll look after you, girls."

Annie beamed; and Rose, although it made her tired to see a bald-headed old fellow like Charlie Ruble trying to be funny, smiled too, with her glowing, soft acquiescence.

"Say, Annie, didn't you bring some of that cake of yours along? I just been saving my stummick for that."

Annie couldn't help beaming again, although she said, "Oh, Georgie was the one made the cake."

"Go on! Don't tell me you can't make cake with the best of 'em."

"This the cake you're talking about?" Mrs. Hefferlin asked. She was waiting on their table and had just brought in fresh supplies.

"That's it! Put it down here. This end gets it first."

They were all calling at once. The men were reaching out their hands.

"Now, you hold your horses, everybody," Mrs. Hefferlin said, well pleased with this triumph and at exerting some little authority. "They's a (*Continued on page 263*)

Every man and woman in the world today is taking part in the peace movement

Florence Brewer Boeckel

The STEPS That

EVERY man and woman living in the world today is taking part in the peace movement. There are those who will resent and resist that statement, but not by out-navying the big navy can any escape. For there are two peace movements, the conscious and the unconscious.

The unconscious movement toward peace began the day men first discovered they could do together what they could not do alone. When man's imagination was slight, his ambition limited, and his world only as big as that part of the earth over which he could walk, small groups working together could accomplish all the tasks that his mind devised and fill all the needs of which he was aware. As his power and ambition and his world grew, larger cooperating groups were required to carry out his purposes. The clan became the tribe; the tribe, the nation.

Today man lives in terms of the world. He talks across its widest seas, he travels around it in a few days and sends a message from hemisphere to hemisphere in less than one-fourteenth of a second. His news is world news; his markets are world markets; he calls upon the ends of the earth to supply his daily needs. Such a world civilization presents problems and tasks which can be carried out successfully only if all the world cooperates.

But cooperation necessitates peace. Beginning with the family and coming on up to the nation, within the cooperating group peace has been maintained. Those who would halt this trend of civilization from "isolation to cooperation" at a point short of world peace are attempting to check forces beyond the deliberate control of man—forces that have enabled him to survive on earth, to gain control of the earth, forces older even than man himself, for modern science shows a far-reaching interdependence between plant and animal life, between organic and inorganic substances, and cooperation as a factor in the survival of animal species. Mankind's own history is shown by modern research to be marked by an interdependence that extends both vertically and horizontally; that is, from generation to generation and from group to group.

Tells How the Whole Wide World Is Now Taking

LEAD *to* PEACE

Illustrated by Clara Elsene Peck

A sense of this unity underlying all life has inspired religions, philosophies, and art. Great teachers have never preached brotherhood as an artificial ideal which they sought to superimpose, but as an expression in human relations of a law of life. And to philosophers it has long been evident how "God has so scattered his blessings that there is no country which does not have need of many things," and how He has "apparently done this in order that all men shall live as brothers." But practically, forests and seas and mountains have formed physical barriers that for many centuries prevented an exchange of "blessings," prevented the ordinary man from recognizing his relation to other men, and permitted institutions and policies to grow up based on group isolation and self-sufficiency.

Within the last hundred years science has all at once leveled all barriers, created a world environment, made every man before he knew it a world citizen; but the ideas and institutions that grew up behind the barriers have remained, and men are not living as brothers. We know—when we stop to think—that our daily lives are dependent upon the ends of the earth and that our prosperity is wrapped up with the prosperity of other men, but we have not so absorbed this knowledge that we consistently act upon it. The result is that a critical conflict has arisen between the conditions of our international life and our ways of living internationally. It is this conflict, threatening civilization, which has brought the peace movement to consciousness. Man's intelligence and power of invention have entered in as a factor to alter with great suddenness the physical relations of man, and he must now consciously apply his intelligence to make the adjustments necessary.

The peace movement is primarily an effort to bring international relations into line with international facts. It is supported by millions of men and women who feel the danger in the present situation if they do not analyze it; who know that war is out-of-date.

To accomplish its purpose the peace movement has attempted three things: to match world (*Continued on page 160*)

Sarah Addington's

Delightful Story of What Happened to a Girl Who Had Been

Three Times A Bridesmaid

Illustrated

By Henry Raleigh

THE telephone rang. Phyllis heard it from her bathroom and in her warm soapsuds suddenly shivered. She had been feeling unaccountably queer and heavy all morning, as if something ominous were going to happen. Now the innocent clang of the telephone bell became the menacing voice of doom.

Bath brush in hand—she had been raking her knees—she waited. She heard Jennie's footsteps in the pantry below, then coming up the stairs the slow, impending feet of fate in Jennie's tripping shoes.

Jennie knocked on the bathroom door. "Miss Phyllis!"

"Yes?" she quavered.

"Miss Rosamund on the telephone."

She jumped up and flung out of the tub. Oh, only Rosamund. What did Rosamund want? Something silly, of course. Rosamund was such a goose. Always telephoning about nothing: should she wear the green frock or the yellow one? Did Phyllis think lemon was good for the hair? Things like that.

She slapped a towel here and there on her body, elbowed into a dressing-gown.

"Mother, may I use your telephone? Rosamund's on."

Bending over her mother's little desk, she said, grinning: "Hello, Ros. I was in the tub."

Rosamund was gurgling something.

"What?"

"I say!" came Rosamund's high, excited voice. "I say, Phyl, I've got the most exciting thing—"

"Oh, my dear, what?" Phyllis' bare white feet danced impatiently.

"Oh, my dear, I can't tell you over the telephone. It's *too* exciting. You'll simply die. I'm all of a twitter and—"

"What is it?" demanded Phyllis.

"I tell you I can't—"

"Rosamund!" begged Phyllis piteously.

"Oh, I know it's awful calling you up and then not— Can't you come over right away?"

Phyllis, suddenly very white, said: "You're engaged. Fritz proposed last night."

Three miles away Rosamund gurgled again. She might have been strangling to death.

"Stop *snorting!*" commanded Phyllis. "Are you? Did he? Answer me!"

"Yes," gasped Rosamund. "Isn't it marvelous? Oh, Phyllis, I'm so thrilled. He was simply darling. He said I was—"

At last Rosamund finished. Phyllis hung up and, not looking at her mother sitting close by, announced harshly:

"Rosamund's engaged to Fritz. *There's* a surprise for the suburb."

Mrs. Hunter looked interested. "Isn't it rather sudden?"

"No," answered Phyllis walking briskly away. "They've been acting like idiots all summer."

"But Fritz isn't through college."

Phyllis replied coldly over her shoulder, "That doesn't make any difference."

"Oh," said Mrs. Hunter meekly.

In her own room again, Phyllis methodically put on her stockings, her shoes, her indecent little undergarments, a straight, plain frock of white silk. Carefully she brushed back her dark, thick hair, powdered her straight, little nose, smoothed out her cleanly arched dark eyebrows.

One had to carry on. However sick the heart, one had to keep going.

The August morning lay seductively all about her. Tree tops moved caressingly against a blue, fathomless sky, the garden drowsed in the sunlight, beyond stretched the meadows, and beyond them waited the sea. One could ride this morning, or go bathing, or take the car. One could go to the country club, or one could go down on the big side piazza and read long, undisturbed hours until lunch.

But when one's heart lay cold and heavy in one's breast, how meaningless were such things!

Suddenly Phyllis flung herself down on the bed.

"How rotten to be jealous of Ros! I ought to rejoice."

But the sharp pain that was fear and longing would not subside. For here was the truth, hideous and vile: she, Phyllis Hunter, was going to live and die an old maid. Rosamund had been the last of the bunch except herself to remain outside the thrilling, mysterious circle of the betrothed.

They had gone down like ninepins this summer—Maud, Hildegarde, Nancy, Ruth, every last one of them since June had called up just as Ros had today, and gurgled and announced. Maud was already married, was on a boat now with Harvey—really married, and on her wedding trip, ring, trousseau, house waiting for her, maids engaged, the whole business. Hildegarde had the most colossal diamond. Nancy wasn't going back to college. Ruth was embroidering towels and things. And now Rosamund—

Phyllis groaned. She *had* counted on Rosamund. Of course, Ros and Fritz had been sneaking off into corners all summer, and Rosamund had acted rather wild and hysterical all the time, but Phyllis had thought it was just a case. Rosamund always had cases. Phyllis had them herself incessantly. But a case wasn't marriage. Everybody knew that a case was—well, just a case.

Of course, there was Edna Smiley; she was still left on the shelf, and she was twenty-three. But Edna was different. She was one of these highbrow girls who had ideas; she worked in a decorating shop in New York and actually liked it, going in on the train, working like a horse all day. You really couldn't count Edna, because she was simply queer. And there was Eunice Parker; she certainly was an old maid, dyed in the wool. But Eunice wore glasses, and went fishing with her father, and in the winter studied psychology or something; of course, nobody would want to marry her.

But Phyllis was really eligible. She knew she was. A girl can't be nineteen years old and have a string of boys all summer long without knowing that the boys like her. Why, gee whiz, she was terribly popular, everybody said that. Beany Brigham and Tod Rickert had even had a fight over her, and Muddy was simply goofy about her. But—here was the awful, humiliating thing—nobody had even hinted at marriage. Tod had tried to kiss her once or twice, and rather flattering that was, too, but had he even murmured about wanting her for a wife? Not he. He was merely toying with her. She burned now with shame, her wide, dark eyes brightening angrily . . . Oh gosh! She pulled herself up wearily from the bed.

Luncheon was an awful clatter. Mary, her older sister, and the boys were full of talk. Mary was old, thirty-something; she had a houseful of children at the Cape; she was visiting for just a few days.

"I hear," said Mary, "that Rosamund and Fritz are about to enter holy wedlock.

MUDDY and Beany and Howard were all fiercely attentive. Three plates of salad were brought to Phyllis, three plates of ice cream, three cups of coffee, innumerable cups of punch. Phyllis did not see the smiles that went around at the sight of the three truculent young men fighting for her attention

Has Fritz shaved yet?"

Phyllis looked at her witheringly.

"They're twenty-two, both of them."

"I see," said Mary smoothly. "Dick, you're not engaged or anything, are you?"

Dick, the sixteen-year-old, grunted disgustedly. "Gee whiz, this place is coo-coo. Everybody gettin' married and havin' babies."

"Has Maud got a baby yet, Phyllis?" asked Tony interestedly.

Tony was eleven. Maud's wedding had been his first. He had thought at first, when Maud swept down the aisle in floating white, that she was a princess; he had been dazzled by the wedding cake; he had dreamed of the orchestra in their bright green coats.

"Of course not, Tony," said Phyllis. "She only got married last week."

But Tony's question shot a new pain through her. Of course, they'd all be having babies before long. She'd be the old maid who had to give presents and coo at the babies, like Miss Figgins, the rector's sister.

Rosamund came bouncing in before they had finished lunch.

Mary said: "It's awfully nice, Rosamund. I hope you'll be terribly happy."

Mrs. Hunter said: "My dear, I do like Fritz, you know. He's a fine boy. Bless you."

Phyllis hugged her ferociously. "Good old Ros. Gee whiz!"

Dick went on with his peaches grimly.

Tony was saying: "Mother, can I have some more cake? Half a piece, maybe? Rosamund, are you going to have lots of little babies?"

Opportunities to propose had been embarrassingly plentiful. There was the afternoon they where they had dried off and had supper by a kerosene lamp—and the farmer's wife had discreetly

Rosamund, grave and shining, seemed suddenly awfully grown-up and remote. "What are you doing this afternoon, Phyl? I thought we might go off—"

Phyllis said effortfully, "All right, Rosamund."

As they climbed into Rosamund's roadster, Phyllis exhorted herself:

"I must be decent. She's so happy."

She got through it somehow. Rosamund talked and talked. Fritz had been so sweet, so darling. Really, he was the nicest boy of the whole lot. Didn't Phyllis think so, honestly? Wouldn't he make an ideal husband? So good-looking, so gentle, so amusing. Rosamund, who thought Fritz not quite such a paragon, agreed fervidly.

"Oh, yes, he's wonderful, Ros."

Rosamund told her all about the plans. Wonderful how plans for a whole lifetime could be made in one evening! They were to be married in September and both go up to Cambridge. That one thing Mr. Ayling had been firm about: Fritz had to finish law school, married or not.

"That'll be fun, though," she added. "I love Boston, and Fritz has loads of fascinating friends up there."

Phyllis nodded miserably. "Great!" she said.

"And Mr. Ayling has really given us quite a decent allowance. You see, Fritz had it all fixed with his father before. Well, it isn't *fancy*, but we can live all right, sort of student stuff, you know. I'll *like* that. And Phyl, I have to have Kate for my matron of honor, because she's my sister and she had me for maid of honor, but I want you to be a bridesmaid."

"I'd love to," said Phyllis.

That finished it. Twice before, she had escorted brides up to the altar—last year, Alice Carter; this year, Maud. Three times a bridesmaid. Well—She shrugged hopelessly.

"I want to have a really lovely wedding, Phyl. Something so beautiful it will make people gasp. Don't you think silver tissue for me and green and silver for the bridesmaids—or should it be the good old white satin? Maybe silver tissue's a little chorus-girly."

had been caught in the rain in Howard's open car. He had carried her to a farmhouse, retired. There was a moment! And Howard had been only concerned lest she catch cold

"I'd stick to white," said Phyllis. "Maybe Kate could have silver tissue and all the rest of us the green with silver gadgets."

At last Rosamund deposited her at home again, suddenly in a tearing hurry.

"Fritz is coming for dinner," she explained breathlessly. "And I *think* he's going to bring the ring. He was mumbling in his beard last night about it, and I saw him whispering with mother."

"Well," said Mary at dinner, "who's coming tonight Phyllis? Beany or Howard or Tod or the one called—what is it? —Muddy? Why, if I may ask, *do* you call him Muddy?"

"His last name is Waters," offered Phyllis shortly.

Mary looked unenlightened.

"There was a dance piece long ago," went on Phyllis, icily elaborate, "called 'Muddy Waters.'" Heavens, what a back number Mary was!

"Well, if anybody is coming, Phyllis," said Mrs. Hunter, "you'd better get on with your dinner. You're not eating, child. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Ros and I had tea this afternoon."

It was Howard Kenyon who was coming. Beany had wanted to, but she was rather tired of Beany, so she had put him off, and Howard had telephoned. She was really pretty thrilled over Howard, come to think of it.

The telephone rang. A call for Miss Phyllis.

"Does it ever stop?" Mary asked her mother amusedly after Phyllis had gone.

"Never," replied Mrs. Hunter. "She's got four now, simply hotfoot. And she is intimate with just about twenty girls, all of whom have to be talked to every day."

"But it's rather a shame her girl friends are all older than she. Three years, four years, make such a lot of difference at that age. And they're all getting married."

"That," said Tony proudly, "is because she's so smart. She's the youngest girl in her class."

"I can't believe she's going to graduate from college next year," mused Mary. "She seems such an infant."

"She's not such an infant," said Mrs. Hunter. "She's an appalling flirt, for one thing.

"What's a flirt?" asked Tony.

"I'll say she is," croaked Dick. "Gee whiz! She's disgusting."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mary. "I don't think she's a flirt really. She's simply having her fling."

"Gee whiz!" snorted Dick. "I'll say she is. She runs 'em ragged and thinks it's fun. What's the fun in havin' a lotta saps in white pants hanging around all the time?"

"They buy her ice-cream sodas," offered Tony. "Mother, can I have an ice-cream soda tonight after—"

PHYLLIS was trying to make Tod see reason.

"But I can't help it, Tod! Really I can't. Howard asked me yesterday."

"Well," came an acid young voice, "can I come a week from next Wednesday? Or perhaps Labor Day?"

Phyllis giggled. "Yes, if you want to. I'd be delighted."

Howard came before she was through with dinner.

"There's one thing," said Dick, "Phyl will never get fat, 'cause she never gets to eat dessert. Can I have yours, Phyl?"

"Sure," said Phyllis. "Excuse me, mother?"

Howard was pacing when she reached him, a tall, lean young figure in white linen knickers and a gray flannel coat, pacing with a harried line between his dark eyebrows. The line (*Continued on page 182*)

The White House Gang

A Story of Real Boys That Has No Equal in Fiction

By
Earle Looker

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

CHAPTER XI

THOUGHT, at our age, was a painful process and, when we were together, difficult to sustain. With us, thought was almost synonymous with action. It translated itself into concrete movement as naturally as a dog's activity when he sees a cat. So, when Paul Ireland yelped and ran, we followed him to the east entrance, into the long basement corridor, and finally into the main basement of the White House itself, to see Eddie Norris in the boiler-room, where we were always welcome.

Eddie was an old friend of the Gang's. When in trouble, Q would turn to Eddie naturally. And this was because, when Q was once in a tight corner, Eddie had proved at least sympathetic.

"Eddie! Eddie!" Q had cried, running breathless to Norris. "Where are you? I'm in a *nawful* mess! Come and help me quickly, before Father comes from his office! Quick, Eddie, quick!"

Norris rose from his desk, came through the archway of the basement foundations, skirted the deep pit of the boilers, and said: "Right away, Quent, if I can do it. What is it you want?"

"Eddie," Q demanded, "you've *got* to do it—*immejitly!* Get a piece of board"—indicating the size with his hands—"and a can of brown paint, and a brush, and a hammer, and some tacks. Quick, Eddie!"

Q clutched Eddie by the belt and pulled him out into the hall. Eddie took one look across the passage and groaned. Quentin had been coasting up and down the hall in a small express wagon, propelling it with one foot over the edge. Suddenly the front wheels had twisted, the tongue of the wagon had jerked out of Q's hands and gone right through the lower part of the full-length portrait of Mrs. Rutherford Hayes!

"And," Norris said, years later, indicating the seriousness of Q's accident, "that portrait, by Huntington, had been presented to the White House by the Women's National Temperance Union, because President Hayes drank nothing but Potomac River water."

The patching and repainting of the canvas was most skilfully done; today it is unnoticeable to the casual observer and hardly to be detected with the closest scrutiny. It was not repaired exactly as Q suggested, however, nor by Eddie, but by experts and under Presidential supervision.

Just before we reached Eddie's door, Q halted to exchange banter with one of the ushers, making one of his favorite remarks.

"Are you going to change your clothes right now?"

This had reference to the dress regulations then in force, which had made a great impression on Q. Ushers wore white gloves always, and frock-coats from eight in the morning until six in the evening. After six, they appeared in formal evening dress.

"The shirt and collar you wore last night will not be worn again tonight, I trust," Q remarked casually.

The usher, used to this sort of thing, grinned with good humor. Then he suddenly stiffened into alert formality. Without looking, we knew this to be caused by the arrival of TR. The signal is of course passed along when the President is "on his way." In addition, however, there circulates through the Executive Mansion a sort of telepathic knowledge of the President's movements. This sort of foreknowledge, so I am told, attaches itself to the king, regent, dictator or president of every country in the world large enough to have corridors in a palace—and, as I have said, despite its stately simplicity, the White House had it aplenty. The feeling among the ushers that the President was in the offing was positively uncanny; it was, moreover, definitely experienced by sensitive boys.

Q must have felt it, too, that morning in the lower hall, because he cried, "*He's* coming!" in a loud voice and pretended to swoon with excitement.

Naturally it developed in another member and speedily spread to the rest of us. The Gang began to collapse all about the lower hall.

In the midst of this hubbub TR entered and halted to observe us, so we went right on with it. I chose to stagger and drop right opposite the President and the red plush-covered pedestal on which stood the marble bust of Martin Van Buren. I clutched at the pedestal as I fell, and was immediately jumped upon by members of the Gang.

There was a warning shout of "Look out!" from TR, and we saw Martin Van Buren wobbling upon his pedestal, about to topple to the floor and be shattered into fragments. TR, however, considered only the Gang, not the bust, and swept the two nearest boys out of danger with great dexterity and vigor. As for myself, I simply sat transfixed upon the floor, looking, as TR said afterward, "as white as Mr. President Van Buren himself."

Fortunately the bust did not fall, but settled back upon its base. It was held on its pedestal only by its own weight—some three hundred and fifty pounds—quite sufficient to kill a boy.

"Nobody hurt—least of all, Van Buren," said TR. "But you must be more careful of these historical and valuable things—we are the custodians of them—or I shall have to put this corridor out of bounds. What caused these fainting spells?"

"We were pretending," Q explained, "to be very much alarmed by your coming, Father."

"Is there anything so very alarming about me?" TR asked quickly.

"I—I—don't know," hesitated Dick Chew, who happened to catch the President's eye.

"Not denying it, it must be so," TR said with a note of concern. "Now, what do you suppose I can do to overcome it?"

"Take a bath," Q suggested. "That's what everybody keeps telling me is best for everything."

Q could not possibly have been more than eleven, and in this remark, there is an alert quickness of repartee surprising for one of his years. There, of course, was his mind, turning over and over like a little motor. His body, well-rounded but never sluggish, simply had to hustle to keep up with his mind and only partially succeeded. That was one reason why the Washington correspondents hardly ever saw Q except—as they recorded it—"on the run."

Preserving a great respect for the newspaper fraternity of which, later, he, himself, was a member, this chronicler has closed his ears to many of the stories it tells of Quentin. Though the importance of Washington news precludes the employment of all but the best-equipped journalists—men most sincerely careful of the exact truth—many of the published Quentinian incidents were happenings beyond the ken of the Gang.

One comment, however, made twenty years after Q's exploits in and about Washington, is worth consideration. A well-known newspaper correspondent, wise in the ways of the world, keen, and as direct and impersonal as a surgeon, in his diagnosis of personalities said:

"Just one remark—just one come-back—from Quentin, would reveal his attitude

"Now," said Q, "the stunt is, to stay this way for exactly half a minute. When time's up, somebody knock the needles away, so that I can flop down on the floor without getting stuck. But if I fall on 'em before the half-minute's up—well, that's *it*, and my own look-out"

completely. . . . They speak of Lincoln as a man for the ages; if that be accepted, then Quentin Roosevelt was a boy for the ages—a boy who was a man in the beginning, a man who was a boy at the end. No finer boy-man than Quentin has come within the province of my knowledge. . . ."

So this correspondent—who knows—passes Riggs Bank, on his way to the Press Club, swinging his stick and looking anxiously, perhaps a little disappointedly, into the faces of the boys he meets. He is looking wistfully, it may be, for another Quentin. . . .

Twenty years before, we strove at various times to impress our faces upon all Washington, from the back-facing seat of the trolley-cars going down Connecticut Avenue, toward Lafayette Park and the White House. As we passed the carriages, we would proceed to make the most enigmatical masks at the occupants, Q sometimes sticking his fingers in the corners of his mouth and eyes and pulling out to right and left as though his features were rubber. When it hurt, he knew the best face had been attained.

The personal characteristics of the countenances we saw, in Washington—nearly every sixth individual being, or imagining himself to be, a personage—provided us with the best masks for imitation and mockery. One particular model with a square-cut beard was irresistible. On occasion, Q would put the back of his hand to his chin and waggle his fingers to and fro to imitate the breeze rippling through the hirsute adornment. This personage became outrageously angry and flushed scarlet across his forehead and exposed cheekbones, but we were yards away from him (*Continued on page 136*)

Candle

Miracles Do Happen—Especially If One Is A Little Girl—And It Is Christmas

"Jean, dearest, don't scream like that. It's only Mother." Mother was sitting on the edge of the bed looking as white. She was home very early

"'HOW many miles to Babylon?'
'Three score miles and ten.'
'Can I get there by candlelight?'
'Yes, if your heels are nimble and light—
There and back again!'"

Mother sang the words over and over, and Jean sat clasped tight in her arms and tried to go to sleep.

"Babylon" was her own special sleepy song. She'd gone to sleep to it in the little room in New Orleans where they had eaten mush and milk, mush and milk, mush and milk every day for a week. She'd gone to sleep to it in the big dark room in Chicago where Mother had been so sick. She'd gone to sleep to it in more rooms than she could count—and yet, oddly enough, the only room she'd ever gone to sleep in, when "Babylon" was sung to her, was the lovely room with the two tall, lighted candles, and the great fireplace where the flames danced like fairies, and the piano that tinkled, tinkled, tinkled a soft accompaniment to the words—and the gentleman laughed.

Once she had tried to tell Mother about the room.

"It comes to me when I am going to sleep," she had said.

Mother hadn't answered at first. Then: "It's just a dream, dear. A lovely dream that we'd both better forget."

But Jean couldn't forget the room. She didn't talk about it, but she kept it shut up in her mind, and when Mother sang the song, there it was! She never saw more of it than the fireplace and the candles, but somehow she knew that it was the loveliest room in the world. Just to think of it made her feel safe and warm and happy.

"'Can I get there by candlelight?'" Mother sang.

"Tinkle, tinkle," said the piano in the lovely dream-room.

"Ha, ha," said the pleasant masculine voice, softly laughing.

"Zs-st," said the dancing flames in the fireplace.

Then, in the real room, where Jean was trying to go to sleep, a voice remarked,

"May I ask how long you intend to sit there, wasting my time?"

The dream-room was gone. Jean was sitting up, wide awake. Mother was looking white, as if she had a headache. Madame Alayne, in the doorway, was looking red and very cross.

"I didn't know you were ready," said Mother in a small voice that sounded frightened.

"It's your business to know," said Madame Alayne. "It's half past two, and you know as well as I do that the recital's at three."

She raised one fat hand, in its long, white glove, and seized the heavy string of beads that fell down the front of her black velvet dress, as if she wished to tear them off.

"My God!" she cried. "I pick you out of the gutter—and this is the thanks I get for

light

Jean drew a great, shuddering sigh. "Mother, there was a big bear—" "It was only a dream," said Mother. Her voice sounded strange and trembly

By Faith Ellen Smith

Illustrated By Jules Gotlieb

it! Did I hire you as my accompanist or as a nursegirl for that brat of yours?"

"I was trying to get her to sleep," said Mother.

"Do I pay you for putting kids to sleep? If she won't go to sleep, let her stay awake. Poor people can't afford to spoil their children. Was I ever rocked to sleep? Were you?"

"Yes," said Mother, but so softly and sadly that Madame Alayne didn't hear her.

"You!" Madame Alayne went on. "You, acting as if you owned the earth with your 'Jean can't eat this,' 'Jean can't stand that!' And whining about coming to this particular town to fill my engagement! Where would you be if it wasn't for me? Where would you be if I hadn't been fool enough to hire you, when I might have got any number of women with no kids tied to their apron strings? Where would you be, if I fired you as you deserve? With all I have to put up with, it's a wonder I can sing a note. What are you standing there for? Haven't you sense enough to put on your things?"

"I'm sorry," said Mother. "I was listening to you."

She put on her coat with the flower pinned over the worn place on the collar. She put on her hat.

"What do you want to pull it down over your face like that for?" demanded Madame Alayne.

Mother said: "Goodby, darling. Be Mother's own brave little girl and don't cry. If you're hungry, there's an apple in the suitcase. If you're sleepy, you can curl up on the bed and go to sleep. Mother won't be very late."

Madame Alayne cried: "Didn't you hear what I said? Can't you wear your hat like a civilized being?"

The young man in the hall said: "I beg your pardon. I am looking for Madame Alayne."

"Zis is Madame Alayne. You come, perhaps, from ze papair?"

The young man said that he did.

Madame Alayne went into the hall calling over her shoulder, "Farewell, Jean de-ear!"

Mother whispered: "Good-by, darling. Remember what Mother told you."

The door, closing behind her, shut out the honeyed sweetness of Madame Alayne's voice talking to the young man from the paper.

Jean went to the window and flattened her small nose against the cold glass.

She could see the Christmas tree that stood in the little open space in the Square. Last night, when they had driven up, the colored bulbs that were threaded through its branches had been beautifully alight—little, bright flowers of red and blue and yellow. They looked dull and lifeless in the daylight, but the tree was pretty. Madame Alayne was to sing Christmas carols under it tonight, after the recital this afternoon in the church.

Jean pressed her nose still flatter.

Mother and Madame Alayne and the young man from the paper were getting into a taxi down in front of the hotel. Madame Alayne was talking and smiling and waving her hands, as she always did when strangers were around. She didn't seem like the same person who had scolded Mother and Jean. Jean could never become accustomed to the two Madame Alaynes—the one she and Mother knew, and the one other people knew. Mother said that she would understand some day. There seemed to be a great many things that she was too young to understand now.

The door of the taxi banged shut. Jean saw Mother at the window, her face almost completely hidden by her hat. Then the taxi moved off with a quick burst of speed, circled a street car, and was gone.

Jean got the apple out of the suitcase and tried to eat it. She could take only a few bites. Tears of loneliness ran down her cheeks and made the apple salt. She wished she had a picture book or a doll. She pretended that she did have a doll. She held her arms as if she were holding it, and said to it,

"You must be a very good little girl and not make any noise, because if you're naughty, Madame Alayne won't keep us!"

The imaginary doll obeyed so implicitly that it was no fun playing with her.

She got up on the bed and sang "Babylon" to herself, but her eyes kept coming open. The dream-room wouldn't come and enfold her when she sang the song herself. She let her eyes stay open and lay staring up at the ceiling. It wasn't a large ceiling, like the one in Madame Alayne's big room downstairs, and it wasn't a very clean ceiling. Up in one corner there was a brown stain that looked remotely like a bear. Mother had said that some one had left the water running upstairs and the water had soaked through and made that dark mark on the paper. Jean remembered other stains on the paper in other rooms. There were always marks left by other people in the rooms that she and Mother stayed in.

Jean saw the bear's head and his forepaws and his funny little tail. She remembered the bear that they had seen in New Orleans—a jolly brown bear with a pink tongue and white teeth, that had danced to the music of a hand organ. Then she remembered the three bears in the story of Goldilocks. Were bears ever cross? She hoped not. If they were, it wouldn't be very pleasant to be shut up with one in this strange room all alone.

Suddenly the bear wasn't on the ceiling any more. He was sitting on the edge of the bed. He had two funny little eyes and a little pink tongue, and he wore a collar around his neck. He looked just like the bear in New Orleans. He said,

"I really believe I'll eat you."

His voice was Madame Alayne's voice—the one she used when she talked to Mother and Jean.

Jean was frightened, but it wouldn't do to let the bear know she was. She said:

"I wouldn't be nice to eat. I'm awfully skinny. It's because I'm most generally hungry myself."

The bear said: "I know that, but tomorrow's Christmas and I've got to have something special. Roast little girl," said the bear, licking his lips, "is a very nice dish, when served in a big porridge bowl and garnished with apples."

And he showed his teeth in a great snarling grin (like Red Riding Hood's wolf) that set Jean to screaming.

"Jean, dearest! Don't scream like that. It's only Mother."

It was Mother, sitting on the edge of the bed, looking as white as she had looked the time she was so sick in Chicago. Behind her, through the window, the sky was still blue. There was even a little patch of sunlight on the faded wall under the brown stain. She was home very early.

Jean drew a great, shuddering sigh. "Mother, there was a great big bear—"

"There was no bear," said Mother. "It was only a dream." Her voice sounded strange and trembly. "Get up, darling, and put on your other dress. We're going out."

"Going out? Oh, goodie!"

Jean was scrambling out of the rumpled dress in which she had slept. She was scrambling into her best dress—the one with the mended place under the arm.

Thinking of Mother made Jean cry. Her sobs got so big she could not swallow them. She began to cry out loud

Mother was fastening the buttons. They kept slipping away from her fingers. It seemed as if she would never get them done. Also she was talking—talking very fast—in that queer voice that sounded shaky and breathless, as if she had been running.

"We're going downstairs to the drug store. Then, when we come back, the young lady who served us our breakfast is going to take you for a walk. When you come home, the tree in the Square will be lighted, and you may stop to look at it."

"Aren't you coming, too?" Jean protested.

"I can see it from here," said Mother. "I am going to be busy writing a letter. When the tree is lighted—"

She stopped speaking, and took Jean in her arms, and hugged and hugged her as if she would never let her go.

"*When the tree is lighted* I shall be thinking of you, my darling. I'll be loving you with all my heart."

She fastened the last button. She brought Jean's coat and hat, still talking as she moved about the room.

"When you think back to today, I want you to remember always that Mother was thinking of you when—when the tree was lighted. When you come back from your walk, you are not under any circumstances to come up here. You are to let the young lady who served our breakfast—her name is Miss Bell— You are to let Miss Bell send the elevator man up to see if Mother is awake. You understand?"

"Ye-es," said Jean.

She didn't really understand, of course, but she could remember what Mother told her to do.

"Have you got a headache?" she asked.

"I—? Oh, yes, I've got a headache—a terrible headache. I think I shall sleep. That's why you must not come upstairs until the elevator boy finds out if I am awake. Come now, we must hurry. Miss Bell will be waiting."

They went into the hall. Mother rang for the elevator. The fat black elevator man stopped his cage for them. They got in.

"Is the recital over?" asked Jean, remembering.

Mother shook her head. Behind the elevator man's back she made a sign that she didn't want to talk about the recital.

The elevator man stopped his car and opened the door. Jean and Mother got out. The man behind the desk smiled and bowed to them, and they smiled and bowed to him. The doorman opened the door for them. They went out into the busy street.

"Then why aren't you playing for Madame Alayne, Mother?" Jean asked.

Mother laughed. Her laughter did not sound particularly funny. She said, "I am never going to play for Madame Alayne again."

Something icy cold seemed to grip Jean's heart. She said, "Oh, Mother, she hasn't sent us away, has she?"

"We have sent her away," said Mother. "That's quite different, though it amounts to the same thing in the end."

"What's 'the end'?" asked Jean.

"This!" said Mother. And then: "My poor puzzled baby! You'll understand some day. I *hope* you'll understand some day. Mother just means that we aren't going to move around any more from one

horrid little room to another, or live on mush and milk any more, or wear patched dresses, or be slaves to creatures like Madame Alayne."

"What are we going to do?" Jean asked.

Mother didn't say anything for a minute. Then: "You remember the room you dreamed about? The big room with the candles and the fireplace and the piano? I think you are going to the house that has that room—going there to live. How would you like that?"

"Will we go on the train?" Jean asked doubtfully.

Since they had been with Madame Alayne, she had grown tired of going to places on the train.

"Not on the train. I rather think a very nice gentleman will come in a car and take you there."

Jean gave a sudden skip of joy. "How do you know the nice gentleman will come for us? Will he come tonight?"

"Because," said Mother with a queer little smile, "I am going to leave—I mean I am going to write him a letter. As soon as he gets the letter, he will come. I think he will be here tonight. Until he comes— Well, Miss Bell and the gentleman at the desk seem very kind. *Any one* should be kind to a child—particularly on Christmas Eve."

"Even Madame Alayne?" said Jean.

"We will not think any more about Madame Alayne. Puff!" Mother stretched out her gloved hand and blew across her finger-tips—blowing the memory of Madame Alayne away with the dust of the busy street. "Madame Alayne has gone into the land-of-the-things-that-don't matter. When you go with the nice gentleman, be sure to wear your heavy coat and keep your cap pulled down over your ears."

"Will we have to go far?" Jean asked.

"Not far at all," said Mother. "It's funny in a way—almost as if it had been fated from the first—that it should come here."

"*What* is coming here, Mother?" said Jean. "The nice gentleman?"

"Yes," said Mother, looking mysterious. "And the end of a long and very foolish and very hard road. Now, don't ask any more questions. You'll understand all about it when you grow up. Come—we're going in here now."

The gentleman gravely held the door open for her, but Jean stood still with her mouth and her eyes wide open. Then she found her voice. "Where is the fireplace?" she asked

They went into a store that smelled of perfume and cold cream and medicine and oranges. It was a drug store. People were sitting at a counter, drinking ice-cream sodas. Jean watched them enviously, while Mother talked with a clerk in a white jacket. Suddenly she heard Mother say:

"Certainly I'll sign for it. I want it for a cat."

"Why, Mother!" said Jean, looking up and speaking before she realized that she was being rude. "We haven't any cat."

Mother laughed. She laughed so gaily that the clerk laughed in sympathy. She was not white any longer. Her cheeks were pink, and her eyes were bright. She said:

"*We* haven't, darling, but Grandmother has. Would you like a soda? Run over and ask the man to give you one, then."

While Jean finished the soda, Mother stood at the door waiting for her. They went out again into the busy street.

"You're awfully funny, Mother," said Jean. "Don't you know I haven't any grandmother?"

Mother was funnier still. "I'm going to give you a grandmother—and a lot of other things a little girl should have—for Christmas."

Jean knew then that Mother was joking—for of course, even if there had been any money to buy presents with, no one could possibly buy a grandmother!

Miss Bell, in her hat and coat, was waiting for them when they got back to the hotel.

"I go on duty at six, ma'am," she explained. "It'll be all right if I bring her back then, won't it?"

"I suppose it will have to be," said Mother, "though I did hope for an hour or so of peace. Would you mind keeping her down here, when you get back, until you find out if I am awake. Just send the elevator man up to see. Children can be *such* a trial when one isn't feeling well, don't you think?"

"Some seem to (*Continued on page 257*)

All the glittering topazes of this opulent country seem strung in one splendid chain for this queen of cities, Rio de Janeiro, to wear

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Writes Of

"Rolling Down *to* Rio"

On her South American Tour For Good Housekeeping

DEAR LELIA:

Don't you think the most delightful parts of a trip are those which furnish *unexpected* pleasures? The city we did not plan to see, the acquaintance we had no idea of making, the knowledge we dared not hope to glean, the impression that came as a surprise? I have often found this true—and never truer than in the course of the circuitous voyage which took me from Venezuela to Brazil *via* Trinidad and Barbados.

Elisabeth and I sailed from La Guayra late one Saturday evening, and early the following Monday our little Dutch steamer "*Crijnssen*" dropped anchor at Port of Spain, some three miles out to sea, for the harbor is shallow, and boats can not pull up alongside the wharf. The American Vice-Consul, Captain Demarest, had come to meet us, and after a hurried conference as to how we could best map out the "shore leave" at our disposal, we decided to go on with the ship to Brighton, to see the famous "pitch lake" which supplies the greater part of the world's asphalt, and then return to Port of Spain the following day. A few hours later, armed with letters of introduction from Captain Demarest to the manager of the asphalt company and the American Consular Agent—who is also an official of the company—we walked up the long pier at Brighton, and then a short distance up the asphalt road, until our eyes lighted on the ever-welcome American shield displayed on a wooden building carefully screened and mounted on high stilts, and realized that we had reached our first destination.

Mr. de Verteuil, the Consular Agent, greeted us with the utmost cordiality: Certainly we could visit the lake—he would get us a car right away. But wouldn't we come up to the house first and meet Mrs. de Verteuil? Accepting the invitation gratefully, we swung up a trim little road that winds its way around tennis courts and golf course, clubhouse, and one little screened bungalow after another. The asphalt company—an American concern—has provided with scrupulous care for the well-being of its members. Brighton, formerly notorious for yellow fever, black water fever, and malaria, has been completely cleaned up. And the inevitable question arises once more in our minds as we visit it—why are we *still* the only nation in the world that screens its houses?

The asphalt lake is about half a mile from the coast. I had read about this lake in geography, I suppose; but I had never formed the slightest conception of what it is really like: A big black basin baking under a tropical sun, with sparse, rank grass growing hopelessly on it in patches, and a surface hard enough to walk over—though at one side, called "the Mother of the Lake," this walking must be rather rapid, for the surface is both soft and hot, and before you realize it the soles of your shoes have become uncomfortably warm and are rapidly taking root! There is water in the crevices between the massed mounds of pitch, and in these small canals innumerable tiny fish are providentially found, for their diet consists of mosquitoes, and without them malaria would still be rampant in spite of the carefully screened bungalows! Groups of colored laborers, plying pickaxes, dig up the asphalt in huge, porous lumps that have something the appearance Camembert cheese might present if it suddenly turned

coal-black! These lumps are carted rapidly away to the adjacent refinery, where they are melted in great caldrons, strained of impurities, then poured into barrels which are also manufactured on the spot, and sent in "skips" directly down the cable-way which overhangs the wharf to the ship on which they are carried overseas. I do not know when I have seen either a natural phenomenon or a commercial plant which has impressed me so much, and my only quarrel with this enterprising and progressive company is that its officials declined to permit me to rejoin the "*Crijnssen*" via the cable-way in a "skip," instead of by the long wooden pier!

Before we went on board again, however, we had numerous other pleasant experiences: we visited the clubhouse, and met numerous officials of the company and their wives; we had tea and dinner with the de Verteuils and with them motored to the picturesque town of San Fernando, eighteen miles away, over perfect roads through lovely tropical country.

We had hardly gone beyond the lake when we met a group of women wearing the gold nose rings, the innumerable heavy silver bracelets, and the white *saris* of the Hindu, and to our amazement we learned that the population of Trinidad is more than a third East Indian. These people, who were first brought over from India for indentured labor about thirty years ago, have remained and prospered, keeping to themselves, preserving their own religion, customs, and costumes, and declining to intermarry with other inhabitants of the island. Their numbers are constantly increasing; and the result is that over and over again, one has the strange sensation of having suddenly strayed from the western to the eastern world.

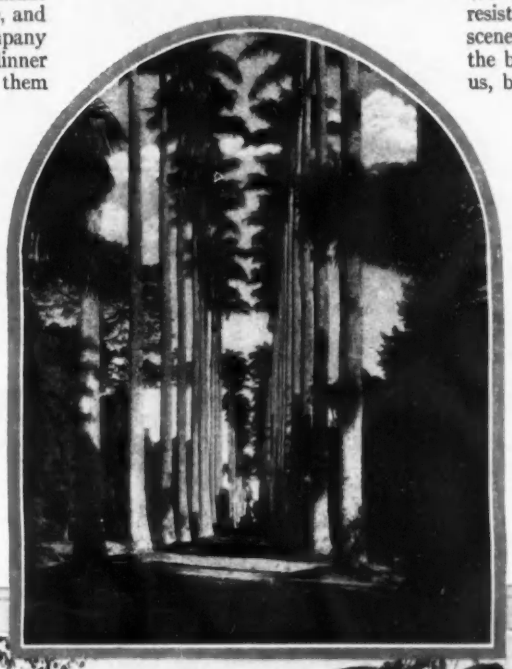
This sensation became stronger than ever on our way back from San Fernando in the evening, as we passed a halted caravan of gaily decorated motor cars, in two of which, adorned on either side of the windshield by wooden trees blooming with paper flowers, sat young men wearing the most gorgeous of pink-silk garments glittering with many-colored beads.

Mrs. de Verteuil turned to us with excitement.

"A Hindu wedding—evidently a double wedding!" she exclaimed. "There are the bridegrooms and their friends on their way to the brides' house. They have stopped here to await the arrival of the brides' family and friends, who will come down the road to meet them. Perhaps we can catch a glimpse of the ceremony."

Pushing on a little farther, we came to the house which was unmistakably the home of the brides. Its galleries were thronged with white-clad maidens chanting a low, monotonous song, and in its courtyard men were milling about beating on brass drums, and lighting flickering torches. We drew up beside the road, unable to resist the temptation to watch this stirring scene; and an instant later a member of the brides' family came out and spoke to us, bidding us welcome and asking if we would not like to come in after we had watched the formation of the bridal procession.

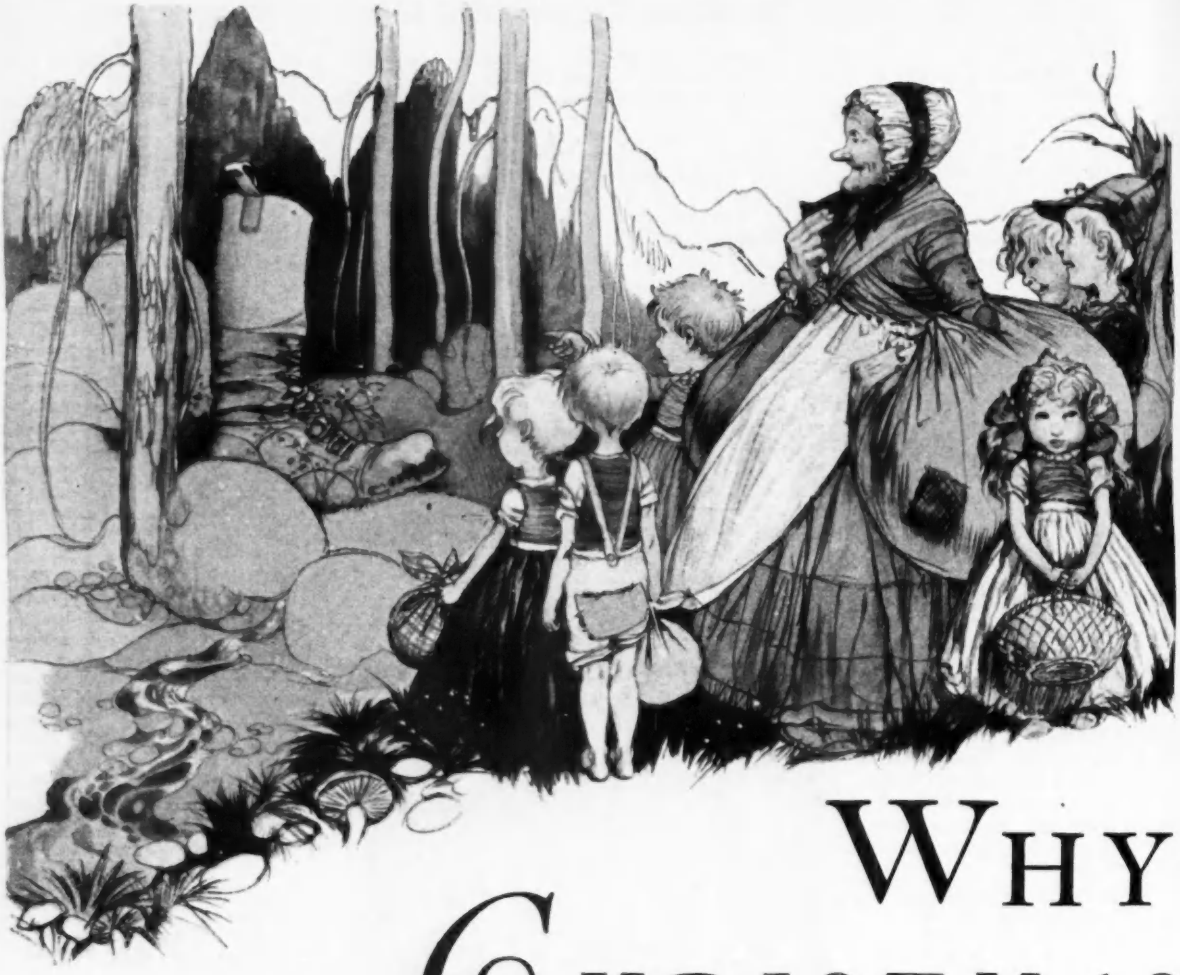
Gratefully we accepted. Then, holding our breath with excitement, we saw the torch-bearers, headed by a priest, emerge from the gate and wind their way down the dusty road, their drums beating as they went. As they receded, the sound of the drums growing fainter and fainter, the chants from the gallery rose and fell with new insistence; then, as the two processions met and came toward the house together, the chanting was (*Continued on page 248*)



The Botanical Garden has unbelievable vistas of hundred-foot palms—and six thousand varieties of tropical plants

The Avenida Rio Branco is shaded with splendid trees, its sidewalks paved in black and white mosaic

© De Cou, from Ewing Galloway



WHY CHRISTMAS

Illustrated by

THE blue dusk of night had long since settled. Snow had fallen, carpeting pavements with glittering whiteness. Up and down the avenue, on shadowy lawns, Christmas trees artificially planted and electrically lighted shone festively. But there was one house which no one had found time to decorate. A stranger might have been pardoned for supposing that it was inhabited by queer people who either didn't believe in Santa Claus or hadn't heard that he existed.

Had the stranger scanned the house more closely, he would have noticed a pale blur against a pane on the second story—the face of a child gazing out.

The child was recalling his other Christmas Eves, so few in number—their bustle and excitement. The kind old Santa Claus couldn't be blamed if he forgot him this year. When he saw no lighted tree on the lawn and no holly wreaths in the windows, he would mutter:

"Mac doesn't live there any longer. No good wasting time going down that chimney. Get up, reindeer."

He would either leave Mac's presents in another child's stocking, or he would take them back to heaven.

There was nothing that Mac could do about it. One couldn't expect a house to feel Christmasy when its mummie was ill. For months she'd been ailing. From what? No one had told him. When he'd been upset by a party, after a day or two he had recovered. But his mummie hadn't. The doctor came every so often and seemed quite pleased with the way things were going; but he didn't make her better. Mac had his own idea of what was the trouble—temperament. Temperament was a disease deadly to novelists and easily contracted by their families. Mac's daddy was a novelist. He had heard his mummie say a thousand times with a proud little laugh:

"My husband isn't like other husbands. You can't judge him by ordinary standards. He has temperament."

Mac had always known in his warm little heart that his daddy was romantically different. He was a magician who could make pretence seem real. For instance, there was the story of Mac's beginnings, how he had been an angel with wings like a bird. The wings had dropped off when he had come to live with earth people; but his daddy declared that he could still feel their roots beneath the satin whiteness of his narrow shoulders.

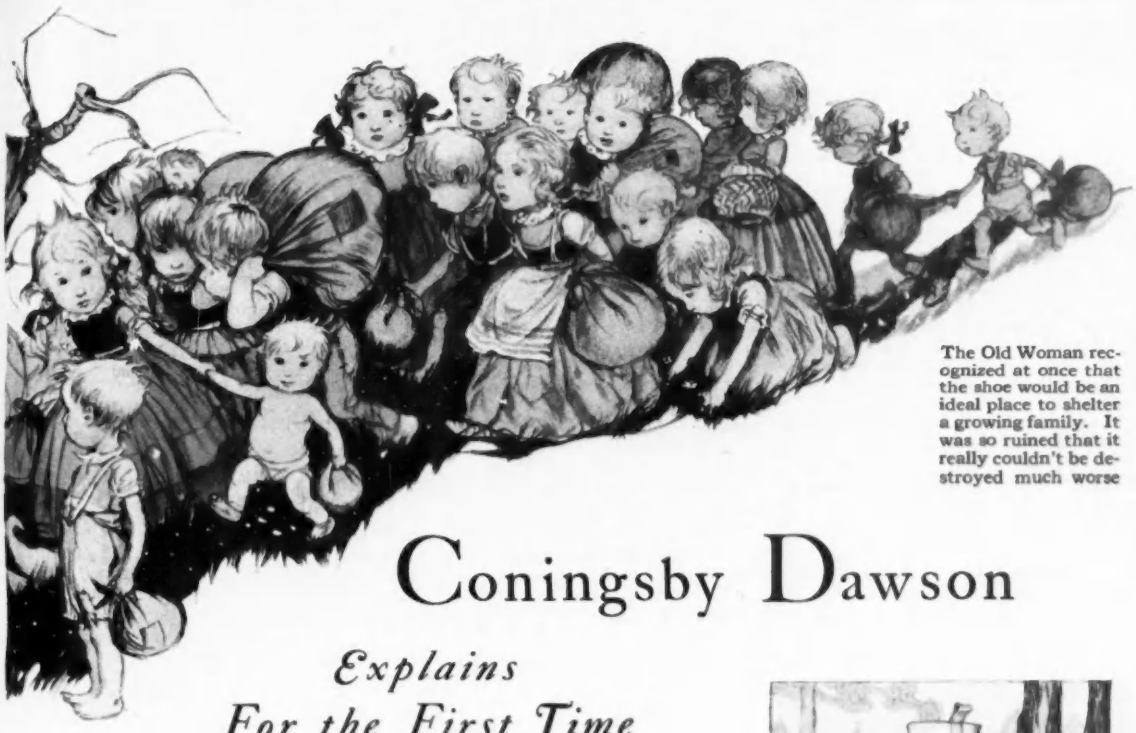
"Don't let them sprout again, Mackie Doodles. If they do, you'll fly off and leave us."

Mac had examined himself and assured his father gravely,

"They're not sprouting, but if they do, we'll clip them, the way we do the parrot's."

Lawyers and businessmen, who were other boys' daddies, weren't capable of such lovely nonsense. They never turned out the lights in their houses to play Arctic explorers or knights in search of Eldorado. Consequently they weren't in danger of this peculiar disease, which wasn't like measles from which anybody could suffer. To fall a victim to temperament, you had to be a very special breed of person.

Till his mother had succumbed, Mac had believed himself highly favored to have been born into a family which was liable to such attacks. But not any longer. Not since games of hide-and-seek and every game that made a noise had been forbidden. Now he had to amuse himself with picture-books and tread stealthily as a little mouse. At the moment even his good French Nannie had deserted him, which



The Old Woman recognized at once that the shoe would be an ideal place to shelter a growing family. It was so ruined that it really couldn't be destroyed much worse

Coningsby Dawson

Explains
For the First Time

FATHER Got Married

Gustaf Tenggren

Father Christmas was rather proud of his new relations

was why he was sitting alone in the darkened nursery, gazing out at Christmas trees on other boys' lawns. Nannie had heard the doctor tap for entrance at his mother's bedroom and had left him to inquire whether she was needed.

To him it seemed that he'd been alone for ages. He'd watched the doctor go down the steps, making black splotches in the snow, and drive away in his automobile. He was wishing that he were grown up and free to drive away to where jostling crowds were doing the last of their Christmas shopping.

"Doodles."

He gave a startled squeak The nursery door had opened gently.

He was caught up, his face pressed against a smoky jacket, his tiny body held in a strong embrace.

When he could breathe again, he whispered, "I thought you'd forgotten me."

"Absurd person! I've been taking care of your mummie. But it's your turn now."

His father bore him away down the long, dark passage to his study, which glowed ruby-tinted with firelight as a robber's cave. The moment the door was shut, the old comfortable magic of make-belief sprang up. His daddy wasn't a stern, worried elder; he was an adventurer not much older than his little son. Anything that one chose to imagine became possible. In the high-backed chair, drawn near to the hearth, the boy cuddled, molding himself into his father.

His father jerked his head, indicating the mantelpiece.

"That's the chimney he'll come down."

The child pressed closer. "Is Santa Claus married?"

"Don't believe so. Why?"

"Because old Santa's always jolly, and he wouldn't be if there was a Mother Santa Claus. At least, he wouldn't be always. There would be sure to be some Christmas when she wouldn't be well."

"Humph!"

His father sensed the implication: because their mummie hadn't been well, he hadn't been jolly. Not to be jolly on Christmas Eve amounted almost to treachery. His anxiety on her account had caused him to forget all the accustomed preparations. In former years, being a man, he had left the ordering of outward signs of festivity in the shape of mistletoe and holly to his wife. He construed his child's hinted accusation. It was exactly as though Santa Claus had married and been prevented by his wife's illness from making his customary round of chimneys. Would a story compensate? he wondered.

"Now you've mentioned it," he rubbed his chin against the silky head, "I do remember having heard something about Father Christmas marrying. But to whom? If you could suggest a few eligibles, perhaps I might recall the lady."

"She wasn't Cinderella." Mac's negation was half a question.

"Couldn't be." His daddy puffed at his pipe. "Cinderella's husband was the Prince who discovered her by means of the glass slipper."

"She wasn't little Red Riding Hood."

"Too young," his daddy refused promptly.

"But I mean when she grew up."

"She didn't grow up, Doodles. Fairy people remain the same age always."

"Jack-and-the-Beanstalk's mother?"

"Oh, no. Father Christmas looked her over. But she was a bad manager and a worrying kind of woman. He wanted some one who was fond of children and who would help him with his presents."

While they both puzzled the problem, silence reigned. The trouble with fairy-tale ladies was that all the nice ones were rewarded by being married quite young. The punishment of the horrid ones was to remain single forever.

Silence was broken by the little boy clapping his hands. "We're a pair of stupids. Of course he married the Old Woman who lived in a shoe."

"Go slow, old chap. Are you certain or are you inventing?"

"I'm certain." Mac wagged his head positively. "She had so many chullen she didn't know what to do. She was most wawfully fond of chullen, and he was sorry for her."

"I've a memory like a sieve." Daddy burst out laughing. "I ought to be ashamed of myself. Now that you recall the affair, I remember it distinctly."

"I'm glad," Mac curled up against the smoky jacket, "'cause if you remember so 'stinctly, you can tell me the story."

"Imp!" His father pinched his little boy's cheek. "You started this, and now you leave me to hold the baby."

"I'll help you when you forget," Mac promised generously.

"Well, here goes!" Daddy knocked out his pipe and stroked his mustache, wondering how on earth to begin.

"Santa Claus is like you," Mac prompted. "You mustn't judge him by ordinary standards. He has temperament."

"Exactly!" Daddy welcomed the clue. "For centuries he'd wanted to be married, but his temperament had prevented. He'd argued that he was very happy as a bachelor, so why change his circumstances. At the same time for centuries, among his other Christmas duties, he'd been visiting Shoe House in the forest."

"Was it in a forest?"

"Don't show your ignorance, Mackie Doodles. Every one knows that Shoe House is in a forest."

"But what does it look like, Daddy? I want you to 'scribe it."

"What would it look like? A great big shoe, of course. No one knows how it got there; probably it was thrown away by a giant a long time ago. No one even knows whether the shoe was there first and the forest grew up about it, or whether the forest was already there when the shoe was dropped. Anyway, it's more of a riding boot than a shoe. It sticks straight up—the leg part of it does—higher than any tree, like a factory chimney. From the top of it you can gaze for miles across branches. But why and how it's there is one of the unsolved mysteries. The Old Woman, as her family began to increase, couldn't persuade any one to give her rooms or lodgings. Till then she had lived in a city—that, too, was a long time ago. When all the landlords refused to rent her a house, she determined to move to the country. But country landlords proved just as careful of their property. They said they would rather have their farms stand empty than allow them to be ruined by a pack of children."

"How many did she have?"

"History doesn't relate. At that time her family must have been quite reasonable. I don't suppose she had more than fifty."

"Fifty kids! Gosh, Daddy! What fine games of hide-and-seek they must have had!"

"You mustn't say 'kids', and you're not allowed to say 'gosh,' Mackie. But you're quite right about the games of hide-and-seek. It was the games of hide-and-seek that so annoyed the landlords. Think of all the sticky little hands smudging wall-papers as they scooted round corners. You can hardly wonder that poor landlords objected."

"But the kids—I mean the chullen—didn't need to play so roughly."

"They didn't need to. But who wants to play hide-and-seek gently? And the Old Woman was such a spoiling mother that she couldn't bear to correct them. 'Boys will be boys and girls will be girls,' she told the landlords. 'You're perfectly ridiculous to be so fussy. You can keep your stuffy houses. I hope you never find a tenant. I'm going in search of a new country where kids—I mean children—can have fun and act naturally!' So away she went, her family trailing after her, every one even to the smallest tot carrying something tied up in a bundle. I don't want to make this story too long, so I'll merely mention that for weeks and months they wandered. Their clothes wore out. They traveled like gipsies, visiting new lands. In none of them was any one anxious to rent them a house. The Old Woman always began the wrong way by saying that the kind of house she required must be a good one for playing hide-and-seek. She didn't care whether it had bathrooms and sound plumbing; what really mattered was that it must have long, twisty passages, back stairs, and huge cupboards in which children could hide themselves and jump out. Of course, you can guess, my dear Doodles, how landlords answered her. The poor things had to pick up their bundles and push on quite homelessly."

"The poor fings," Mac echoed.

"They weren't so terribly to be pitied." His father squinted down his nose. "The Old Woman was a bit shiftless, but a decent sort. They had fun."

"She was a darling," Mac defended her.

"She was," his daddy nodded. "But I'd have hated to be her husband. She was a terror for attracting children. Every town she entered, she added to her family. But the story is getting long-winded; before it's ended, at this rate, your Nannie will be calling you to bed. They wandered on for years, sleeping in haystacks and under hedges till they reached the forest. It was a green forest."

"But aren't forests always green?"

"Mostly. But this one was more green than any other. It was full of squirrels and birds and little babbling brooks. 'We won't go any farther', the Old Woman said. 'There must be caves here. To-morrow we'll hunt for them.' Gathering her children, she cuddled them about her. Next morning, when she woke, she saw at a very great distance, sticking up above the branches—"

"The shoe!" Mac shouted.

"Precisely—the shoe which, as a matter of fact, was a riding boot. It spelled home to her. She saw at once that it would make an ideal place in which to shelter a growing family. When they reached it, her faith was rewarded. There was no sign TO LET on it. She was quit of landlords. For centuries nobody had owned it. Wild flowers scrambled over it. Little trees had taken roots in its cracks and crevices. It was so ruined that it couldn't be destroyed much worse. One could play hide-and-seek in it without doing it the least damage. Tears of gratitude filled the Old Woman's eyes. She'd always felt that a family of merely fifty was a disgrace to her. In Shoe House she could fulfil her dream, which was to have so many children that she wouldn't know what to do with them."

"Was she crazy, Daddy?"

"She was motherly. Children were her hobby. She was wild about them. Leading the way, she clambered up the steep side of the shoe and, finding an entrance where the laces had rotted, began to plan her housekeeping. The toe was to be the bedroom; the heel the kitchen. But what delighted her most was that once again they would be able to keep Christmas. You're going to ask me why they'd missed their Christmases while they were wandering. You ought to be able to guess. You can't have Christmas without a chimney. Santa hitches his reindeer to chimneys; and besides, if he can't find a chimney to go down he doesn't know any other way to get into a house. The Old Woman, as I've told you, had chosen the heel for her kitchen. She'd done that because the leg part would carry (*Continued on page 113*)

BECAUSE OF CHRISTMAS

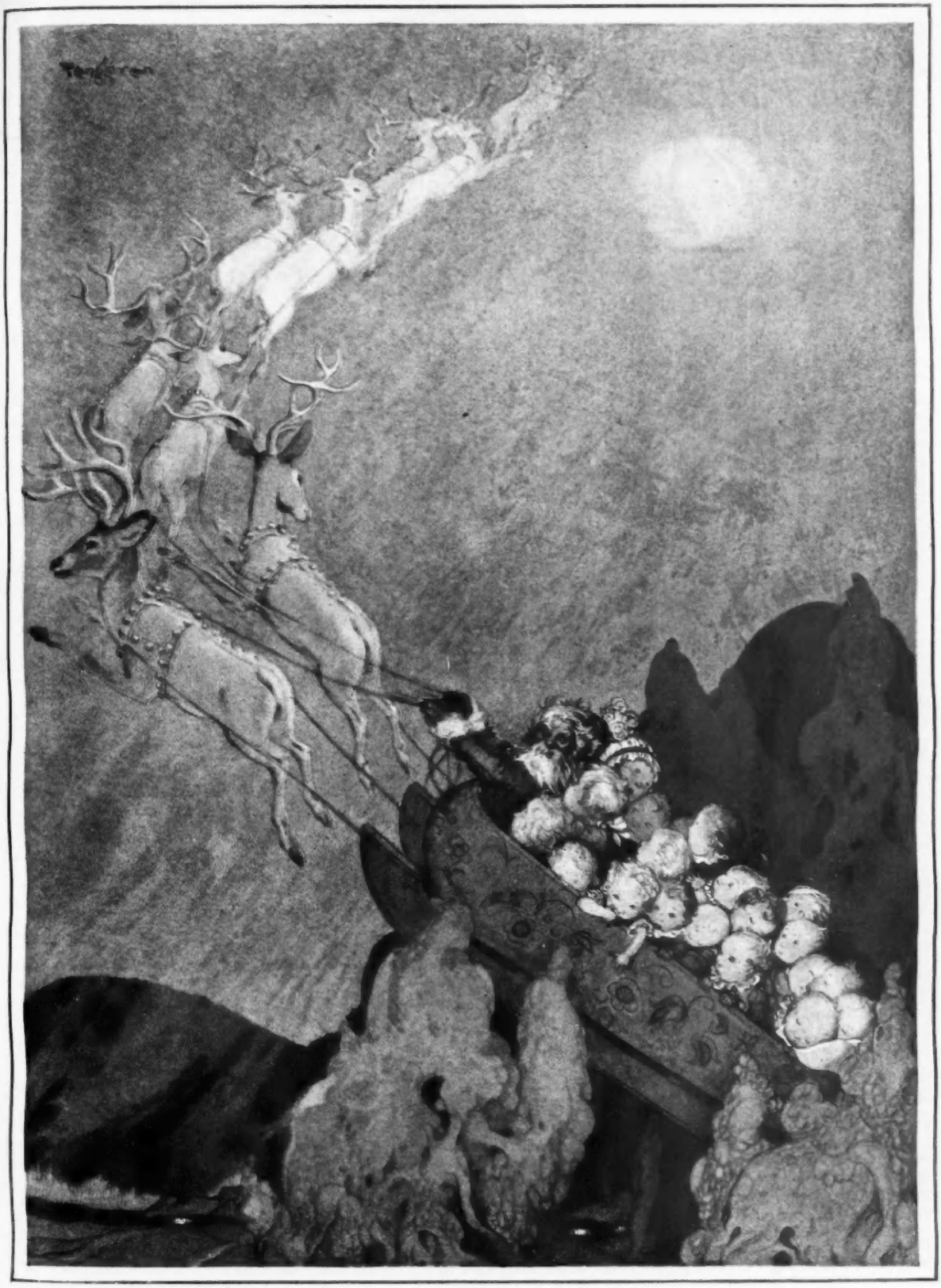
By Violet Alleyn Storey

BUT *let a mother's lullaby*
Fall softly on wee, curl-brushed ears,
In every simple note she croons,
There is a prayer the Father hears:

"LORD, *be unto my child a Song!*"
God listens, well remembering when
He bade the angels sing a Child
His "Peace on earth; good will to men!"

BUT *let a mother light a lamp*
Beside her drowsing baby's bed,
God sees a prayer in that smooth glow
Enhaloing the little head,

A PRAYER *gold-white as asphodels—*
"Lord, be unto my babe a Light!"
God sees, for He once lit a Star
Above a Baby's crib at night!



EVERY Christmas Eve, Father Christmas found nurseries from which the children had vanished—or nurseries which contained only one lonely child. At last he found the solution of his problem. "Let's give some of our babies away for Christmas presents," he suggested to the Old Woman

The Story Of "Seth Parker" Who Put RELIGION ON the AIR

By

George W. Gray

"WOULD yer start us off, Ma?" asked Seth Parker in his gentle drawl; and then, clearing his throat, he rapped on the hymn-book for attention:

"Now, folks, mind yer fortiss'mos and yer pianiss'mos," he cautioned with a fascinating hesitancy.

As yet the radio has only ears, but in my mind's eye I could see the line of singers perk up as Seth appraised them over his steel-rimmed spectacles—I could fairly feel the hush of anticipation, broken only by Lizzie's excited giggle, a moment's tenseness before Mother Parker gave the note on the melodeon—then the burst of surprising song: "Come to the church in the wildwood." The weekly neighborhood "githering" at Seth Parker's, Jonesport, Maine, was under way.

More hymns followed; a story-sermon by Seth; the tinkle of coins in a tin collection cup; flashes of Yankee wit; a pause for silent prayer; a closing chorus; then the neighbors departed, leaving Seth and Ma to sing their good-night duet.

And that's Sunday evening at Seth Parker's—thirty minutes of religion and life recalled from the last century, and broadcast by the miracle of radio to every nook and cranny of a continent.

A strange amusement for the jazz age, isn't it? Or is it amusement? Why should an old-fashioned cottage prayer-meeting preoccupy the time of twelve radio stations weekly, precious time whose every tick is pure gold? Why should this modern space-annihilating genie of wireless wait upon the silent prayers of a few villagers? Why do millions of Americans tune in each Sunday night on a program that is as transparently religious as the Doxology?

Let me answer with the story of Seth Parker. Many have wondered who is Seth Parker, and whether there really is such a person. They will be even more interested in unraveling the reasons for his existence on the air. It will lead, as we shall see, rather close home.

Seth as a radio character is the creation of Phillips H. Lord. Perhaps it will surprise you to know that Lord is a mere youth of twenty-seven years, only four years out of Bowdoin College. Born in a Vermont parsonage, he spent much of his boyhood way down east on his grandfather's farm in Maine, in just such a village as Jonesport, where just such personages as Seth and the Captain and others of the Sunday evening gatherings were familiar friends. This childhood of vivid, wide-ranging experiences is the rich subsoil. Inevitably, with such a background and with his talent, this boy must have written of Seth and the neighbors.

But something was needed to set him off—to pull the trigger, as it were. That something was supplied two years ago by an intense reaction against the current fashion in portrayals of rural life in books, periodicals, moving pictures, over the radio, and on the stage.

They seemed burlesques to this young man who had spent much of his life in a small town. Of course, there are gullible bumpkins and crafty rural humbugs, plenty of them. But not everybody on Main Street is a scheming skinflint, or a moron, or a hypocrite. One may laugh at the clever satire, but there is a sting in its humor which makes one wince as he remembers.

"Well," said Lord, "it made me remember some of the other kinds of country folk.

"I remembered an old sea-captain on Swann's Island—rough, boisterous, even

Illustrated By T. D. Skidmore

For fifteen seconds every Sunday the microphones in a dozen powerful stations wait while Seth and his Jonesport neighbors and the millions of listeners throughout America bow in reverence

profane, but with a heart as big as the ocean. He was always first to volunteer when any hard or dangerous duty was required; first to dig down into his purse when contributions were needed, and I knew many a story of his sacrifices and heroism.

"I remembered a gentle old deacon who was forever doing a kindness on the sly and felt it a failure if 't'other party' found him out.

"I remembered Uncle Amos, who lost his season's hay because he believed it wrong to work on Sunday and stuck unflinchingly by his principle.

"I remembered the lonely woman whose cottage I used to pass on the way to Brunswick. Every night and all night long a lantern burned on the front porch of her little home. Her husband had sailed out that way twenty-odd years ago, and nothing had been heard of his ship since it rounded the point. Many a poor mariner thanked God for her faithful gleam in nights of storm.

"I remembered scores of simple, kindly, quiet, confident lives that are in eternal contrast with the grotesque grasping and the feverish frustration that make up 'life' for so many enlightened sophisticates."

It was out of this feeling that Phillips Lord began to write of the people he knew so well. His days belonged to a business office in New York where he earned his living, but his evenings were his own, and he spent them setting down incidents and characters out of his boyhood memories. He tried his first work on the magazines, but the editors did not take to it. He recast the sketches for the radio and made the rounds of the broadcasting offices in New York. One manager finally agreed to give him a trial—without pay, of course.

For eleven weeks the young author and his volunteer cast appeared in this radio feature. A few appreciative letters dribbled in, but not enough to impress the management.

"I didn't have the heart to ask my volunteers to give away their time any longer," confessed Lord.

One of the New England institutions that had fascinated him as a boy was the old-fashioned singing school made up of neighbors who met weekly to sing and gossip. Mr. Lord now began to write vignettes of village life against the quaint background of this singing school, with Seth Parker as the central character, the sharp-witted leader and wise oracle of the group. A station in Hartford, Connecticut, ventured the new feature on the air. It won immediate attention and applause. Stations in other cities began to bid for it. Presently Seth and his rustic choristers were being portrayed from several centers over a wide area. Mr. Lord found it necessary and profitable to resign his business position and devote all his time to the more interesting business of writing and producing Seth Parker's Singing School.

And now the great ones of the radio industry began to listen in on this young man from Maine, whose weekly performances were flooding them with letters from Bar Harbor to Cincinnati. The National Broadcasting Company indicated that it would like to add (*Continued on page 209*)

Song of

An Old, Old Story of the Night When Christmas Came to the World

Illustrated

By Mead Schaeffer

AS THE donkey walked slowly, sedately, along the road—as the tall, silent man stamped along beside him—it seemed to Mary that her heart would burst. Would burst with the effort of beating in time with the footbeats of the man and the beast—would swell to overflowing with the music that lay beneath that effort. It seemed to her, in a rather curious way, that her heart was divided into two parts! That one-half of it was tramping along in the dust of the road. That the other half was raised among the white clouds that slipped across the far blue of the horizon place.

Suddenly she almost laughed aloud. At the thought that her life, also, had been divided into two parts. One part groping, young, more than a trifle frightened. The other part alive to a miraculous sense of beauty—beauty as hard to understand as was the intangible sense of fear. Beauty that had come to her at odd, unexpected times — in amazingly familiar places. Beauty—

The man who walked beside the donkey was speaking. His voice was as deep as an organ note—and as kind.

"You must be tired," he said. "It's been long, this ride. You must be—" he sighed suddenly, "very tired!"

Mary's white oval of a face was transformed, all at once, into a gay child's face. Always kindness found in her an answering spark. She lifted her head, and her wide, mild blue eyes glanced steadily, almost questioningly, into the man's face.

"You are so gentle, Joseph," she said softly. "No, I am not tired—not really tired! There will be rest for me when the town is reached. When we have taken lodging at the inn. I—" her laugh was as light, as pretty, as a fluff of thistledown—"I will rest upon a soft couch, at the inn, and there will be a lighted lamp for comfort, and perhaps—" shyly—"you will stay close to me. For—"

Joseph's eyes were gazing into his wife's eyes. Somehow he felt an intruder before her warm youth—her white loveliness. He wondered if she knew how far away he felt.

Joseph was speaking. "I must leave you, Mary, for the mereat was rising again in black waves that beat against her mind, that leave me. I'm frightened." But she only murmured, "Do not

the ROAD

By an Author to Whom the Old Story is Ever Fresh and New

Margaret E. Sangster

space. Child, keep your courage. I will not be long." The pain chilled her powers of speech. Mary wanted to cry: "Do not stay for long," and then, oddly, "Nations shall call me blessed"

From her, and from—everything. He wondered, suddenly, whether he should speak of the ordeal that lay ahead of her—of the suffering that she, who had spoken so confidently of rest, would soon realize. He wondered just how much, after all, she knew of suffering. He was a man. Older, tenser, used to the rough paths that a man must travel. But she—she was so sweet, so trusting, so untried.

"You are not—in pain?" he asked anxiously. "There are so many ruts—the road is badly kept. I am afraid—"

But Mary was laughing. "Of course, I am not in pain," she answered. "I am having a nice time—a happy time. We've seen so many people—and the sky is so deep, and friendly. And I've never traveled—much. And then—" All at once her voice was a frail prayer— "and then—*there's my Baby*. To think about . . ."

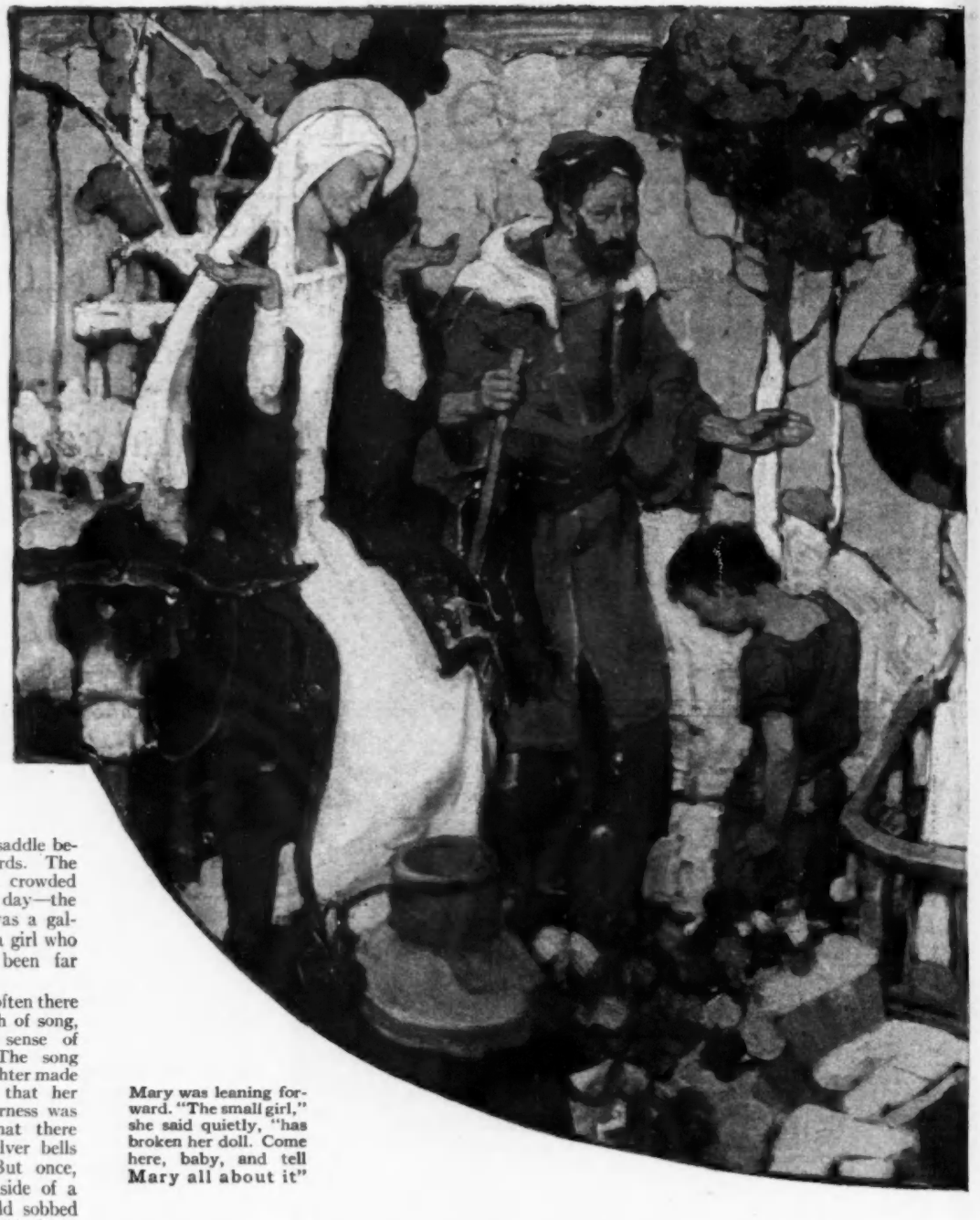
For a moment—for just a moment—Joseph's hand was lying across his wife's hand. *His wife's hand*. But not in the tight clasp of a young lover—rather with a touch that was almost fatherly.

"That's right," he said, and his deep, rich voice was almost husky. Think of your little Baby. And—Bethlehem can't be far. We'll soon reach it. And at the inn will be—"

But like a fluttering butterfly Mary's other hand had come to lie over Joseph's fingers.

"And at the inn—" she echoed— "there will be a dream come true, Joseph. *A dream come true.*"

THEY had seen many, on the way down to Bethlehem. Many people, all going in the direction in which they were going. But all going more swiftly toward the town than they were. Going more swiftly than it was possible for the patient little donkey, with his precious load, to travel. There were men on prancing, gaily caparisoned horses. There were other men, white-robed, black-bearded, on camels. In from the desert that stretched afar off. There were women who rode in litters, and other women, veiled, who were mounted



Mary was leaning forward. "The small girl," she said quietly, "has broken her doll. Come here, baby, and tell Mary all about it"

high in the saddle before their lords. The road was a crowded road that day—the procession was a gallant one to a girl who had never been far from home.

Every so often there was a snatch of song, a thrilling sense of laughter. The song and the laughter made Mary glad that her donkey's harness was red, and that there were wee silver bells upon it. But once, from the inside of a litter, a child sobbed suddenly. Sobbed in a fretful way—as a child sobs when he is not well. And then Mary shuddered swiftly and her clasped hands crept up over her young heart. And Joseph, ever alert, ever watchful, was all at once close beside her, speaking.

"You are—ill?" he questioned.

But the litter had passed in a swirling cloud of dust. And the child's sobbing was no more. And, with pale lips, Mary was again smiling.

"I? But, no, Joseph dear," she answered. "It is only that I—who will soon have a child of my own—love all children. And pity all mothers who must watch their children—suffer—"

They went on. The sky was the deep color, now, that means middle afternoon. The color that hints of a sunset to be. And the donkey's feet made precise, small clouds of dust. And Joseph's feet, marching beside the donkey, kept time to the dust clouds. And Mary's heart—trying to keep time to them—was going back across a chain of days. To strange, glowing, unbelievable moments. Her ears were hearing words again—words as solemn, as crowded with emotion, as the sound of a choir chanting. And her mind was saying, in a still chorus, other words. Words also solemn and strange and lovely. Words that she had once said. That had come from her instinctively, almost without her own volition. As if some miraculous thing had turned her stirring pulses into melody.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord," she had said. "And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

"For He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

So she had spoken. And now the words came back to her. Blending with the colors of the day. Making a rhythm with Joseph's steady marching.

Why had she said them? she wondered. How had they come to her? "The generations—shall call me blessed." Oh, it was a great responsibility that she had given to herself! She must always be brave and sweet and gentle and kind. As gentle and kind as Joseph was with her.

"I wish," she said suddenly—and her face was very young as she said it—"I wish that I might this minute do something—for somebody."

But Joseph did not answer at once. And

"I'm not a girl," the child answered valiantly. "I'm a boy. My brothers said I was too old to play with dolls —and they broke him"

when he did speak, it was plain that he had been too preoccupied to hear what she had said.

"The crowds have passed us by—" he said. "Do you not notice, Mary, that there are no others on the road now save only ourselves? The other travelers were able to proceed more swiftly; they will reach Bethlehem before we do—long before. And—there are other roads, Mary, into the town!"

Smiling still, but a trifle more wearily, the girl made answer. "So many roads," she said. "Like veins running into a heart. And the heart is Bethlehem. It is a nice thought, Joseph."

But her husband again did not answer. Only with a sharp tap against the donkey's flank he urged the little beast forward. He did not answer. Why trouble this tired girl with the thought of a town crowded to overflowing? With the thought of the inn's rooms being bargained for by hordes? Why—he shrugged, as his steps took on a quicker pace. And then, all at once, he stopped. Perhaps because the little donkey had also stopped! Had stopped to avoid stepping upon a wee body that lay in the road.

As Joseph strode forward and raised that body, he had a swift feeling that Mary, on the very eve of her pain, must glimpse tragedy. And then, with an almost unbearable sense of relief, he saw that it was not the ultimate tragedy. For the body that he had raised was not cold in death, for all it had lain so still. It was soft and warm and shaken with silent sobbing.

Such a tiny body —in a sexless blue smock. Joseph, setting the child upon its feet, kneeling beside it, looked up into his wife's downbent face.

"I thought—" he said, and hesitated. "I thought," he began again, "that the tiny one was—badly injured. But it is not so. I do not know—"

Mary was leaning forward. Her hand softly was rubbing the neck of the little donkey.

"The small girl," she said, "has broken her doll. See, it is lying in the dust of the road. Come here, baby," her voice was made of silver and silk, "and tell Mary all about it!"

But the child—not more than four years old, at most!—was rubbing dusty fists into streaming eyes. And was answering.

"I'm not a girl!" answered the child valiantly. "I'm a—*boy!*"

Mary's lovely mouth was quirked up ever so little at the corners. One saw, suddenly, the hint of a dimple.

"Come here, son—" she cajoled. "Come—"

And all at once the tiny boy was sobbing against her side, with his face nuzzled into the robe against her knee.

"It wuth my brothers," he sobbed. "They thaid that (*Continued on page 156*)

PLANNING *Your House*

By

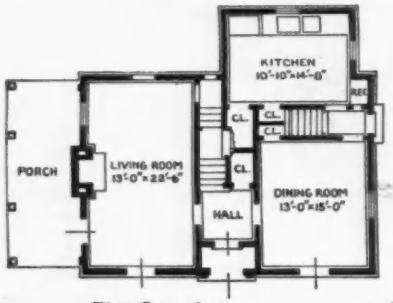
Aymar Embury II

Architect

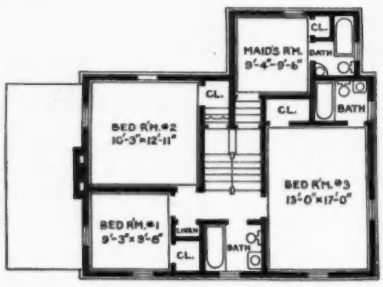
IN MOST modern American small houses the plumbing is excellent, the heating system adequate, fool-proof, and economical; and he electrical conveniences are really conveniences. Yet by far the greatest part of our houses are of a stereotyped monotony of ugliness on the exterior, surrounding rooms of awkward shapes, badly placed with regard to each other and to the means of communication—the halls and stairways—between them, and with much wasted space. Were the wise forethought and patient intelligence that go to the selection of plumbing fixtures and heating systems used in laying out the plans of our houses, they would be of altogether a different order of merit; but the plan of a house is a different thing from its mechanical equipment.

A certain amount of training and experience is required to visualize the completed house from blueprints of the floor plans, while the bathtubs can be seen in the show room on the corner; and your next-door neighbor can tell you whether an oil burner is economical or practical, when he is totally unable to say what constitutes a satisfactory living-room. The man who builds his first house, without architectural training, and often unable to define to himself the qualities which make him prefer some houses to others, will make in his plans mistakes which he instantly perceives when his house is built and it is too late to avoid them, not to speak of the many mistakes he never knows about or recognizes. This article is an attempt to point out some of the ways in which one may easily go astray, with a hope that some few of the people who read it may be saved from some of the errors which every home builder (including, alas! the writer) makes.

The chief essential of a well-designed home is its plan, by which is meant the disposition of rooms in relation to each other and to the surroundings, and the allocation of the available areas of the different floors to these rooms. The architectural treatment of the exterior, the materials of which the house is to be built, and the mechanical equipment are not part of the plan, although all affect it to a greater or less degree, just as does the cost. While none of these items can be ignored in making the plan, they are distinctly subsidiary to it, and when, as is far too often the case, they are permitted to dominate, an unsatisfactory and unlivable house is the almost inevitable result. One lives in the rooms, and not in the plumbing pipes or in the stucco on the walls, so that well-shaped, well-ventilated, and well-lighted rooms are of primary importance, while the mechanical equipment and the treatment of the exterior are of secondary importance. Nor do I mean to exalt the practical at the expense of the esthetic; the experience of centuries has proved that a sound plan can always be enclosed in a pleasing architectural design, although not all plans are susceptible of treatment in all historic styles. The person who yearns for a house derived from some particular architectural period must be prepared to accept a plan of (*Continued on page 218*)

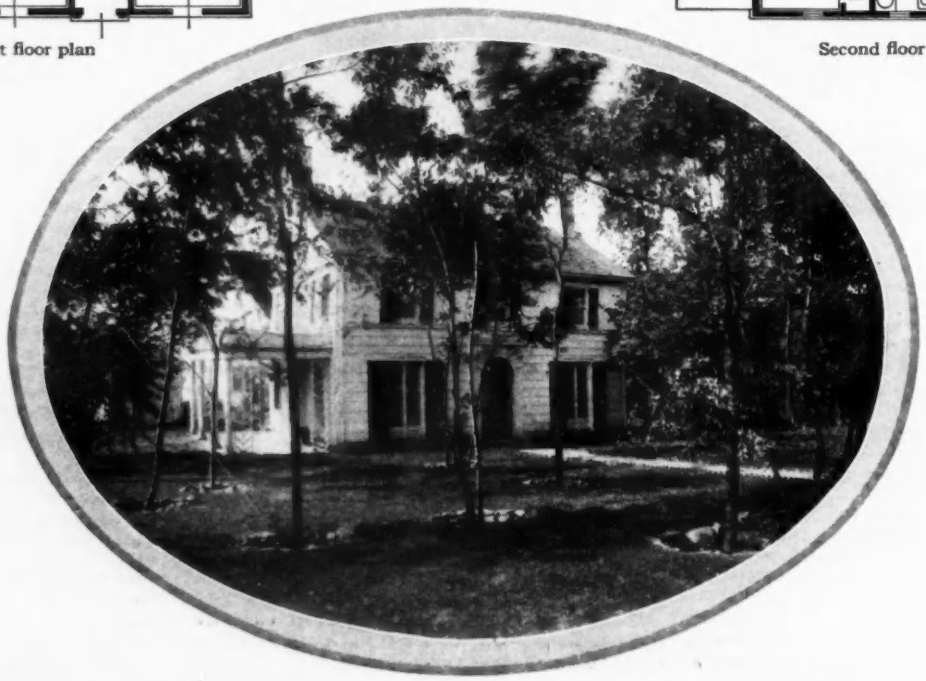


First floor plan



Second floor plan

The plan of this charming Colonial house designed by Mr. Embury is economical, convenient, and pleasantly spacious. Ruth Dean, Landscape Architect



Photograph by George H. Van Anda

The well-designed fence affords protection and serves as a frame for house and garden

To set off his own country house, Mr. Litchfield reproduced an old Connecticut fence

FENCES

For Beauty and Privacy

By

Electus D. Litchfield, A. I. A.

JIM FISKE was once asked to contribute to the cost of erecting a fence about a cemetery. His reply was that he didn't see why he should; that he had never heard of there being any great rush to get in, and he didn't believe a fence was necessary to prevent those inside from coming out.

At the time Mr. Fiske made this sage remark, in most places it was becoming unnecessary to provide fences as protection against vagrant cattle, but protection is only one function of a properly designed fence.

Along about this time there developed a furor in American cities for eliminating property lines on residence streets. Many a good-looking fence was sacrificed to the contagion.

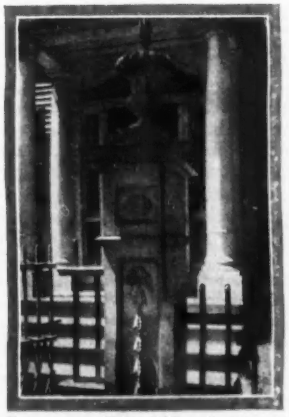
With the passing of the stockade and the pioneer, the fence was built, more often than not, to mark the limits of a man's property and the limits of his responsibility. Then, too, it served to separate his front yard from his pasture lot. Incidentally always, and consciously often, the fence served as a frame to a man's house and his garden. It is from this point of view that we are most interested in fences today.

A properly designed wooden fence is to the suburban home what a frame is to an oil painting; and, like the latter, is seldom well designed. Such a fence forms an essential part of the architectural composition, of which the main feature is the house itself, and of which the porches, the planting, and the fence are all integral parts.

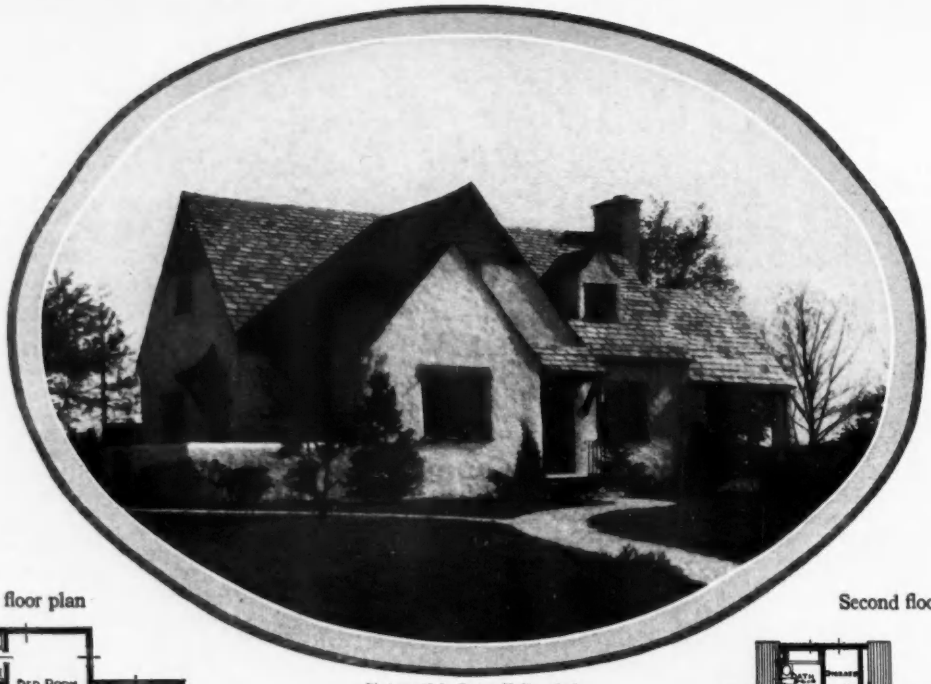
In the days of our architectural degeneracy the design of the fence suffered, as well as that of the house itself, and most of the fences with any architectural pretension built in the '80's were apt to be profusely ornamented with the weird and wonderful adornments of the jig-saw variety, so dear to the architects of the Mother Hubbard period. It is to the earlier, so-called "Colonial" period, to which we must turn to find the most beautiful examples of wooden fences. It is surprising to find how few varieties in beautiful fences there are, for, like the acceptable designs of table silver, only a limited number of types survive.

The most primitive of all fences is perhaps the interlaced row of up-ended stumps, followed, perhaps, by the dry stone wall built from the stone gathered from the surface of the field. Following this is the "snake" fence of split rails, formed by weaving together a series of rails at their ends. These were followed by the common rail and post fence of two or three horizontals set into holes cut in a hewn post. These fences were, of course, suitable for the enclosure of large fields or farms and have, in recent years, in the more highly developed parts of Long Island and New England been superseded by the rustic "sheep-hurdle," and by varying types of fences with rough posts, supporting panels of horizontal boards, usually painted white.

In all the things man can do there is an opportunity for artistry—even in the building of the simplest fence. It is interesting to examine into the details of the design of some of these simple, horizontal, board fences. About the old Quaker cemetery at Matinecock there is such a fence that looks exactly right. I think it must be the (*Continued on page 194*)



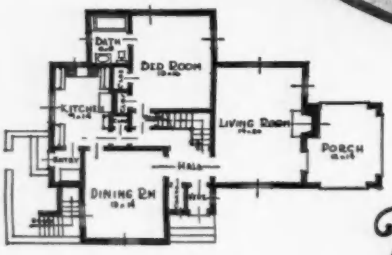
Gate post of the Oliver house at Salem designed by S. McIntire



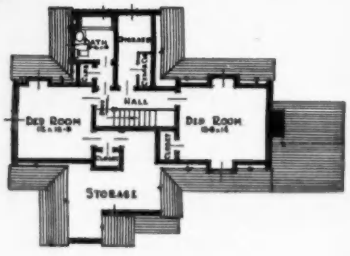
Photograph by George H. Van Anda

The builder's estimate for this house was $15,000. The architect's budget, which included all the extras, was $17,700. It was built in Westchester County, New York

First floor plan



Second floor plan



Budgeting BUILDING COSTS

By

James Jennings Bevan
Architect

NOBODY knows how complicated a matter building a house is until he has actually gone through it. In my experience with clients, especially those who are building for the first time, I have found that at the outset they are inclined to think of it as a rather simple affair. All that is necessary, they assume, is to tell the architect how many rooms they want, give him a general idea of the kind of house they prefer, tell him how much they can afford to spend on it, and in a few days he will show them plans and sketches which in a few months can be translated into a charming, comfortable home.

It does not take long, however, for the prospective home builder to realize how much skill, ingenuity, and thoughtful study are necessary to devise even a plan which will satisfy the diverse needs and tastes of the various members of the family. The design of the house brings up even more perplexing problems, and, of course, all the time that these two important angles are being discussed, both client and architect must keep in mind that the final cost of the house should be kept well within the limits of the owner's pocketbook.

There is a general belief that engaging an architect means an expensive house. This belief has not arisen because of the architect's fee, but because of a situation which I try to make perfectly clear to those who consult me. To the architect, the cost of the house means the figure which the builder estimates it will take to erect the house as outlined in the plans and specifications. It does not include a number of things which are essential to make the finished home comfortable and attractive. It does not include the architect's fee nor the cost of getting a mortgage. It does not provide for the additional expense involved when the owner changes his mind about some detail or adds a new feature. Now, I believe the owner should look squarely at the financial side of his building problem, and since the experienced architect naturally has a great deal more knowledge of costs than the average person, I consider it wise for the architect to give his client some assistance with his financial problem as well as with plan and design.

Following this theory, it is my practise to give my clients what I call a budget estimate of what their new house will cost them. This includes not only the builder's contract price, but everything which I can foresee will be necessary to make it complete and livable.

In the case of the house which illustrates this article, the same plan was followed, and in this case, when my clients found that the contract cost would come nicely within the $15,000 which they had told me they wished to spend, they changed certain features so that actually their house cost them several thousand dollars more. For example, they put in a more expensive heating plant and a shower bath, and they decided upon the attractive slate roof shown in the picture instead of the shingle roof which the original plans called for. The budget I showed them was as follows:

Contract Price	$15,000.00
Screens	300.00
Lighting Fixtures	450.00
Decorating	450.00
Miscellaneous	500.00
Oil Burner	1,000.00
Total,	$17,700.00

The item

(*Continued on page 222*)

FIREPLACES

That Are Fireplaces

By H. Vandervoort Walsh

Assistant Professor of Architecture, Columbia University

THE construction of new fireplaces and the manufacture of andirons, fire-backs, screens, trivets, bellows, and various types of fire-tools goes on today almost as if the radiator and the hot-air register had never been heard of as agents for heating the home. Even the most modernistically inclined architects, imbued with theories abolishing all things that are not fundamentally useful, never fail to put a fireplace in the living-room. It seems that the wealthier a man grows, the more fireplaces he displays in his home—in living-room, library, porches, halls, bedrooms. By contrast the radiator is being either entirely concealed or made according to different patterns to fit inside partitions, out of the way if not out of sight.

This interest in fireplaces is more sentimental than practical, and many of our modern mantel designs frame only electrically lighted embers. Undoubtedly, too, many intended for real use would, if a fire were lighted in them, smoke out the owner. Such misbehavior is no new thing with fireplaces, and the professional "smoke-cure doctor" who is with us today has grown up with nearly every generation.

The greatest of all these physicians of the fireplace was a Massachusetts Yankee of Tory inclinations, who was forced to leave this country and practise his profession in England and Bavaria. Although his name was Benjamin Thompson, he preferred his title Benjamin, Count of Rumford, Knight of the Order of the White (*Continued on page 169*)

The graceful chimney of brick shows that this feature of the house may be decorative as well as useful

Photographs by George H. Van Anda

This simple stone chimney is characteristic of the sturdy early American farmhouse

If you are one of those who think that all fireplaces smoke whenever a real fire is put in them, this article has good news for you

A fireplace which follows the rules indicated in the diagram will not smoke and will throw the heat into the room where it is needed

If the fireplace is properly constructed, the exterior may be plain or as decorative as you like

By
Rose O'Neill

The *Heavenly* House

MARY and Lucy lived in a rather small room on the top floor of a tenement house. They kept a geranium.

They were sisters and a trifle elderly. There had been another sister, Amelia, a trifle less elderly, but she had got tired of things and gently died a few years before. Amelia had been very gentle. So was Mary. Lucy was the one distinguished by "pep." She was just a little bit haughty, but meant no harm by it.

Both she and Mary were very small, with little, peaked noses and retiring chins. Their little shoulder-blades were well defined in their little bodices, and their busts were not. Amelia was the one who had had the "figure." The grocer's young man had lately remarked that Lucy looked like a shrimp and that Mary looked like nothing at all.

Lucy had overheard this remark. She was philosophic. But she did not tell Mary. One had never told Mary or Amelia the worst.

The sisters were genteel, for they had lived in a cottage with a garden in their early youth. That had been in a village in New Jersey, and Mary had even begun to play the organ in the church.

The two scarcely ever remembered now that they had come to town for "advantages"—educational and social. It was their rather cantankerous father who had had the idea. He was a carpenter and a dreamer. He had sold the cottage and transferred them all to New York under the fixed impression that Lucy had a mind, that Mary was gifted, and that Amelia was richly endowed with social graces.

But all this was long ago. The cantankerous, dreaming father had resigned his paternal hopes with a fatal pneumonia. Steeped in poverty, Lucy had almost given up her mind (which she had at first expanded with lectures at Cooper Union); Mary had given up her organ and her gifts; and Amelia, lying long in Greenwood, had forgotten all her social graces.

However there had been such splendor in the past that the surviving Lucy and Mary could not help rather looking down on a good many things in their poor quarter of the city—always in a very gentle way of looking down. They couldn't think that Mrs. Ferarro was justified in putting quite so many strange, intimate objects out on the fire-escape; or that Mrs. McGuffey should keep a hen under her bed.

The numerous youngsters of the house frequently did things also that were not genteel. Mary and Lucy deplored these human frailties, but they were not hard on anything. They would have liked to become more intimate with the children round about had these youthful neighbors not been so apt to "rip out something" and hook on to you behind.

It was not because Lucy and Mary were so tidy that they refrained from a cat. And it is hard to refrain from a cat—especially when orphan cats of tender years respectfully ask one a little question in the street. But they did not believe in keeping animals confined in city rooms.

The cats that came visiting along the

Illustrated By the Author

They pretended Amelia was sitting in her evening gown, waiting for the carriage to take her to a ball. Little Johnny Dugan peeked in and caught them at it

roof were most unconfined. There were two especially. The brindled one used to tap on the window. He had no weakness for laps, but liked tents to be made of newspapers, and went dashing round and round in under from tent to tent. Then he ate the tents—or at least he pretended to, tearing them into scraps. He was of an industrious turn and had great invention. He would sit a moment in profound meditation, then jump up in a business-like way and tear up something. It was a little precarious and untidy, but one felt he had the best intentions in the world. His one idea was to amuse, and he bent all his mental powers on it. Lucy called him "the Intellectual Type."

The other visitor, a smoky gray cat, did not tap, but sang a little song at the window. He had no ingenuity, but a fine appetite, and he believed in laps. Lucy called him "the Phlegmatic Type." She had attended a lecture upon that sort of thing long ago at Cooper Union.

"The Intellectual Type is pulling something to pieces under the sink," Lucy might say warningly.

"I can't move," would be Mary's reply. "The Phlegmatic Type is asleep in my lap."

The Phlegmatic Type rather preferred Mary as being the more sedentary sister. She sat at home and sewed. Lucy went forth to business. For twenty years she had been the assistant at a second-hand shop on Houston Street. She helped to sell anything that somebody had got tired of, from a dreary dress-suit to an old clock that had no sense of time.

Occasionally her employer, a large, sad, second-hand man, would make her a present of some second-hand object that no third hand cared to make its own: a broken vase, a limping lamp, a battered kettle, a mildewed volume from the complete works of one Charles Darwin. The sisters did not read this, but it looked well on the shelf beside a volume from the complete works of one Charles Dickens (frequently read).

This shelf was called "the liberry." It contained, besides several old magazines, a folding checker-board, the Bible, a photograph album, "Barriers Burned Away" and "Memory Gems." There was a little song-book, too, called "Precious Jewels," for Amelia had sung to Mary's accompaniment, she not having been dowered with the latter's gift for the organ.

Amelia's chair, sacredly un-sat-upon, always stood under the liberry shelf. Lucy and Mary would often pretend she was sitting there in the evening, arrayed in an evening dress cut low in the neck. Amelia had always hoped from her childhood that some day she would wear a "deckalett" dress and go, so attired, to a party, but this had never been brought about. The loveliness of her little person would have amply justified the audacity. So the surviving sisters played that the vanished Amelia was sitting there in this formal toilette, waiting for her carriage.

"Don't her neck and shoulders look pretty in the lamplight!" Mary would say.

"But she mustn't forget her little lace shawl," Lucy would reply, "in case of a draft in the ballroom."

Amelia's chair was placed in the liberry corner, because she had always been fond of reading.

There had been some other sacred volumes on the shelf, but these had been lent to one of the McGurn children, two floors below, who professed a passion for literature. It had been a grave disappointment to Lucy and Mary to find the stairs swarming with paper boats constructed from the treasured leaves.

"I thought you (*Continued on page 172*)

The Royal Child of Bethlehem

By Bruce Barton

Children of the Bible, No. XII

CARLYLE remarked that the man who tosses a pebble changes the center of gravity of the earth. Almost any little thing can be the beginning of almost any great thing. Thomas Lincoln, looking down at his new-born baby, could not dream that he was witnessing the beginning of the end of slavery in America. St. Paul, writing a letter to his friends, the Galatians, had no idea that he was starting a New Testament. Mighty Cæsar, sitting in his palace and worrying about the expenses of his army and his gladiators, gave no thought to far-off Palestine. Yet because he was hard up and needed money, the greatest event in history happened, not in Nazareth, but in Bethlehem.

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. . . . And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem."

The people of the East are nomadic. It was required that each family should return to its place of origin in order to make sure that none was overlooked. History records the date of the decree, but we know that the actual process of registering for the tax must have been spread out over a considerable period, for Roman officials had to visit many towns in turn. So it is impossible to be sure when Jesus was born. If he began to preach soon after his thirtieth birthday, and if the forty days of temptation in the wilderness ended early in February, as scholars are now inclined to believe, then we probably are not far wrong in celebrating December 25th.

Helena, mother of Constantine, visiting Palestine in the fourth Christian century, discovered the site of an ancient inn and stable, which she believed to be the sacred spot. She caused a church to be erected there, one of the oldest in Christendom. Was Helena right? Many scholars think so, and certainly the church and the cave beneath it satisfy the reverent imagination. The brass star on the floor is kept bright by the passing of many feet and, reflecting the light of olive-oil lamps, seems almost a reflection of the Wonder Star. The Latin words in brass letters proclaim, "Here Jesus was born of Mary," and there is a solemn simplicity in the message that rings true.

Bethlehem itself is sure. The location of the inn and the stable is reasonably certain. And the date, whether we have determined it exactly or not, has become established by the devotion of millions of hearts through all the centuries.

Joseph was plying his trade in Nazareth when the unpleasant news of the decree reached town. It was an honored trade. From the dawn of history the worker in metal has been held in high esteem, and the manufacturer of wooden implements hardly less so. Joseph made furniture for the houses in Nazareth. He fashioned the cradles in which children slept. He built the agricultural implements by which food was coaxed from the grudging ground. People liked him and depended on him.

Most of the pictures show him as an old man. Why should they? There is nothing in the narrative to indicate it. I sometimes feel that the artists have conspired with the theologians to diminish him. How gladly we should welcome more information! Was he tall and strong? Did he laugh at supper time, when the day's work was over, and the children were playing about his knee? Did he sometimes come striding up the streets of Nazareth, with the golden-haired Boy on his shoulders? What were his thoughts and hopes and dreams? What wise precepts did he put into the mind of the Boy during the earliest years?

If we have no answer to such questions, there is one fact at least of which we can be certain. He must have been wonderfully patient and sympathetic and loving. For when, in later years, the Boy had grown up and sought to tell people about the character of God, he could think of no more effective way to do it than to use the word "father."

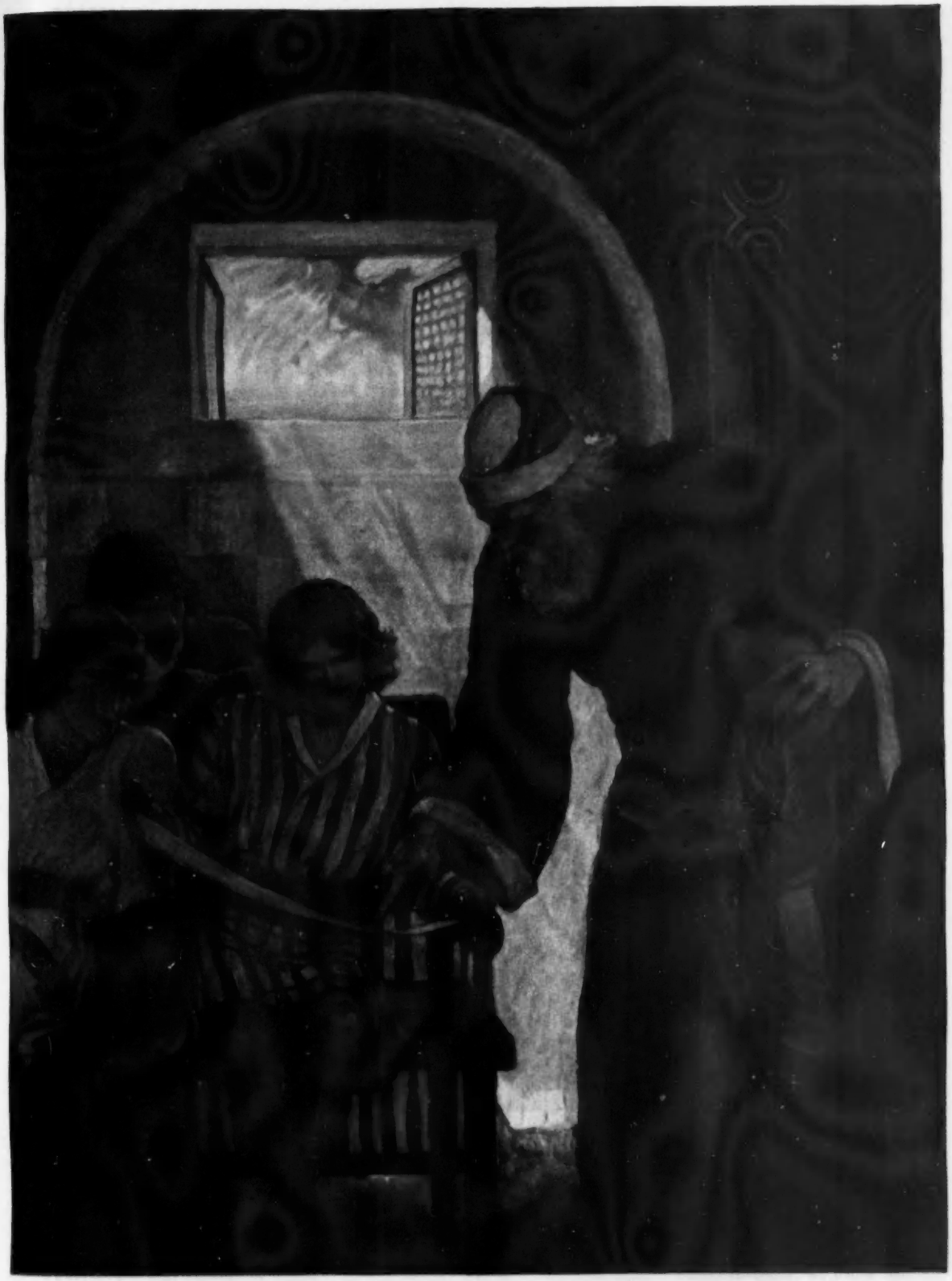
The little family of three did not remain long in Bethlehem. The jealous fear of Herod was excited by the visit of the Magi, who came from a country farther east, and he undertook what he supposed to be an effective method of procuring the death of a possible rival to his throne. Warned in time, Joseph and Mary set forth for Egypt, taking the young Child with them. You may now ride over what must have been their route, leaving Jerusalem in a parlor car at nine in the morning, crossing that dredged-out arm of the Red Sea which we call the Suez Canal at the precise spot where the ancient caravans from Palestine crossed, and then take dinner in another train on the Egyptian side about seven o'clock at night, arriving in Cairo at ten or eleven.

But it was no such comfortable trip in ancient days. Joseph and Mary must have toiled over the road for at least a week, and maybe more. With thankful hearts they entered Egypt at last and, so tradition has it, lived near where the other Joseph, and Moses after him, had lived, many centuries before. It was a section where Jews were continually resident, not far from modern Cairo. On the carved and painted walls of Egyptian temples, Mary saw, as she nursed her Boy, sculptures in low relief of Isis suckling Horus, the god born as a child—born to die at the hand of jealous enemies, but destined to rise with the sun of a new dawn and bring light and life and salvation to men.

Mary must have wondered at all this, but she could not possibly have suspected that those very sculptures were to produce their marked result in making it easy for Egypt to be Christianized. For, while the religion of Isis and Horus was a dying religion, its forms and essential faith were such that Egyptians could and did come to believe in the Royal Child of Bethlehem as the fulfillment of their national hope.

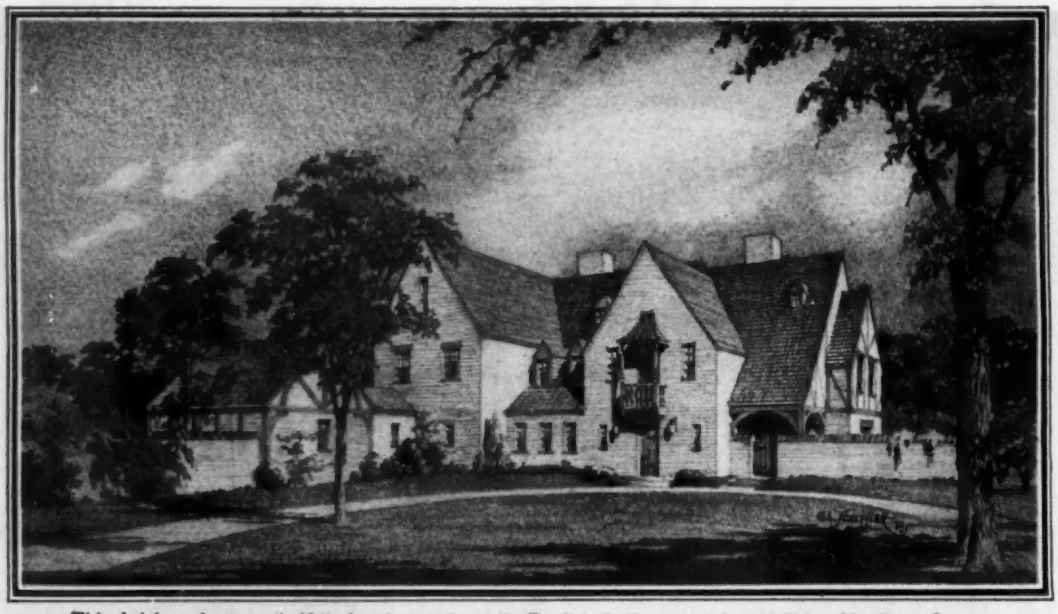
Always the present, and the greater future, must be built upon the foundations of the past. If we suppose that God gave the Jews their religion as a preparation for the coming of Jesus, why should we suppose that He did any less for the Egyptians?

The death of Herod, occurring when Jesus was about two years old, was the signal for preparation for a return to Palestine. They may not have departed at once; more probably they waited to discover whether Herod Archelaus, who succeeded to the throne, would pursue his father's bloody policies. Archelaus was deposed after about two years, and it is altogether likely that Joseph did not think it prudent to leave Egypt before the end of his short and (*Continued on page 130*)



Painting by
N. C. Wyeth

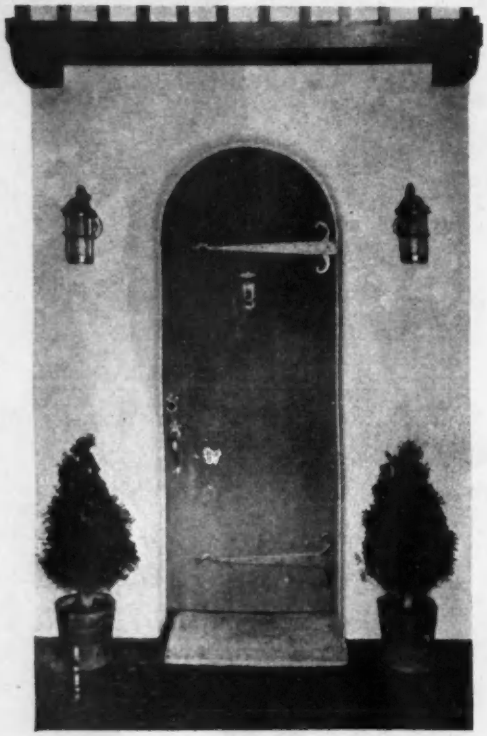
JESUS lived the life of a Galilean boy. He went to the village school, which was kept in the local synagogue by a local rabbi. He learned the clumsy letters of the Hebrew alphabet according to current methods of instruction



This brick and stucco half-timber house, in early English feeling, contains 48,500 cubic feet. Its approximate cost in the New York market, at 55c a foot, would be $27,000. Henry Ives Cobb, Jr., architect

THE ART OF CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE PART III

by
Helen Kouer
Director



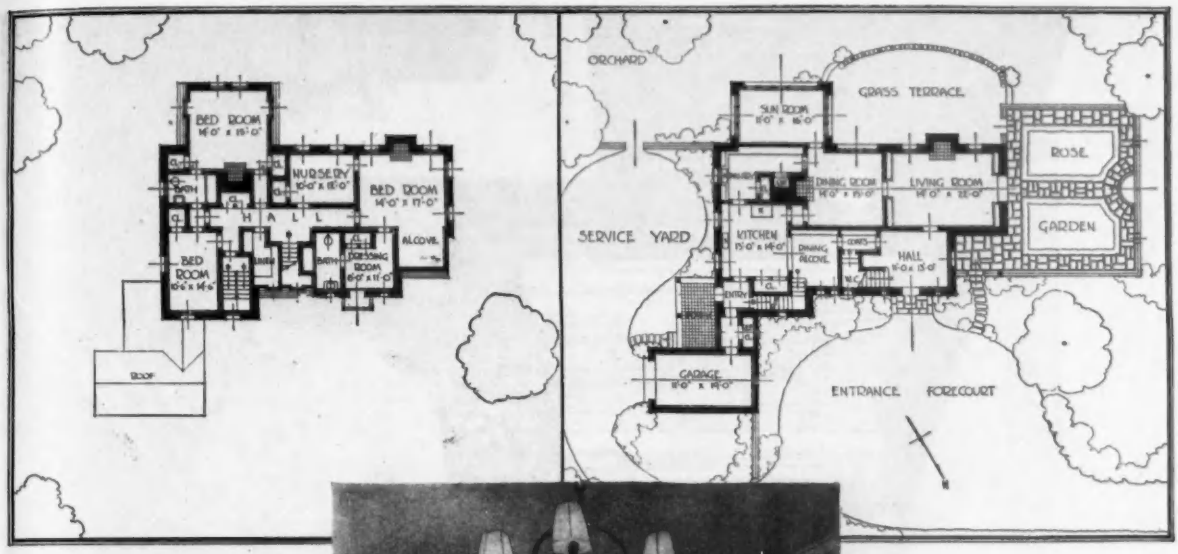
THE STUDIO PLANS AN ENGLISH HOUSE AND BUILDS THE INTERIOR

THIS month GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STUDIO shows the beginning of a new series of interiors, in the English feeling, which have been built and furnished by the Studio, and are now on exhibition here in our publication building, 57th Street and 8th Avenue, New York.

One or more rooms are built by the Studio each month as part of a well-designed house or apartment. Finding that our readers are interested in knowing the type of house suitable for these interiors, we now illustrate the architect's elevation of the house and floor plan; and the front door, hall, and living-room of this plan, which the Studio has built and furnished. By following so practical a method, we can tell you from actual experience just how the result is obtained, and the cost of the interior architecture and furnishings.

To create this atmosphere the architect and the decorator worked together. Again applying the five underlying principles which I always use as the skeleton for the Studio's work—*choice of type, background, color, scale, and individuality*—the *choice of type* for the furnishing was determined by the type of the house itself. The general character, proportions, and building materials follow the smaller dwellings built in England in the sixteenth century, in the days of the Tudors—Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth. Prior to the fifteenth century, stone was the chief building material for castles and manor houses, which were somewhat in the nature of fortresses. In smaller houses of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and early seventeenth centuries, timber frame work filled in with lath and plaster was usual, sometimes combined with brick or stone for the first story, creating a style known as a half-timber English house. After the

Good Housekeeping Studio
Cordially Invites You
To Visit These Rooms Created by
The Studio
Now on Exhibition at
The John M. Smyth Store
Chicago
and in our own building in New York City



great fire of London, in 1666, brick came into more general use for the first story.

In the interiors wood paneling was used to cover rough stone or plaster walls; smooth plaster was a comparatively new medium; stone was a matter of course for the fire openings; oak was the wood used not only in the construction of the house itself, where it was often left exposed in both exterior and interior, but for the chests, chairs, tables, and stools then prevalent as furniture.

In our age of comfort and luxury the wise builder and decorator try to recapture the charm of the past period and combine with it all our marvelous living facilities.

So here is a house of moderate cost, true to a fine old tradition of England, and built for people who wish to live charmingly. The exterior of brick and half-timber, with its pitched roof and casement windows, has dignity and beauty; the interior is well planned, providing spacious rooms of medium size, with grouped casement windows and open fireplaces. The kitchen and the service end of the house are far enough away from the living-room and sun-room to insure quiet. A garage and service entrance are separated from the front of the house by a wall, while a small garden out of the living-room and a paved terrace from the sun-room give outdoor rooms in warm weather.

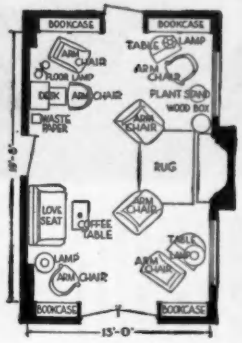
Delightful features of the plan are the entrance hall and front door. The latter is of wood painted orange and strapped with large, black, iron hinges. The rectangular hall, 10 feet by 18 feet, has a stone floor and stairway of a composition called Zenitherm, and banisters (*Continued on page 56*)

Walls covered in Craftex, a material resembling rough plaster, form the background of this attractive hall. A hunting print hangs on the staircase wall. Under the stairs is a capacious closet for coats. An iron ceiling fixture gives a pleasant light, while the stunning mirror is essential in a hall

A large couch, covered in the same printed linen as the two armchairs in the living-room, and small oak tables with iron lamps make an attractive and livable group at one end of the hall. The long chest of oak contains a shelf which may be used to hold hats and gloves. A decorative pewter bowl holds flowers

OAK PANELING IN THE TUDOR FEELING

A glimpse of three sides of the living-room is shown in this picture: the stone fireplace, the casement windows on the extreme right, the paneled oak door between the bookshelves leading to the dining-room. The third wall is plastered above a paneled oak dado; and the fourth has Tudor doors leading to the garden, set between bookcases. The plan of the furniture is shown below



Cooperating With Us

Hall and Living-Room: Background, Oak Service Bureau, Craftex Co., Zenitherm Co.; casement windows, David Lupton's Sons Co.; hardware, McKinney Mfg. Co.; lighting fixtures, Todhunter; fireplace, Jacobson Mantel and Ornament Co.; furniture, Barnard & Simonds Co., Kensington Mfg. Co., Cassard Romano Co., S. Karpen & Bros.; fabrics for curtains and upholstery, R. Carrillo & Co., Inc., Stroheim & Romann; carpet, Walker & Heisler; Oriental rugs, Kent-Costikyan, Inc.; lamps and accessories, Kanne & Bessant, Inc., Hussar Studio; pictures, The Old Print shop; pewter, Lester H. Vaughan

A chair on either side of an open fireplace is a charming arrangement. These chairs are not so large as to look clumsy and are covered in printed linen in a bold design. The deep golden yellow curtains and the orange cover of the chair in the corner form a pleasant contrast with the warm brown of the paneled oak walls. Wall brackets and a brass lamp on the gate-leg table provide ample illumination for this part of the room. At the left the oak desk is copied from an old cabinet. The Windsor chair before it and the comfortable armchair at its right make, with the standing lamp, a pleasant and natural group conveniently near the bookshelves

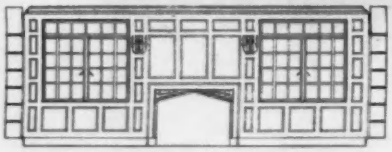
(*Continued from page 53*)
of oak stained and waxed to suit its old English design. True to *type*, the ceilings are low, eight feet three inches. Again, true to type, sturdy oak furniture, hand-blocked linen of a somewhat crude design, with ornaments of the seventeenth century have been chosen for both rooms.

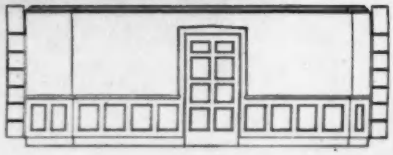
The *background* follows the tradition of type in this hall and living-room, the two rooms we shall now consider. The dining-room follows next month, and the main bedroom, dressing-room and bath in February.

In the hall, Craftex, a material applied like paint, but with a rough instead of smooth surface, was used for the walls. The metal casement windows open out and are painted black. The makers of these casements have a splendid device for screens to be used with them, which

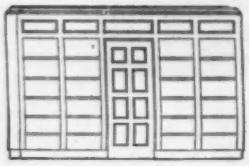
ceiling is plain, cream-colored plaster, eight feet three inches. The room would have been charming without the paneling, with merely oak surbase and doors stained and waxed—and, of course, much less expensive, as the cost of such paneling would be approximately a thousand to twelve hundred dollars, according to the cost of labor, and if the building plans of the paneling were supplied by the architect of the house. The other side of the question is that a room once paneled needs no repairs, no repainting or papering, merely waxing, waxing, waxing to become, not only more beautiful, but more valuable. Instead of flat stain and wax, a varnish stain will give a nice result and will be cheaper than a rubbed wax finish. The color should be a shade darker than walnut. You should avoid too deep and dark a color.

Below and at the right are the architect's elevations of the oak paneling in the Tudor feeling

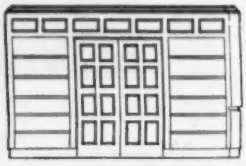




Paneled doors are placed between the bookshelves. The wall, above the paneled oak dado, is plastered



The comfort of the present age and the dignity and charm of the past are combined in this restful living-room



overcomes a difficulty sometimes encountered. The screens are attached by the spring pivots at the sides, like the casement windows, but open in. A small catch holds the screen tightly closed when in use and the spring pivots allow it to be removed instantly.

The background of the living-room is its great feature. Three walls are paneled in modern oak in a sixteenth-century fashion with a stone fire-opening between two windows on one wall, and a doorway between bookcases on the two end walls. The fourth wall, opposite the fireplace, is plastered above a dado of oak paneling three feet high. This is done for two reasons: to reduce the cost, and to reflect the light of the windows on the plaster and so keep a wood-lined room cheerful and bright. The room is twelve feet three inches by twenty-one feet eight inches. The

The architect's elevations show the arrangement of the paneling, a series of panels characteristic of the Tudor period. It is designed to suit the proportions of the room, but may easily be adjusted to different dimensions by adding or subtracting panels of the same size. It provides for a library of seven hundred books, but the upper shelves could hold an ornament—pewter or pottery, plate or bowl, vase or figure.

Scale played a very important part in making these rooms livable. Early English furniture is heavy, and overstuffed furniture is inclined to be heavy, so discretion was needed to select pieces of the period, but as light in scale as possible. In the hall, for instance, the carved oak cupboard was medium in size, as was the sofa. There was no difficulty in finding the little oak tables at either end of

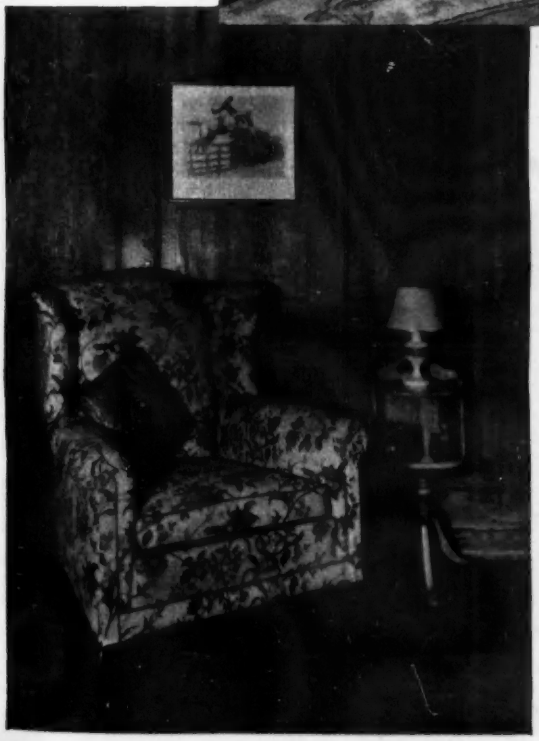
(*Continued on page 280*)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS THE STUDIO SUGGESTS

Lasting pleasure goes with the gift that adds beauty to your home. This nicely-finished, mahogany secretary desk in true Colonial feeling is specially priced at $47.50, 76" tall, and a sturdy mahogany Windsor chair, 38" tall, with a braced back, costs only $6. Both express collect. Adjustable, wrought-iron bridge lamp copied from an old oil lamp, $5. Parchment shade, 8" high, with English print on one side, $5, express collect. Pewter desk set, inkstand, paperholder, blotter, desk pad, and paper knife, all for $22.50. Graceful, urn-shaped, clear green glass vase, 9" tall, $2.50

AND THE SHOPPING SERVICE WILL BUY

Hard to find is the old-fashioned, mahogany rocking-chair for your bedroom, and here it is in a gay, flowered chintz with a yellow, rose, blue, or green ground, $49.50. And for any room in your house, the comfortable wing chair with a loose cushion and mahogany legs is upholstered in flowered chintz with cream ground $59.50. As a gift by itself, the maple butterfly table is perfect, $12. Maple what-not table (left below), $25. On it is a white china lamp, $5, plain paper shade, $2.50. Colonial pewter lamp, 13" high, $7.95, 12" paper shade, all colors, $5. All furniture, express collect



To Order See Page 74

NEAR-TO-NATURE BABIES

By James Swinnerton

TO THE Pouter Pigeon pouting, said the little Cockatoo,
"Watch me puff out my chest an' pout as good as you"

COPYRIGHT 1920 BY JAMES SWINNERTON

I'M REALLY quite hungry" wee Pelican said.
"Have you any cheese, jam, or jelly on bread?"

Emily Newell Blair *Selects Some* BOOKS *With A* Christmas Message

Fannie Hurst's new book, "Five and Ten," is a new version of the text with regard to the rich man and the Kingdom of Heaven

THIS is the year's glad month, the one that holds the day on which we celebrate the birth of Him who came to show us the Way, the Truth, and the Life. What more fitting gift, then, can I bring my readers than to share with them some books that have helped me to a better realization of all three?

Most of these readers, I suspect, like myself, lose them too often under the pressure of the demands made on us by our material needs. Beginning with an intention of satisfying them, we go on and on in our attempt to get things, until we forget that there is any meaning to life beyond that attempt. And then there come to us, weary in body and soul, the questions: What is it all about? Where are we going? What are we making out of this span of years that really counts, not in the worldly sense, but in the sense that Christ meant when He said, "Man shall not live by bread alone"? In our quiet hours when we take counsel with that still small voice inside us, we know that "things" and the acquirement of things, however necessary, do not satisfy that something that makes us human, that something in us that would fain transcend the human. We look about, and we see some other who seems to have attained that peace that passeth understanding, but so lost are we that we know not where to seek it. We go back in our thoughts to days when we thought we knew the road. We say our prayers, if we are a praying person. We read our Bible, perhaps, if we have been taught that it shows the direction, or if once it pointed it to us. But somehow, it does not seem to answer. Even the most religious come to these moments when they discover that their beliefs have become too crystallized to produce the works of faith, and their religious practises have become so routine that they have lost their power to bring spiritual revelation. The human being seems so constituted that whatever the mind takes for granted, does over and over again, loses its meaning and power to stimulate. That is why it is important to have the old truths reasserted in new words, why it is necessary to have them given ever and again new form. The fresh assertion, the new form, appeal to the mind by their very newness and freshness, seem to awaken the old faith, and start one again toward the lost road.

This was the experience that came to me this summer, as, worn out with too much reading and work, I said to myself: "I must get back to fundamentals. I must get in touch again with reality."

And as always when one seeks it, an answer came to my needs.

I picked up a book to read, expecting to skim it quickly, and lo, it had a message for me. On the cover were the words, "It aims to give a new significance, a vital impulse, to life." The book was Count Hermann Keyserling's "Creative Understanding" (Harper & Brothers, $5.00). It is not easy reading. I took it a chapter at a time. But I did what he asks readers to do, which is on no account to assume the discursive attitude, on no account to begin thinking while reading, to pay as little attention to the contents and facts as possible as such, but simply to let the intrinsic power of spiritual truth act upon them. If I did this, "letting the book act upon my soul," he promised that the special character of his spiritual life which he here records would become natural to me so that I would find natural and obvious most of the insights to which the book is intended to lead. "I do not intend to offer a complete theoretical system, I want to give living impulses; I do not mean to put up an image before my readers, I wish to change them, to change them into such as consider the world from an independent and superior point of view and live on a higher level than they lived on before." Is not this a restatement of the purpose of the Christ?

It is a thick book and not to be lightly undertaken. But its reward is great.

Count Keyserling, accepting what science has discovered for us, accepting the world as it is, seeks to discover the Meaning back of what he calls "the phenomenal world," the Significance of all that appears and happens. Not that he suggests a new religion. Rather does he send his readers back to that particular religion that has meaning for him. Student of all religions, he holds Christianity the highest and, though he thinks the world has never practised his teachings, Jesus Christ the most profound teacher of spiritual truths. The result of reading (*Continued on page 200*)

ALIBI

Just a Superlatively Good Murder Mystery

By

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

In the Earlier Instalments—

EVERYTHING was against Johnny Tower from the beginning. He had established himself in the minds of all the boarders at the Avery house, as a fiery-tempered person who would make a violent assault on any one on small provocation—and by a singular piece of bad luck the very person he ducked in the ocean until he almost drowned was the person found murdered the next day—Peter Mortimer.

Peter Mortimer had been Johnny Tower's uncle's secretary. Now he was the secretary of John's cousin, Gordon Ashley, who had inherited practically all of the millionaire's estate. And just to add to the total list of Johnny's grudges against life, Cynthia's aunt had confided to him that Gordon and Cynthia were engaged. John had always loved Cynthia himself. Now that hope was gone, and suspicions of guilt seemed to be about equally divided between himself and Gordon.

Cynthia, as it happened, was not engaged to Gordon, and Johnny's fiercely defiant attitude fired her always inflammable temper. In no time at all she was voicing her suspicions of Johnny to the state police—although the blood-stained shirt she had seen Johnny washing was proved to be tinted only with the mercurochrome he had used for a vicious scratch by his pet porcupine, Deborah, who shared his solitary shack in the woods.

It was midnight when Miss Lucy awakened her niece with the news that something—some one—was moving about in the room that had been Peter Mortimer's. Cynthia had her own opinion about her aunt as an alarmist, but she got up and slipped on her dressing-gown and reached for her flashlight.

Suddenly a crash shook the floor under their feet—a crash from the empty bedroom. Cynthia dashed out into the hall. Mr. Avery was coming sleepily up the stairs. Gordon Ashley stood at the top of the flight above, in his bathrobe. All three peered into the dark room. Cynthia's flashlight played upon a bureau face down on the floor, and a man staggering groggily to his feet.

"Johnny Tower!" Eli exclaimed.

Bandaged and presentable again Tower told his story. Deborah, the porcupine, had a lover who shrieked in the wildwood. Johnny woke with the maddening noise and chased away the intruder. Then the peace and quiet of the dark woods tempted him to take a walk. (Only Johnny knew—and he would not tell—why his tramp led him in the direction of the little country hotel where Cynthia was.) He was about to turn back when he saw a beam of light in Peter Mortimer's room.

The Avery house was never locked. Johnny tiptoed up the stairs and turned the doorknob. The room was dark. As he stood, some one slugged him—and as he fell he dragged the bureau over with him.

The next day the state policeman canvassed all the possibilities of the night's adventure. But the result seemed to clear Tower. If Johnny had wished to search the room, he would never have given himself a black eye and pulled over a bureau. And on the other hand, if some one in the hotel had caught Johnny there, he would simply have stayed there and shouted for help. There would have been no reason for his disappearance.

For a time suspicions turned to Gordon, who had only his own account of being lost in the woods, and shot at by persons unknown to account for his whereabouts the night of the murder. But the local policeman, Homer Holloway, came to Gordon's rescue. He had found, he said, the man who had shot at Gordon. His alibi was good.

CHAPTER X

GORDON ASHLEY sat down and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "Whew!" he exclaimed at last in unlimited relief and added inadequately, "Thanks!"

"Do' mention it," Holloway returned, but Gordon was observing the glowering face of the corporal and asked now with the lurking suspicion of the suddenly delivered,

"Is that on the level, Haddonfield?"

"He says so," the state policeman conceded, canting his head toward the smugly satisfied Homer. "Suppose," he added, with a trace of acrimony, "you tell us all about it. You've come across with little enough so far."

Holloway leaned against the door, hands behind his back, in the attitude of a pupil compelled to recite, yet his little eyes were relishful.

"Wal," he began, " 'twas this way. Way over on t'other edge of the state forest, there's a couple Dotys live. Hard folks, mean and bull-headed as all get-out. Wouldn't sell when the state bought up the rest of the farms for reforestation. Never raised nothing much but rocks on the darned place, but Adoniram 'n' Elmer hung onto it, just to be pernicketty, I mistrust. Bachelors both of 'em. That ain't nothin' against 'em, if they was so from choice, but I guess they're the only folks in this state no woman'd ever marry. I mind once Adoniram ast Adelia Crane would she go to a fish supper of the Charlemont Rod 'n' Gun Club with him. She give him one look—high tempers all the Cranes had. She says:—"

Haddonfield shook his head impatiently and growled: "We haven't got time right now, Constable, to listen to reminiscences of a busy life, or whatever it is you're spilling. What on earth has all this got to do with Mortimer's murder?"

Illustrated By Herbert M. Stoops

The crouching man leaped up, his arms held high. Haddonfield instinctively ducked. The flung hatchet whirled a hand's-breadth above his head. In the wake of the missile Adoniram charged

Abashed surprise seemed to trouble Holloway. He rubbed his shoulders uneasily against the door and at length conceded: "Nothin' direct, I mistrust. I was just tellin' you why I know this young Ashley feller here couldn't of killed Mortimer."

"Well," the state policeman ordered bruskly, "tell it."

The constable nodded at his heckler, beamed mildly on Gordon who leaned forward tensely in his chair, hands locked between his knees, winked at the remotely amused Tower, and continued:

" 'T'ain't nothing against you, Corporal, that you didn't figure the thing out better."

"Thanks," Haddonfield snapped ironically, his lean, uniformed figure fretting before the stove.

His sarcasm rebounded from Holloway. "I mean," he went on earnestly, "I was raised in this country. Know it better'n the palm of my hand. When Ashley was tellin' about roamin' lost through the woods, I somehow seemed to kind of understand the way he must of went."

He paused, dwelling with satisfaction upon his own modesty and forethought until an impatient ejaculation from the corporal prodded him on.

"I said to myself," he continued, " 'Darned if that don't sound 'sif he'd got tangled up in the state forest and come out over in Mead township somewheres.' Put the boy in a pickle, not being able to tell where he'd been. Thought mebby I could clear up things a bit. So 'smornin' I got up 'fore daybreak. Raining like tunket, 'twas, too. I mind lookin' out 'n' wonderin' whether 'twas worth—"

"Now, listen," Haddonfield exploded. "Never mind telling us what you thought, or what you wore, or what you had for breakfast. Stop stalling. What did you find out?"

"Yup," Holloway conceded, momentarily crestfallen. He hesitated while meek triumph repossessed him.

"I found out who 'twas shot at Ashley," he drawled at last. "Adoniram Doty."

Gordon stirred and drew a long breath. Tower pulled his slumped body straighter in his chair, as the corporal rapped with a trace of skepticism,

"What for?"

"Now I got to talk a mite to explain that," the constable apologized. "Seems Ad 'n' Elmer been losin' chickens. Long in the middle of night, day before yestiddy, Ad woke up 'n' got to broodin' on it sort of.

Couldn't sleep, so he got up 'n' took a rifle 'n' went out to the coop. Darker 'n' the inside of a trunk, 'twas, 'n' he heard somethin' flounderin' through the woods. He shot at it, 'n' when it hollered, he got so skeered the gun went off a second time kinda of its own accord. He thought he'd killed somebody 'n' run into the house 'n' told Elmer. When it come light, they went out but they couldn't find nothin'. They thought, when I druv in this morning, I'd come to 'rest 'em for murder."

He chuckled and considered his audience with satisfaction.

Tower asked, "How far to this place from the hotel?"

"Now," Holloway beamed, "you've come to the p'int, Johnny. Thutty-odd miles 'tis by road. Straight away from Avery's it's a matter of twenty or twenty-two miles. From where Mortimer's body laid, say eight miles more, on a bee line."

"Now hold on a minute," Haddonfield objected from his post by the stove, but the constable's triumph could not be checked.

"You hold on," he retorted, "while I explain it. I got it all thought out. Mortimer left Eli's at 3:15 o'clock. 'Twould have taken him an hour to git to where we found his body. Say he got there at ha' past four, 'n' he was travelin' if he did. All right."

He held up a fat red fist and popped a finger erect at each point.

"If, like I thought, he was killed before that thunderstorm, Ashley here woulda had twenty-eight mebby thirty miles to walk 'twixt there'n' Doty's if he went straight's a ruler. In the dark, through second-growth timber. An' Elmer shot at him before one o'clock in the morning. That would ha' given Ashley eight hours, or somethin' under that, to git there, up 'n' down hill, bumpin' into trees, like he told us. It just ain't feasible. It's an alibi, gentlemen."

Gordon leaned back in his chair. His lips trembled, and his laugh, suddenly checked, was more like a sob. "Thanks, Holloway," he reiterated at last.

"You've arrested some one?" Cynthia asked. "Yes," the corporal agreed. in is the reason he shot at you. Those Dotys are moonshiners,

"Do' mention it," the constable repeated politely.

His eyes dwelt an instant on Ashley's cousin with an expression that Tower could not quite read, and shifted to Haddonfield. The corporal glowered and bit his lip, returning the other's regard with no cordiality. There was small relish in having the sole theory he cherished brought down about his ears by a hick from the hills. He pulled at his blouse skirt with a gesture of impatience and laid hold vindictively upon the single dissonant fact.

"All right," he conceded ungraciously, "that may clear Mr. Ashley. It doesn't help us with that rough-house up in Mortimer's room last night, except that it makes it more important."

"I don't follow you," Holloway stumbled.

"No?" the corporal asked with faint malice, "I thought perhaps you'd figured this case all out. It means we have to find some third person now who murdered Mortimer and went to his room to search for something he didn't find on the body."

"With God and the police," Tower commented, stretching elaborately, "all things are possible."

"What did you find," Haddonfield jerked, wheeling upon him, "in that room last night?"

"Meaning," the other countered, his eyes flickering with a gleeful, baiting expression, "that I surprised myself in Mortimer's room and subdued myself only after knocking over the furniture?"

"I asked you a question," the corporal pointed out, his face darkening.

"What did I find?" Tower repeated over his shoulder. "Enough. A sock in the jaw. Want it?"

"Still object if I search this place?" the state policeman asked ominously.

Tower smiled at the betrayal in his tone. "Then you've got a search warrant this time, eh?" he jeered. "Let's see it."

He took it as a bored executive might receive a stenographer's copy, scanned it,

"Your alibi," he said to Gordon, "—or half of it. And the still we brought and I've more than a suspicion that Holloway's in with them"

flicked it with a forefinger, and, returning it, invited: "By all means. Go ahead. I suggest," he added, "that you search Deborah first. I never did trust a porcupine. And Cuthbert, oh, Cuthbert may be this vengeful unknown, Corporal. I'm sorry to have demanded the warrant, but I'm just a fussy old formalist who likes things done decently and in order."

Prodding broke the temper of Haddonfield. The warrant crumpled noisily in his hand. He said in a voice that rasped: "I'm going to get at the bottom of this thing, Mr. Tower, and some one's going to take a one-way trip to prison when I do."

"Now," Tower mocked, "I think that's just splendid, Corporal. Determination and all that sort of thing. Well, where there's a will, there's a way. What did you say, Gordon?"

His cousin had risen hurriedly. He fidgeted, and there was irritation in his voice. "I didn't say anything," he rasped. "I'm going back to the hotel and get some breakfast."

"Come again," Tower invited and watched his departure with a sudden thoughtful gravity.

The door slammed. The constable, who had stepped aside for Gordon to pass, did not take his eyes from the writer's eloquent face.

"When you've searched the ice box," Tower said to Haddonfield, and stretched again, "I'm going to cook breakfast, if you don't object."

Bacon sputtered and coffee was bubbling throatily by the time Haddonfield concluded his rummaging.

"Well," he offered with a hint of apology in his voice, "that's another rotten job done for nothing."

"Now I object to that," Tower, before the stove, demurred over his shoulder to Holloway, sitting quietly attentive in a chair tipped back against the wall. "You've done a lot, Corporal. There's my pipe and a letter I forgot to mail and the can-opener I lost. All brought to light by the vigilance of the law. You wouldn't care to serve a weekly search warrant, I suppose? I rather wish you'd searched Deborah, though. No? Better stop for breakfast with Holloway and me."

"I've eaten," Haddonfield replied briefly and turned on Homer. "I suppose," he propounded in the superior tone of one who already knows the answer, "that you got a written statement or an affidavit from this Doty?"

"Nope," the constable admitted with a trace of uneasiness. "But I will."

"You needn't bother," the other told him. "I want to talk to that baby myself. Where does he live?"

"Now, listen," Holloway begged with a growing discomfort, "it's 'way, 'way off in the far end of Mead, over a turrible road. Don't you bother yourself. I'll git whatever you want. Why take a trip like that for nothin' much?"

"Because," Haddonfield replied coldly, "I happen to be in charge on this case."

"Don't forget that, Homer," Tower begged over his shoulder and broke an egg into the bacon fat.

"Are you going to tell me how to get there?" the corporal snapped at the reluctant constable, who wriggled apprehensively in his chair.

"Can't," he complained, "less'n I had a map. Them Doty's are awful tetchy folks, corporal. You state cops'll only scare 'em to death if you go botherin' 'em. They know me, but—"

"What is all this fuss about?" Haddonfield blared, his face dark. "What have you got up your sleeve, hey?"

"Nothin'," the other insisted with unhappy vehemence.

But the state policeman's anger, born of repeated mortification, at last had obtained a foothold.

"Trying to put something over on me, eh?" he accused. "I'll find out what it is, Holloway, and then God help you! Now, get this straight. You've been mucking around in this (*Continued on page 116*)

PATOU LELONG

PATOU AND LELONG GIVE NEW DISTINCTION TO THE HIGHER WAIST AND STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE

ROUFF IRENE DANA LOUISE BOULANGER

WHAT SMART WOMEN ARE WEARING IN PARIS AND IN NEW YORK

By Helen Koues

THE important question as to whether or not women would accept the new fashions has been solved. Paris and New York have welcomed the change, perhaps with a certain reserve for day clothes, but whole-heartedly for evening, for they were weary of the straight silhouette worn for the past years.

Present-day clothes, however, are difficult to select. Beware of too many fussy details or extremes of any kind, for there are many pitfalls, and sane orientation is needed. Of late years women have dressed so simply, so practically, that they find it difficult to adapt themselves to more elaborate and less practical clothes.

However, there are comforting aspects to the case. Women have adapted the higher waistline to meet their individual style just as they did with the low waist. For some, the strictly normal waist is best, but as a rule, strange as it may seem, one inch above the normal is more becoming, for it eliminates the curve that occurs below the tight waist. If you have trouble making the higher waist becoming, blouse the dress slightly, and much of the trying line is immediately overcome. Then again, some women prefer a modified princess silhouette adjusted to the waist, but not marked by any horizontal detail. An interesting point here is that Patou's mannequins wear boned slips under their dresses to eliminate any apparent fulness which might exist at the waist.

Smart women have followed the same principles in adjusting the length of their skirts. There are, of course, certain given lengths for various types of clothes—morning, afternoon, evening—but these may be varied an inch or so to suit the individual.

For day wear the all-black costume is undoubtedly smartest, whether it is a black crêpe dress with a cloth coat trimmed in Persian lamb, a suit with trimmings of this same fur, or for more formal use black velvet. Dark browns on the tête de nègre shades are next in importance, and then come dark greens, and Patou's dahlia tones with a bluish (*Continued on page 280*)

Long gloves are smart once again for evening, preferably in powder-pink or cream-colored suède, as shown at right. Lelong's crystal necklace is very new

JERSEY NET, SILK CRÊPE, AND CLOTH FOR DAY WEAR

MARIA ET ANDRÉE

AGNÈS

MARTHE RÉGNIER

For formal wear hats are wider and turned up off the face; three striking examples are shown above

Lucile Paray designed the formal afternoon gown, of shirred, brown jersey net, at right, from Kurzman

LUCILE PARAY
FROM KURZMAN

Worth uses ermine skins worked first horizontally then vertically on the brown, wool ensemble, at the left

Boudreau favors the new long skirt with uneven hemline in the gown of black crêpe, in the center

WORTH

BOUDREAU

RÉGNY

PATOU

LELONG

JOAN BOYLE

TWEED AND JERSEY FOR SPORTS

Sweaters, too, assume more feminine lines, so Régny designed the hand-knitted model of black Shetland wool, above, cut in a plastron effect with revers of black satin and a belt that marks the higher waist

Patou drapes felt hats in a soft, flattering manner as seen in center above, placing a bow demurely at the side, thus indorsing the feeling for weight at the sides and back, a point characteristic of the season

To be smart, sports clothes must be completed by the right accessories, thus bags achieve marked importance. In the sketch above, Lelong matches a scarf and envelope bag in plaid, basket-weave woolen

Nothing can excel tweed and jersey for morning or sports, as proved by the Chantal ensemble, left, in a brown and beige mixture, cleverly worked so that the lines on the skirt match those on the coat

CHANTAL

LET OUR SHOPPING SERVICE BUY FOR YOU

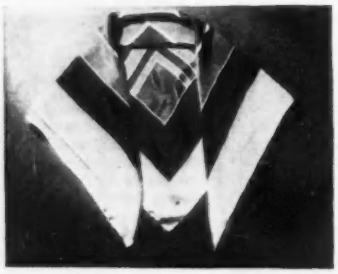
FROM THE SHOPS ON FIFTH AVENUE

To order these clothes send check or money-order to our Shopping Service, and they will be speeded to you. Give your size and the color you desire, and we shall be glad to fill your order promptly. Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

We have looked over all the new clothes in the best shops in New York City, and from them have chosen these models. There are eleven different ones—party frocks, practical crêpe frocks, tailored dresses, sports clothes, and accessories

A charming dress to wear under your fur coat is shown at left of group above. Its circular skirt, higher waistline, and fabric—Canton crêpe—achieve the newer points of the mode. The V neck has a detachable vest of nude Georgette and beige lace. It comes in black, brown, blue, blackberry, green; 34 to 44; $39.50

Has it been difficult to find a gift for mother, sister or a friend? Then choose the crêpe de Chine scarf below, printed in a modernistic design. It is so useful with sports clothes; tan, brown, and orange; tan, black, and red; royal, copen, and tan; purple monotone; or 2 shades of green and tan; 31" square; $2.95



Appropriate for informal dinners or Sunday night suppers is the dress of silk fish-net, right. It has an attached foundation of crêpe de Chine with a beige chiffon yoke, and the V neck, long sleeves, flounces, and hem are bound with satin to match the net. Two little ruffles each end in a demure bow in back. The circular skirt shows the new length and dips in back; black, brown, or dahlia; 14 to 20; $25

Designed especially for the woman with a larger figure, the dress at right of group above has cascading jabots down the front. It is of Canton crêpe and shows a double circular flounce in front, while the neck has a two-toned, contrasting piping. In black, Independence blue, or eggplant; 14 to 18, 38, 40; $19.75

The Canton dress in center of the group, above, fills manifold needs. It has all the charm of the new feminine mode with its circular skirt longer at the sides and bound round the border. The shirring at the hips is an important point; beige fur flowers at neck. Black, green, rust, plum, or blue; 14 to 42; only $25

Bags are always a useful gift, and the pouch-shaped model of calfskin or suède, above, is a particularly good value with its gilt chain handle, change purse, and mirror. It is lined with moiré; 6½" deep, 8½" wide; black, brown, or navy, $5. One-strand necklace of graduated white pearls; solid white-gold clasp; 18", $3. Oblong brooch of rhinestones set in non-tarnishable silver metal; safety catch; $3

Always smart and practical is a one-piece dress of bright, tweed-like jersey, as shown at right, which features a becoming surplice line fastening at left side with three wooden buttons. Contrasting color is used in the jersey vest, the color being repeated again at the cuffs. Seven plaits set in diagonally give necessary fulness, as do the slight gathers at the sides. The all-around fabric belt has a novelty wooden buckle and metal eyelets; brown, red, green, or black with beige; 14 to 42; $19.50

HOW TO ORDER

Let our Shopping Service speed these smart clothes to you. Some of them will make charming Christmas gifts for the family. Select the ones you want and send check or money-order, together with size and color wanted. Be sure to give hip and bust measurements, too. Send order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 8th Ave. at 57th St., New York

Smart is the winter sports costume, above: finger-tip leather jacket lined in plaid wool; brown, red, blue, green, black; 34 to 44, $16.50. Zephyr and rayon sweater; two-toned design; in blue or brown; 14 to 18, 38 to 40; $5. Slightly circular tweed skirt on band; in brown or blue mixture; 26 to 34 waist; $8.75

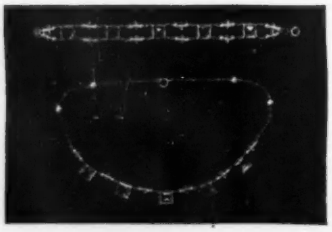
Just the thing for general wear is the 3-piece cardigan suit, right, above, of wool jersey. The skirt has a wide hip-band and plaits, and the contrasting sweater is sleeveless with an appliquéed bow in the same color as the cardigan; black, brown, green, purple, or navy with contrasting color; 14 to 20; $6.95

Particularly smart in black is the jersey frock at left, with its plaited, white-linen collar and jabot; also green with white, brown with maize; 14 to 20, $16.50. Peasant frock of crêpe de Chine is hand-smocked and hand-embroidered. It comes in red with black, chestnut with brown, navy with red; 14 to 20; $16.75

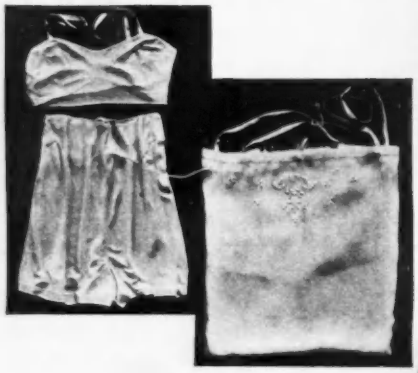
A well-tailored dress is the 2-piece model of striped covert cloth at right; neck-band and cuffs faced with detachable beige piqué. Brown, wine, oxford; 14 to 40; $16.50. One-piece jersey dress, extreme right, has surplice lines and a detachable, white piqué fold at the neck; black, brown, green; 14 to 44; $16.50

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SHOPPING SERVICE

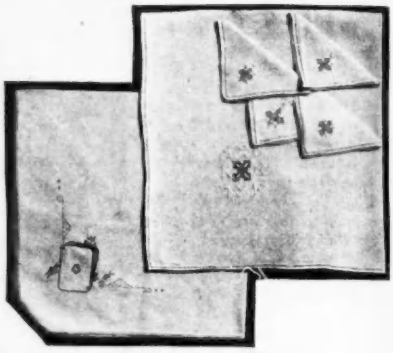
This dainty georgette handkerchief has hand-rolled hems; 18" sq.; flesh, red, blue, or orchid; 85c. Brown, hand-tooled, leather 5-yr. diary with key, above, makes a nice gift; 5½"x4½"; $2.85



Mother, Sister, or Daughter would be delighted with the zephyr-rayon jacket, above; pink, blue, gray, or orchid; $2.50. Punchinello in colorful, polka-dot cloth is an amusing gift; 19½" $1.95

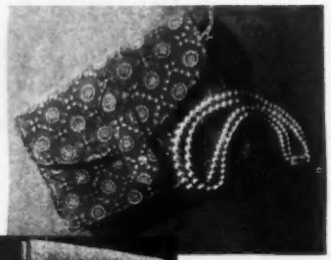


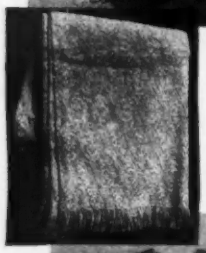
To order see directions in notes on pages 68 and 69



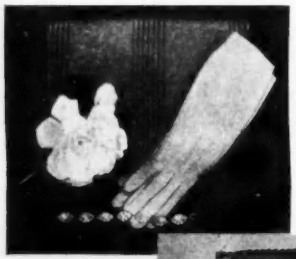
Flesh-colored, rayon dance set, above; bandeau, 32 to 36; $1; yoke button pantie, 4 to 7; $1.95. Hand-made, pink, crêpe de Chine, embroidered chemise; 34 to 44; $2.95. Embroidered duvetyn envelope purse; 7¾"x5¼"; blue, green, brown, black; $2.95. Double-strand pearls; 15"; $3

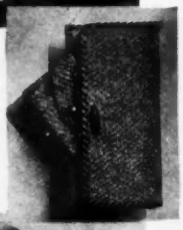
Crystal and pearl necklace and bracelet on sterling chain, center; $3. Hand-made table cover, 36"; $1. 5-piece, mosaic card set, hand-made; $3.85. Below: leather purse; brown, black; 10"x6½"; $5. Gardenia, white; $1.35. Mocha wash gloves; gray, beige; $3.75. Silver metal bracelet; $1.25



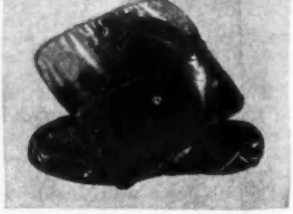


Satin négligée; peach, nile, blue; 14 to 20; $13.95. Satin mules; pastel shades; 3 to 8; $4. Wool afghan, left; tan, green, rose, blue; $8.90

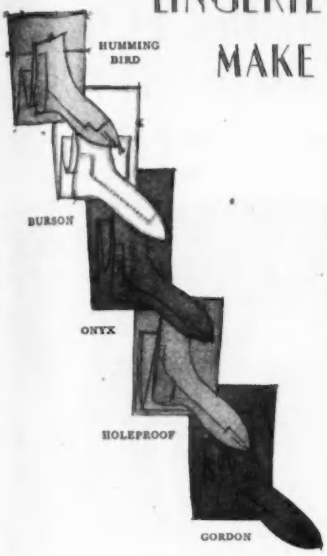




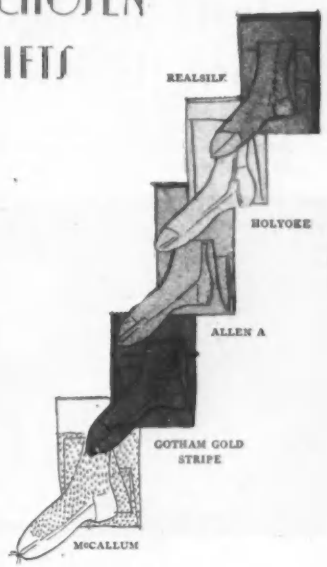
Tweed-like purse, right; rose, black; $1. Kid pullman slippers in case; tan; for $2.95. Silk hose, extreme left; gray, beige; 8½ to 10; 3 pr., $3.95



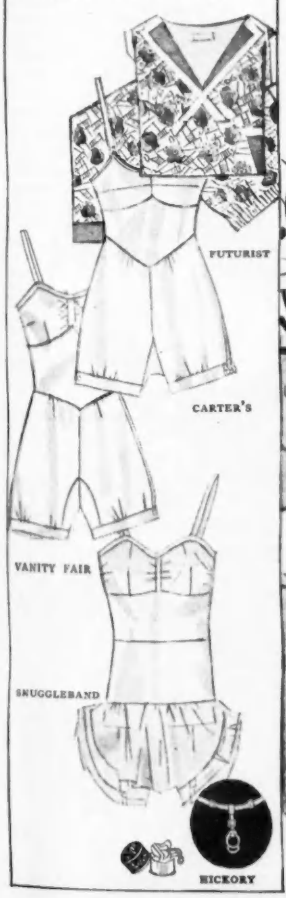
LINGERIE AND HOSIERY PROPERLY CHOSEN MAKE DELIGHTFUL AND USEFUL GIFTS



THE useful gift is always welcome, so why not start your Christmas list selections from the lingerie and large assortment of reliable hosiery illustrated here? It is well to remember that smart stockings this winter are of a distinctly darker cast, such as sable and sun-bronze shades. For general wear the Humming Bird chiffon hose with slender heel, and the Gotham Gold Stripe with a French heel are excellent. The Gordon stocking develops something entirely new, as it is individually proportioned and divided into four groups according to the size of the leg and foot. The Holeproof chiffon hose, as well as the Allen A, have the French panel curve heel, which is very new. For evening, the French clock in a very sheer stocking is always attractive, as shown in the Holyoke and Onyx stockings. An all-over lace net silk stocking is the McCallum Hose, and the Realsilk model of wool and silk, with Swiss embroidered silk clocking at the side, is smart for sports. A fine worsted underhose, with seamless fashioned construction, is the Burson stocking.



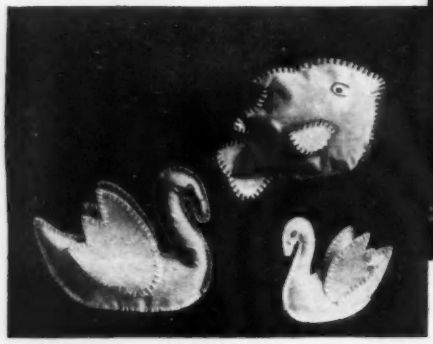
Below, Futurist pajama of printed broadcloth; Carter's fitted combination of rayon; Vanity Fair's silk and Bemberg Onesall; Snuggleband, a glove-silk, four-in-one garment with garters; Hickory Petite sanitary belt, 3/8" wide, in box. Atright, Dina Lee's silk pajama



Below, La Tosca rayon nightgown; Mérode Adirondia sportwear of wool and silk; Kickernick Combrazere of trico suède rayon; Kayser two-piece set of Milanese silk and écru lace; Van Raalte lace and Milanese silk pantie and brassiere; Munsingwear rayon pajama and coat

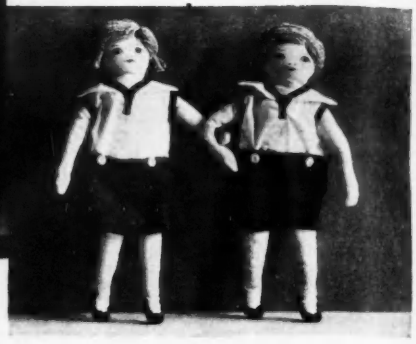
TOYS TO MAKE AND TO BUY

Patterns for the graceful oilcloth swans and the apprehensive fish, below, come in No. D-9, 20c. If stuffed with kapok, they will float

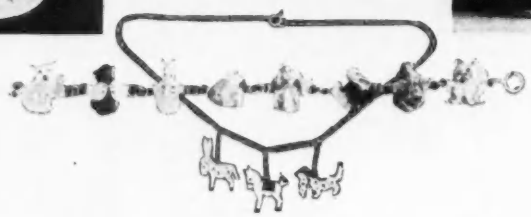


FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Brother and Sister, made of muslin stuffed with kapok, are wired so that they will assume any position. Patterns in D-10, 35c



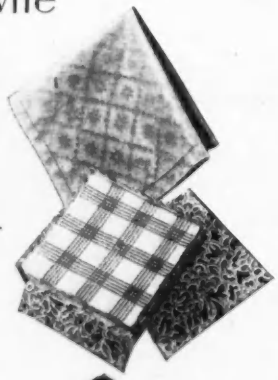
Appealing Teddy, above, 10" high, yellow plush, jointed, with voice, $1.75. Right, necklace, gold plated chain, colored-enamel donkey, pony, dog, $1.50; sterling bracelet with 8 enamel charms, 3¾" long, $2.50



Oilcloth tablecloth resembling damask, easily cleaned with damp cloth 30" sq. in green, maize, blue, pink or white, useful for mother, too, $1.75. Plaid paper napkins for the dolls' tea party, $1. Mother may want to borrow these

For the Small Housewife

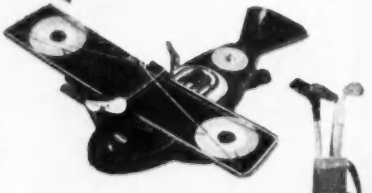
Electric stove, 2 pots and a pan, 2 heating surfaces, 110 volts, 8" long, $2; electric iron, 110 volts, 4¼" long, $1. Child's carpet sweeper, $1.75. Semi-professional baseball glove, $2.50. Lamp for camping, below, will hang from button, steady or flashing, red, green, or white light, $2.50



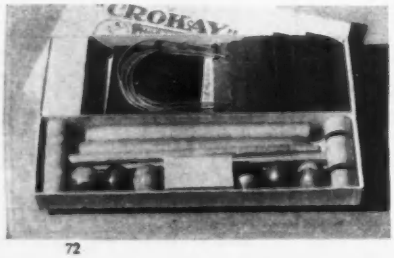
The seaplane below has clockwork motor and propeller, goes on water, 14" long, $4.25. Plaid golf bag, 4, 27" clubs, 2 balls, $2.50. Brief-case for the young lawyer, waterproof plaid material, leather handle or shoulder-strap, $2. Revolver below shoots propellers, $2

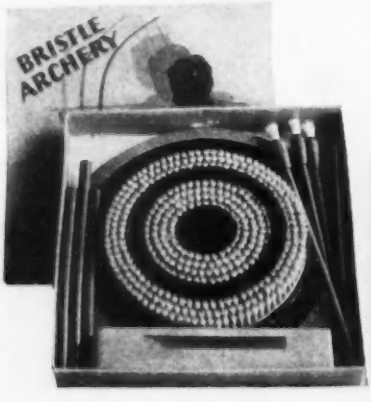
The Young Sportsman

To order patterns, address Pattern Service. For toys send correct amount to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. C.



Indoor croquet set below, 6 can play, $3. Bristle archery set; stand and target, bow and arrows, harmless and amusing, $2.00





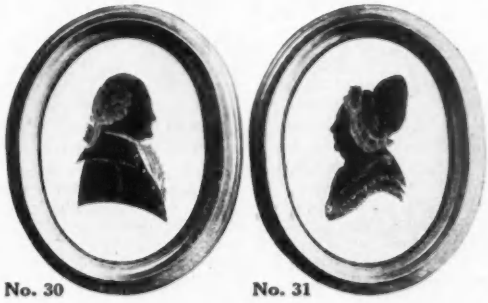
CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND NEEDLEWORK

By Anne Orr

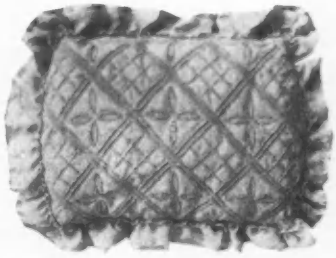
A serious Chinaman, with a queue to throw him by, makes a splendid bean-bag. Rag-bag scraps make him and his clothes. The mammy-doll at the right is really a pincushion in disguise and belongs on the nursery bureau. Her head is a painted pecan, and her clothes are made of scraps. Pierrot, below, is light in weight. All from Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1605, 25c

To order any of the articles shown on this page, send correct amount to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

Novel, gift wrapping paper in colored sampler design on white above, 12 sheets to the package, 4 red, 4 green, 4 black, with cards and stickers, is No. A-1601, 50c a package or 5 for $2. The label, No. A-1603, 3¼" x 4½", and the return sticker No. A-1604, 1⅛" x 1½", may be ordered printed with your own name and address. Allow a week's delay. Each, $1 for 100



No. 30 No. 31



Silhouette Christmas card No. A-1602, below, printed in black on fine white paper with red border, 4¾" x 7¼", has matching envelope. They are 25c ea., $2.50 a doz. or $17.50 for 100

George and Martha Washington in silhouette above come printed in black on heavy, cream-colored paper, 7" x 10", 50c each. Suitable heavy frames of maple with an inside black line, 8" x 10", are $2.50 each. A hand-colored sampler below in lovely rich colors is designed for the lover of books, and would make a nice gift for a man. It is on fine paper, 8½" x 11", ready to frame, No. A-1607, $1. Suitable black wood frame with inside gold line is priced at $1.50

A boudoir pillow in two tones of rose Elizabeth crêpe, Italian quilted, makes a lovely gift. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-16-9702, 25 cents, carries enough quilting to make two pillows

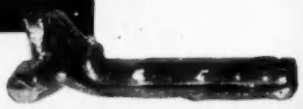
No. 32 No. 33

These miniature copies of the silhouettes of George and Martha Washington above on cream paper, 5" x 7", 25c ea. Black frames to fit, $1.25 ea.

Appealing child's set of doily, napkin and bib with cross-stitch sampler design in one color is from Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1606, 25c, with full directions

To save you time and trouble, here are 21 steel-engraved Christmas cards, with envelopes, all different, beautiful water-color printing, $1

Amusing, useful gifts: a brass tea-bell with cat perched on top, 5"; $1; and, below, a squirrel brass nut-cracker; 5½"; $1.25



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SERVICE

For mantel or table, the decorative, green-glass ball on neat black stand, opposite, holds ivy or flowers, a charming gift; 4" diameter, $1

HOW TO ORDER

Enclose check, or money-order drawn to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Shopping Service, to cover cost of list of articles you wish us to purchase for you, and address your order to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Shopping Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, New York, and your order will be promptly filled. Please print your name carefully. Give name of articles desired, color, size, price, and page and month of magazine. The Shopping Service buys without charge to you, but will not accept C.O.D. orders or charge to your account in New York shops.

Prices include shipping charges unless stated.

Insufficient remittances will be credited, the reader notified, and order shipped upon receipt of additional amount. To avoid any delay, please include the correct amount with your order.

How we send orders:

Light articles are sent by Insured Parcel Post; heavy articles by Express, prepaid (unless otherwise stated in caption) from the shops. To receive credit for returned goods, damaged goods, or incorrectly filled orders, articles must be returned to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Anything costing less than $1 can not be returned.

BIG gifts, little gifts—a fur coat or an amusing bunny—something for everybody and everything at a rarely good value! Look for yourself at the following pages. You can't send us too many orders, and we'll ship fast.

Merry Christmas from us all,

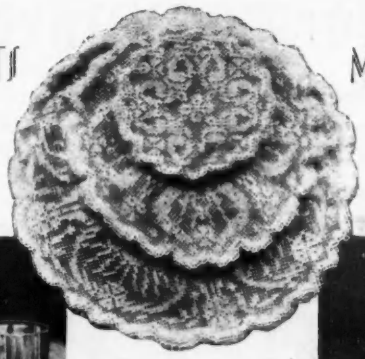
Faithfully yours Helen Koues

Gifts of brown Florentine leather: telephone screen with gold-tooled border, print; 10 x 12"; $3.95; desk writing folder with old-time print, paper, pencil, 3 initials, to order; 8" x 10; $5.85. Rogers plate; 26 pcs.; right; $36.25

English mahogany coffee table, 20 x 30"; shipping collect, $25. 4-piece pewter set, 12-cup pot, with tray, $23. Ivory cups, saucers, green design; 6 for $3. Hooked chair mat, black with rose, 13 x 14"; $2.50

SMART APPOINTMENTS MAKE ATTRACTIVE GIFTS

Fine filet doilies for the luncheon table at the right: 6" size, $1.50 for 6, $2.50 for 12; 9" size, $2.75 for 6, $5.50 for 12; 12" size, $4.50 for 6, $9.00 for 12. Made of fine, white filet lace



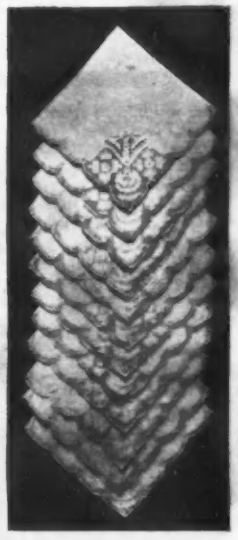
Below, effective crystal goblets, amber bases: 13 oz. tumbler, 65c; 5 oz. tumbler, 55c; 7 oz. sherbet, 60c; 2 oz. tumbler 45c. At left, handsome goblets of heavy, clear, pressed glass, only $6.50 a dozen

See opposite page for complete directions telling you How To Order

Duncan Phyfe living-dining table at right: all mahogany, drop-leaf ends, 1 leaf; when fully extended it is 27" x 81"; will easily seat 8 people, $69.50 express collect

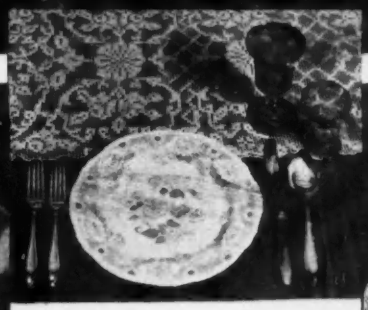
Graceful, pewter flower or fruit bowl on table, 8" dia., 4" high, $4.50; low pewter candlesticks, 4" high, $6.50 a pr. Salt and pepper shakers of pewter, 4¼" high, $3.25 a pair

Filet runner on table, right, 16"x66", only $1.10. Real linen thread runner above, deep tan, 45" long, $3.75

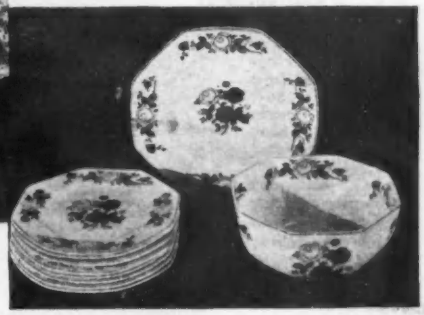


Dinner plates at left from 100-piece set containing 12 of everything, 10 assorted serving dishes, $48 the set

Hand-painted, pottery luncheon set above in bright colors on cream: 6 of everything shown, also 6 dessert saucers, 1 platter, 1 vegetable dish, $4.95. Italian hand-embroidered cloth, 54" sq. 6 napkins, $11.95 the set



Dinner plate of 100-piece set above: cream with rose design. Two red pressed glass goblets, 6" and 3¾", both $5.95 a doz. Plated silver, conservative pattern, stainless-steel knives, $16.50 a doz., forks and spoon, $7.50 a doz. Filet runner, assorted designs 45"long, $1.85

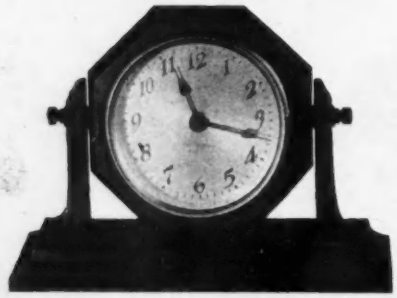


Hand-embroidered mosaic napkins of fine white linen above for afternoon tea, 12" square, $2.75 for 6. Pottery salad set, cream-colored pottery, red, blue and yellow design, 10" plate, 9¾" bowl, 8 plates 8", $7.50 a set

DECORATIVE AND LASTING GIFTS

Vases are a necessity in every household; the first, a South Jersey pickle jar in green glass with repoussé design 12¾", $3.25; the other, also of green glass, has a ship design; 11", $5.75

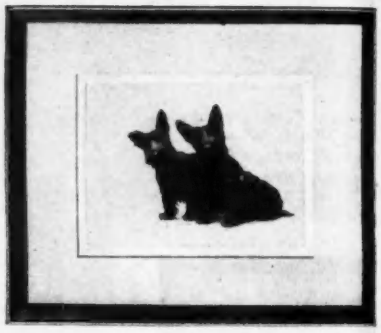
A lasting gift of fine design, which will play a decorative part on any mantelpiece, is the Seth Thomas 8-day, four-jewel, mahogany clock, below, on swinging frame, with a silver face, black numbers and gold rim around face; 5¼" x 7½", $13



Of genuine Bohemian glass, the vase at left, above, is engraved; ruby, blue, or amber; 6", $4.50. The white Italian pottery vase with handle has a colorful floral design; 9¼", $1.25

Have you no wall space this pert Sealyham can fill? "I love Nature" is the name of the etching by Morgan Dennis, which is framed in black wood with a gold rim and white mat; 9" x 6½", $4.25. The portfolio, below, is covered in antiqued French printed paper and shows a ship design. It includes blotting paper and attractively complements a desk; 14" x 10", $1.25

A pretty lamp is the one below, which, as its name Lo-lite implies, can be adjusted to five changes of light, a valuable asset in a nursery, sick-room or for general use. The shade is parchment, and the lamp pewter finish; 11" high; price complete with cord and socket, $3.95



For a lover of dogs, what could be more appealing than this etching, by Morgan Dennis, of two Aberdeen terriers, entitled "When Do We Eat?" What a nice pair for a wall this picture would make with the Sealyham at left! Like its mate it is framed in black wood rimmed in gold, 7" x 8¼", $4.25. The Chantecler book-ends, below, of green finished metal, 6" tall, $2 a pr.

HOW TO ORDER

We shall be glad to buy any of the novel gifts on these pages for you. Please send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping. Refer to page 74

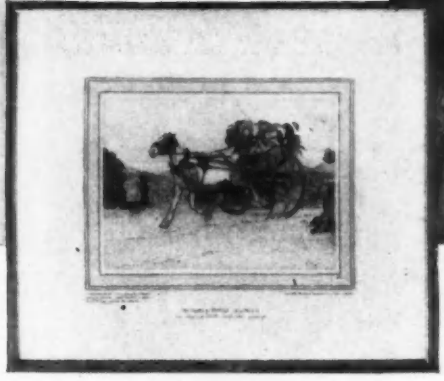
For the important gift choose the Queen-Anne love-seat at right, upholstered in a yellow flowered chintz with maple, walnut, or mahogany finished legs; 45" x 38" x 25", $65, express collect. Square boxed pillows in blue, green or rose glazed chintz, 11" x 10½", $1.25 ea. Round mirror in maple frame; 26", $25, express collect. The wrought-iron bridge lamp, adjustable arm, $5; rose, beige, yellow, or green parchment shade, flower print, 10", $5

The vogue for small tables is more and more marked, and the oval-top, Queen Anne model of maple, at left, is particularly useful; 24½" x 24" x 15½", $20, express collect. Of exquisite grace is the dark-green glass vase with two handles, which holds the few necessary flowers to give cheer to a room, 7⅝", $4. Wedgwood, green-pottery, oak-leaf ash-tray on table; 4" long, $1.50. Book cigarette box of brown leather tooled in gold, 4" x 3", $2.50

FEMININE AND USEFUL

Inexpensive bathroom bottles and glasses: square bottle, rose, green, or blue; $1; green hobnail tumbler, 39c; green hobnail bottle, $1.50; rose glass tumbler, 29c; rose glass soap-dish, 39c; rose pinch bottle, 79c; 4 rose glass bottles with matching tray; $1 each

Rose-color, hobnail-glass powder jar with lid, 6" diam., only $3.50



Appealing to a child or grown-up, this colored print of a gay scene from "Pickwick Papers" is framed in bright red with white mat; only $3.95

For your dressing-table, buy this old-ivory and red Lucite set of mirror, brush, comb, and powder-box, Watteau pattern; $22.50; in a beautiful gift box, $25. The tall, silver stem lamp comes with a flowered chintz shade, 18" high; lamp and shade, $2.45

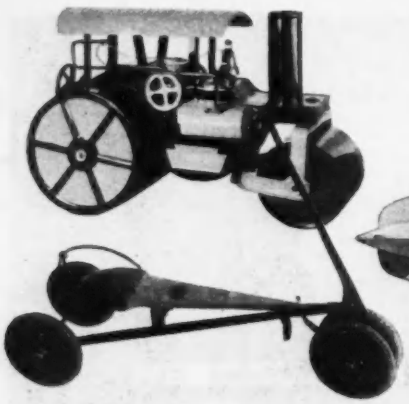
A most useful size, 16x10", for serving breakfast or tea, this tray painted ivory has an old, colorful flower print applied in the center; only $8. Above on the bathroom shelves are suggestions for useful Christmas gifts in inexpensive bathroom bottles and glasses; the first square bottle marked "Bicarb. Soda," the four at the bottom (4¾" tall), "Cotton," "Bicarb.," "Mouth Wash," and "Toilet Water." These would prove acceptable gifts for either men or women

A three-tier mahogany table like that to the right lends individuality to a dull corner in dining- or living-room, $45, express collect. Queen Anne arm chair, right, with delicately carved walnut legs and arms, upholstered in green, gold, mulberry, or rose damask, $49.50. In muslin, $42.50. Express collect. Standing back of the three-tiered table is a dignified three-paneled screen for your living or dining-room, made of Chinese floral paper combining green, rose, blue and deep ivory, $42.50 express collect

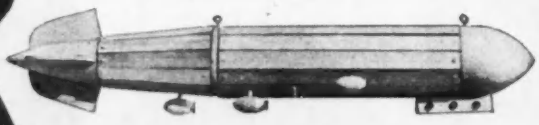
The clear glass swan (shown directly above) 7½" long, is lovely filled with flowers, or as an ornament, on a dining table, $6.40. For your friends who have everything: A Staffordshire "gingham dog," and "calico cat" and kittens sit side by side on the second shelf, $3.50 each; two Dresden china baskets, one 3" square, one 3" oval, have colorful lids of raised china rosebuds and bluets, cost $3.00 each

On the lowest tier of the table are engaging little "setting hen" individual salts in frosted green, rose, or white glass, and they cost only 50c each. A heart-shaped, flowered, yellow-china inkwell, costs $2.50. An additional ash tray, like this red glass one shaped like a leaf, is always useful, 50c. A group of two busy gray china Dachshunds, $2.50, faces a group of languid china greyhounds, costing $2.00. On the topmost shelf is a pewter bowl, 5" diam. for flowers or ash tray, $5.25

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE

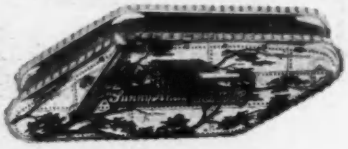


Rapid Skiff scooter, of wood and steel, above, mechanical handle; spring seat, 36", $10.50. "Sunny Andy" metal tank, below, spring motor driven, yellow and red, 14¾", $3.75

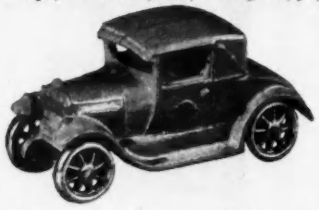


Dirigible Builder of wood, above, 21" long, $1. Steel Steam Roller, left above; red and black, 20" x 12½", $6.50. Steelcraft airplane, right, above, 23" wing spread; green and orange, $1. Fireman suit, below; blue trousers, red blouse and hat; 2 to 14 yrs., $3.50

Spiral metal railway, above, elevated shaft; red and green, 17½" x 16", $3. Metal coupé, rumble seat; blue, red or green, 5", 75¢



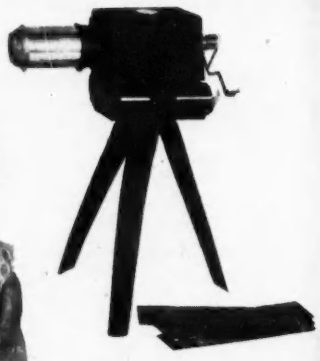
Clock-building set of metal, below, contains necessary parts to build pictured clock; boxed, 19½" x 10", clock face 7½" x 6½", $4.50. "Patsy" doll, below, dressed in red and white, 12", $2.95



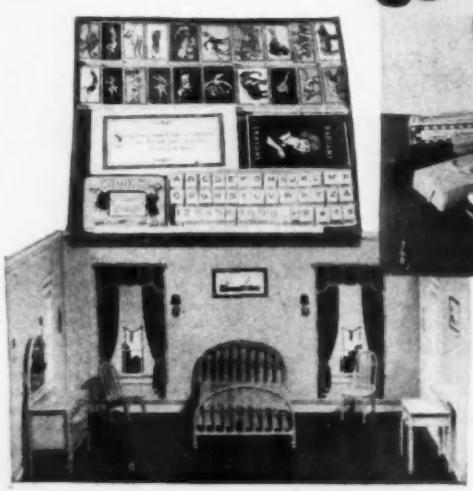
What little man could resist the black metal magic lantern, below, with 8 colored slides, flashlight battery and bulb, 8¼", $2.50. Baby doll, "Bubbles," below, with white dress; 12", $1.25

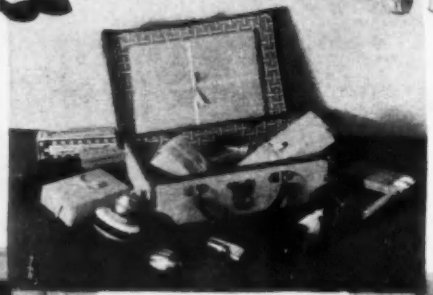
Circus stamping and coloring outfit below, 11" x 10", $1. Blue or green metal bedroom set includes bed, chair, dresser, rocking chair, desk; $4.00

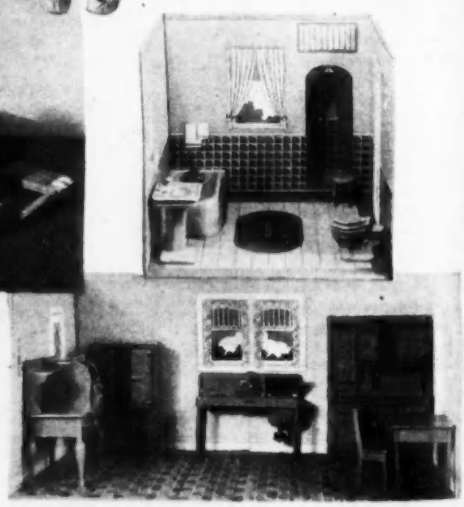
Straw 10" suitcase with crayons, drawing book, bird, harmonica, train, truck, whistle, top, bug, cricket, ball; $5.50



Metal bathroom furniture in folding cardboard set, 11" x 10½" x 10", includes tub, shower, basin, stool, toilet; nile green or white, $3



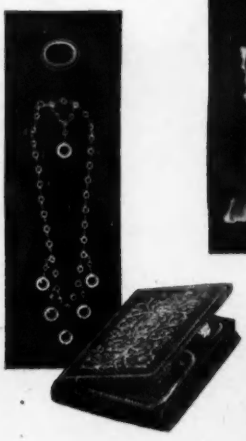


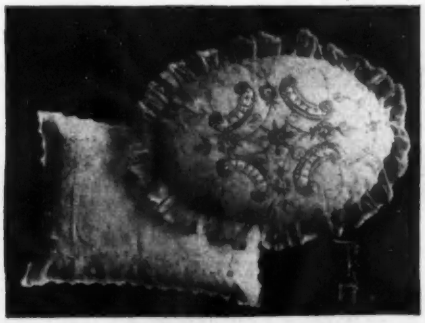


Kitchen, right, and breakfast nook (not shown); table, chair, sink, stove, frigidaire and cabinet of tan or white metal; breakfast table and benches; $7.50

TO ORDER, FOLLOW DIRECTIONS AND RULES ON PAGE 74

WHEN YOU WOULD BE PERSONAL





Above, pin of simulated topaz, amethyst, or sapphire set in white-gold-filled filigree brooch with simulated pearls, $2.95. Necklace of silver metal set with crystals, $4.50

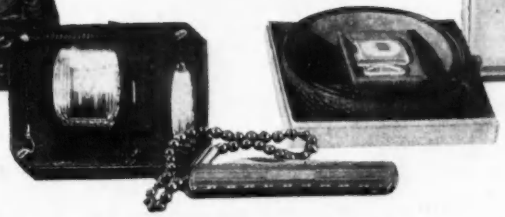
Above, non-tarnishable metal bracelet set with simulated emeralds or sapphires with rhinestones, 7" long, $6.95. Sterling silver perfumette, above, for purse, 1¼" long, $1

Above, sterling silver pendant, simulated crystal and pearls, $1.75. Above right, vanity of tooled snakeskin, powder and rouge space, initials on back, 2¾" x 3", $2. Top, oval pillow, net and lace case, 16½" long, $4.75

Handsome pewter inkstand, 7¼" dia., $10.50. Left, amusing, iron dog book-ends, antique brass finish, $2.25. Right, cuff-links and stud, black mother-of-pearl set in platinum-like finish, $2.50

Above right, sterling silver chain with simulated jade links and pendant, 30" long, $1.50. Top, rectangular, linen pillowcase, hand-embroidered, 13" x 17", $1. Left, lizard grain overnight bag, tan, brown, black, 11" x 9"; $3.95

FOR THE MAN

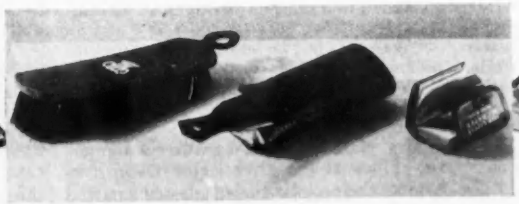


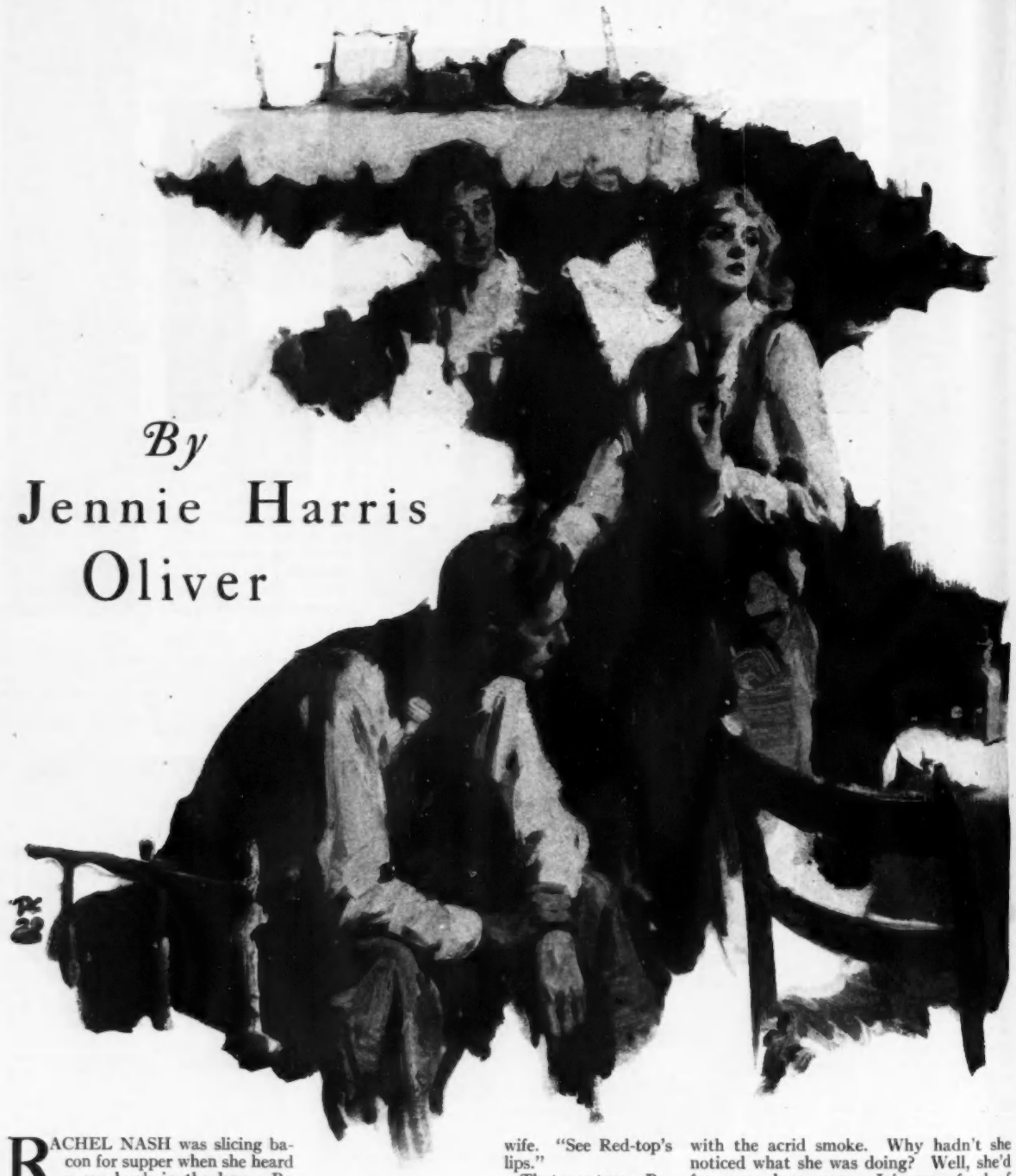
Useful box in Italian manner, 3½" square, 1⅝" high, for collar buttons, $1.35. Buckle and watchchain set of silver plate, $2; black or brown leather belt, $1, additional. Gold-filled knife and key-chain, space for initials on knife, $1.50 for both

Darling little Boston bull sports pin, black and white enamel on sterling silver, $1.50. Left, buckle of silver plate, belt of full-grain cowhide, $1.50 each, or $3 for set. Below, real, natural-ebony-backed, military hair brushes, clothes brush and comb for a man, $5

Lovely, sterling silver brush and comb set, below, in leather case, $10. Leather-backed clothes brush, sterling silver initial, shaped for hanging by loop, $2. Lamb's-wool shoe polisher, shoehorn in pocket, for traveling, $1.25. Dictionary, 18,000 words, 1½" x 2", 50c.

How to Order: See Page 74 for full directions





By
Jennie Harris Oliver

RACHEL NASH was slicing bacon for supper when she heard a car honk in the lane. By the time the pink-striped wafers were arranged evenly in the skillet and set on the stove, there in the kitchen stood a skinny boy in bib overalls and a red-haired girl in knickers.

The boy found his voice hoarsely. "Maw, Reddy and I are married."

Rachel Nash grew white. Married—Joie! Why, yesterday he was in Stillwater University. But she managed a smile.

"You look married!" she cried with forced gaiety.

Ira Nash came out of the living-room, his farm journal crumpled in his hand. He took a square look at "who had come."

"Of course they're married," he told his wife. "See Red-top's lips."

That was true. Before this Reddy's mouth had been painted heart-shape. Now it appeared what it was, a rather firm pair of girl-lips—that had been kissed. Rachel Nash held her smile; but when she tried to say something pleasant, she choked. Joie crushed her against his lean shoulder.

"Wait, Maw," he whispered. "Suspend judgment—ouch, my hand, Maw!"

"Your hand?"

"Never mind that now. Look at your bacon; it's burning up."

Mrs. Nash snatched a tea-towel and got the skillet off the stove. Her tender eyes behind their violet-tinged glasses smarted with the acrid smoke. Why hadn't she noticed what she was doing? Well, she'd fry some ham now. Joie was fond of sugar-cured ham.

While the "young-ones" were splashing at the white wash-bench by the kitchen door, Mother set two more plates, opened a can of preserves, and rescued the biscuits only a shade over-brown. Not much of a wedding supper! If she had known—oh, well!

"I thought you were going to marry a fellow named Simms," Nash fired at his daughter-in-law the minute they were at the table.

Reddy buttered a flake of biscuit and set flashing teeth in it. "Lots of folks thought that, Big Man," she tossed back. "I half thought it, myself."

Reddy

The Story Of a Girl Whose Temper Matched Her Hair

Illustrated By Pruett Carter

Reddy threw back her head and looked as if she could kill him. "Now ain't you a pretty thing," Nash shamed her; "getting off your rough stuff"

"Why didn't you?"

Reddy turned a warm glance where Joie scowled at his father. She gestured, palm up.

"Joseph don't look so much to me," Nash chuckled. He turned to his son. "And why did you take such a sudden notion to marry?"

The pain in Joie's right hand had taken his appetite, but he could always eat ham. "That's like you, Dad," he mumbled, "tearing someone's insides out so you can look in. I never asked why you married Maw."

"If I hadn't married your mother," Nash said firmly—and for that his son forgave him much— "I never would have married."

"That's why I married Reddy," Joie flung back. "It wouldn't have been so soon, but—"

Then the boy told something rather awful. His right hand was splintered and bandaged because it had been caught in a feed-chopper and badly mangled.

One minute he had been a sophomore in the A. & M. College of Oklahoma, who had cleared up a last year's debt and was paying for his board and books milking cows at the dairy barn. Next, he was a cripple.

"What do you expect to do here?" Nash asked provokingly. "Farm cotton?"

"Isn't that what you've always wanted me to do?"

Ira was down on colleges, on anything that made a boy know more than his father. Secretly he was delighted to have his son married and at home. He wouldn't say so.

"You've come to your senses late," he grumbled, "but there's plenty to do here."

Nash got up so suddenly his chair slammed backward. "You kids come here," he ordered, standing in the back doorway. "Look straight across the barnyard. What do you see?"

"Six wide, tall, bare jack-oaks," Reddy told him.

"They would be bare the last of March," Nash snapped. "Anyway, right there I'm going to build you a house of your own. Six weeks from now—and that won't be far from cotton-chopping — you can move in. I reckon," he added dryly, "we can put up with you that long."

From where she lingered at the table, Rachel Nash could see the building spot under her husband's pointing finger. The "youngones" were not blocking the doorway by any means. Leaning together they were, away from Ira Nash. She ought to be with them, showing an interest, but she was all at once crushed. She might have expected this. Had not Joseph Culpepper, the uncle for whom Joie was named, married at twenty? But the blow had fallen too swiftly. Her son wasn't going to teach Latin in the university where he graduated; *he wasn't going to graduate.* He had a wife. Now, plowed earth, reaching out for him since he was born, would take him utterly. He would become—*earth.*

If it had been anything besides cotton-farming: planting cotton, dragging a cotton-sack, shoveling cotton-seed . . . no, Joie was a Culpepper, and a Culpepper wasn't for cotton!

Mother got up and began "ridding" the table. Later, when Joie helped as much as he could with the chores, and Reddy wiped the dishes, when conversation had to be, she tried to chum with Joie's wife as she had with his sister, Cynthia Ann. An effort, it was. From the moment they two —Rachel Nash and Reddy Laughlin— first met in Stillwater, there had been something "edgy" between them. A girl who ruined her talk with "sweet papa!" Who grabbed her vanity-case and painted the bleeding-heart that was her mouth-indisguise a brighter crimson; who wore a one-piece bathing-suit—a mesh of scarlet wool that could be crushed in one hand—

and came in her car to take a boy to the country club. Rachel could never feel right about it.

But she wasn't spiteful. She and Reddy now talked about pictures; the new style of painting that emphasized a new and gorgeous world. Rachel, herself, had wanted to be an artist; it was a lucky subject. They spoke of Cynthia's husband, Field Houston; his sudden breakdown after the flu; his chance of recovery in the mountains. Field had taught English in the University. It disarmed Mother, hearing Joie's wife say what a good teacher he was. More time was spent in filling and trimming a tiny night-lamp for the white "cubby" of a bedroom that had been Cynthia Ann's. Last, they fussed with the bandage on Joie's hurt hand. It hadn't done him any good, pumping water for eight head of stock.

Oh, Mother and Reddy seemed friendly enough, but Joie knew better. After Nash had "turned in" and was snoring, after the little lamp had been taken away in silence, Joie came tiptoeing back. Mother had known he would.

"Maw," he whispered, "you got that night-gown of Cynnie's—the one you had when Reddy was here squirrel-hunting? If—if she tries to sleep in her heavy pants, she won't rest a bit."

Then, when Mother said the frail gown with its blue ribbons was under the pillow, there was something else.

"Maw, I been used to a sleeping-porch, all the air there is. That window sticks. I might hurt my hand if—"

"Of course, you might. I'll go and open it."

They went softly. Inside the cubby, the door closed, Mother got the window as high as it would go and folded a quilt on the foot of the bed. Oklahoma nights are fickle; it might freeze before morning. Reddy hadn't said a word; hadn't stirred. In the dim light, the young modernist, who would be there always now, since Joie would, lay on Cynthia Ann's tiny, prim bed, straight as a soldier, slim as a willow wand. She was staring at the low ceiling through glinting lashes; her bobbed hair, that was growing shoulder-length curls, flamed like two lively wings on the pillow.

Reddy hadn't made it easy, but when Rachel leaned to her, she came up with a quick, fragrant kiss.

"Wait," she said, "I'll go with you for some water. Joie'll have to take aspirin.

"You're the real goods," the girl whispered, when she and Mother were safe in the kitchen. "That hand will heal faster if you and I are—are friends."

RACHEL NASH wondered if Joie would be allowed to sleep in the morning. No, he wasn't. Mashed hand or no mashed hand, married or single, the boy who had finally chosen the farm mustn't get the idea he could loaf around. Not that Joie's father realized how tyrannical he was; the Nash men were all that way. Mother was making cream biscuits for breakfast when she heard her husband come to the door of the cubby, as he had for years to the foot of the stairway.

"Joseph," he yelled, "you hit the floor."

It all passed swiftly, Nash and Joie going toward the barn; Reddy running out

They stood there laughing together—the youngsters who had dragged cot-
his shoulders back, chin up. A pain tugged at Mother's heart—a glorious

ton-sacks in over-alls—Reddy, in her doll-dress of green and brown; Joie, pain. "We're giving you the house," Reddy laughed, "and everything in it"

to put water in the radiator of her car. Mrs. Nash didn't like to see a girl wear trousers, but that, she told herself, was more modest than what this girl would wear when her clothes came from Still-water. Rachel Nash was hopelessly old-fashioned.

The day had its set-back. Ira Nash decided to go to town with the car. Joie didn't have any business there, and he did. Maybe he'd learn to drive before he got back. Mother and Joie were not surprised at anything, but Reddy was. When the man of the house said what he was going to do, she turned on him a look of fury. But she held her temper; a red-head has to. Really she expected some one else to answer back. It was her first clash with a man like Joie's father. At any rate, when Nash strode out and settled his two hundred pounds on the cushions, Reddy wriggled under the wheel and started.

Suddenly she stopped. Leaving the engine running, she sped back, her tossing hair catching the sunrise. "Mind if Joie and I camp upstairs?" she asked, thrusting her bright head in at the kitchen door. "Like to set up my easel and spread my paints around."

"That's a bad bed," Mother smiled; "awfully sagging."

"Oh, that—!"

Reddy flipped her slim fingers in air. She turned to Joie.

"Come on, kid. You can—" she shook with impish laughter— "you can hold Big Man on your lap."

For all a blue flame had kindled back in his eyes, Joie looked sick. He had put himself in a corner, coming home as he had. He should have held back, come under coaxing. And didn't he know his father?

"We'll fix things upstairs," he tried to speak casually, "and get a chicken dinner. Go on, Sweetie, and hurry back."

The young-ones grabbed each other; clung recklessly. Quick kisses, hard hugs—this was real tragedy, being separated for the day. When the car finally chuckled out of sight, Mother and Joie went right upstairs. It was a job, fixing the sagging bed; baffling moments when they sat back, wondering what to do next. But it was good for a heart-to-heart visit, up there in the peak of the house.

The boy explained how he felt about his father's driving the car.

"It always will be gone now," he grumbled. "We'd counted on it for little picnics and—lots of things."

"Maybe he can't learn to drive," Mother comforted. "Maybe she won't teach him."

"She won't need to. He'll watch, and when he says, 'Hand over the wheel,' she'll hand it."

Joie caught the wire his mother was threading through the bed-frame and, with his left hand, awkwardly guided it back.

"When Reddy gives up," he said finally, "that's all there is to it."

"What did she give up?" Mother asked whitely. "Bill Simms?"

"No, she wouldn't have had Bill on a bet. I know that now. She was only giving me my chance to think of something else besides her, so I wouldn't flunk again. What she gave up was her chance to paint under the great colorist, Oscar Jacobson; to go in for honors." (*Continued on page 224*)

Good Housekeeping Institute

Katharine A. Fisher
Director

Table decorations may be simple or elaborate; the important thing is true Christmas spirit

Silver Courtesy The Gorham Co.

China Courtesy Josiah Wedgwood & Sons

Glassware Courtesy Ovington Bros.

Don't be Afraid to be A
Hostess this Christmastide!

By Demetria M. Taylor
Of the Institute Staff

AS CHRISTMAS festivities draw near and other hostesses are writing down lists of guests for Christmas dinner, are you hesitating once more and thinking in your heart that you must be a guest again this year rather than the hostess you want so much to be? Is this because you are a housekeeper who goes to business every day, with only a minimum of leisure in which to prepare your dinner? Is it because your kitchen is tiny—perhaps only a kitchenette, with an oven that just will not hold a goose or a turkey? Perhaps you have a spacious home but no maid to assist you?

Make out your list of guests immediately, because the Institute will help you. We know that in this case, too, you feel that it is better to give than to receive!

Let us imagine, first, that you are a business or professional woman, who, because of distance or lack of time, can not go home for the holidays. Among your friends are three or four others who must spend the holiday alone and who have no kitchens themselves. Invite them to dinner! Don't worry if you can not serve an elaborate repast. Don't hesitate because your china and silver may not be over-abundant! What if your kitchen is tiny and your time extremely limited? Of all seasons in the year, this is the one when such things are joyfully overlooked by your guests, who might otherwise be spending a lonely, homesick day.

Or imagine that you are timid about inviting guests to your home for dinner because you have no maid and must do everything yourself. You have been a guest at sumptuous Christmas dinners served with great formality, and you fear your cozy little dinner may suffer by comparison. Not a bit of it! Christmas cheer is not created by expense and lavishness, but by the thoughtfulness and love which are your motives in gathering your friends around you on that day. The guest who gives a thought to criticism would be a veritable Scrooge indeed!

Since modern methods of commercial canning have given us pure and wholesome foods with full food value, which are at the same time deliciously flavorsome, the prejudice against them is rapidly disappearing. Now a busy housekeeper may place upon her table a nourishing meal "out of a

For the Housekeeper With No Maid

Grapefruit Sections* in Lime Juice*
Roast Goose
Baked Hubbard Squash — Baked White Potatoes
Stuffed Celery Salad — French Dressing*
Currant Jelly* — Ripe Olives*
Christmas Plum Pudding* — Hard Sauce
Coffee — Mints

For the Housekeeper In Business

1.

Vegetable Soup*
Celery — Stuffed Olives*
Whole Canned Chicken* (Browned in Oven)
Gravy (From liquor in can)
Canned Green Lima Beans*
Mashed White Potatoes
Cranberry Salad
Fruit Cake*
Coffee — Salted Peanuts*

2.

Pineapple* Cup Maraschino*
Chicken* Maryland
String Beans* — Baked Sweet Potatoes
Sweet Pickles* — Queen Olives*
Stuffed Green Pepper Salad
Cranberry Souffle
Candied Grapefruit Peel* — White Cake*
Coffee

3.

Cream of Tomato Soup*
(garnished with whipped cream and chopped watercress)
Casserole of Ham* and Vegetables
Cranberry Jelly* Rolls* Mashed Sweet Potatoes
Cabbage and Green Pepper Relish—French Dressing*
Pistachio Ice Cream* — Sponge Cake*
Raisins* — Salted Nuts*
Coffee

*All foods marked with an asterisk may be purchased ready to serve or heat.

can" and delight her family and guests with an appetizing array of flavors. No doubt, there are many housekeepers who wish to supplement more or less the dishes which they enjoy cooking themselves whenever time allows, with canned foods which may be purchased.

In the box on the first page of this article you will find several menus, one of which we feel sure will meet your needs. Many foods for the Christmas dinner may be purchased ready-cooked, needing only to be heated or garnished before serving. For example, there is delicious chicken which is cooked and canned whole, or cut up for frying. Or there is cooked and canned whole squab to be heated in the can and served on toast, and canned ham of course. If you haven't time to make a flavorsome plum pudding, buy one already made in a can. Canned grapefruit sections save much labor and are delicious served as a cocktail with a dash of bottled lime juice added to the liquid in the can. Canned soup, canned fruit, canned vegetables, commercial jellies, relishes, ice-cream and cake all add variety to your menu and save you time and labor in the preparation of your Christmas dinner.

We have taken one of the dinners which a housekeeper who is employed during the day and who has only a tiny kitchen might choose, and we have given the market order and a schedule of work which she will find easy to follow and which will do much to eliminate last-minute worries. We have also included a list of table appointments; but if your dishes and silver are more limited do not be alarmed, because both can be washed between courses at a dinner where informality and good spirit reign!

Table decorations may be of the simplest. A bowl of holly and gay red candles. Imitation poinsettias and evergreen. Christmas roses—or real poinsettias if you can be a bit extravagant! A tiny Christmas tree with a funny gift for each guest tied up in white or colored tissue and gay ribbon or cord at its base. And a Christmas wreath in the window or on the door. Add laughter and good fellowship, and your simple dinner will seem more than abundant! Don't deny yourself the joy of being a hostess this year! The true Christmas spirit will reign in your home, we are sure.

The unusual recipes mentioned in the menus follow:

Roast Goose

Geese range in weight from nine to sixteen pounds. Choose one with a yellow bill, a soft, firm, thick breast, and soft, fat, yellow feet. Before the goose is cut or drawn, wash and scrub with warm soapsuds to open and cleanse the pores and render the oil more easily extracted. Remove the entrails and wash and rinse the bird with soda water, using one teaspoonful of soda to each quart of water. Dry the bird thoroughly and rub the inside with an onion cut in half.

Bread and Celery Stuffing

(for a nine-pound goose)

- 2 quarts stale bread crumbs
- 1 apple, peeled and diced
- 1 cupful seedless raisins
- 2 eggs, beaten lightly
- 1 cupful melted fat
- ½ teaspoonful pepper
- 2 tablespoonfuls finely chopped onion
- 1½ cupfuls finely chopped celery
- 3 teaspoonfuls salt
- 1 teaspoonful poultry seasoning

Moisten the bread crumbs with the melted fat. Add the beaten eggs. Add onion, parsley, celery, apple, raisins, and last the poultry seasoning, salt and pepper.

Trussing

Draw the thighs close to the body and hold them. Insert a steel skewer under the middle joint, run it through the body so that it comes out under the middle joint on the other side. Place the wings close to the body and hold them by inserting a second skewer through the wing, body, and wing on the other side. Wind a string twice around the bone of one leg, then around the other, leaving a space of one inch between the legs. With both ends of the string draw the legs close to the back then cross the string under the back, around the lower skewers, cross again, fasten around the upper skewer, and tie in a knot. Draw the neck skin under the back and fasten with a small skewer.

Baked Squash

- 1 medium-sized Hubbard squash
- ½ cupful hot water
- ½ teaspoonful salt
- ⅛ teaspoonful pepper
- 1-16 teaspoonful mace
- 1 tablespoonful melted butter

Cut squash in quarters, remove fiber and seeds, scrape cavity thoroughly. Arrange, cut side down, in a dripping pan with one-half cupful of hot water. Bake at least two hours in a moderately hot oven of 400° F., replacing water if necessary. If the squash is too moist, remove it from the pan when done, pour off excess water, return it to the pan, cut side up, (*Continued on page 133*)

Schedule of Work for Menu 3 for the Housekeeper In Business

Several Days Before Christmas

1. Count silver, china and glass. Polish if necessary.
2. See that tablecloth and napkins are freshly laundered.
3. Stock up on staples such as flour, seasonings, etc.
4. Place orders for table decorations, ice-cream, cake, etc.

The Day or Evening Before Christmas

1. Put cranberry jelly in refrigerator to chill.
2. Prepare casserole and place in refrigerator.
3. Shred cabbage, cover with ice water, cover bowl and place in refrigerator.
4. Shred green pepper and place in refrigerator.
5. Put raisins and nuts in serving dishes.
6. Chop watercress, cover closely and place in refrigerator.

Christmas Day

1. Cut butter and chill.
2. Set table. Unmold cranberry jelly and place in refrigerator until ready to serve.
3. Drain cabbage and combine with green pepper. (Add French dressing thirty minutes before serving time.)
4. Put casserole in slow oven of 350° F. fifty minutes before serving time.
5. Scrub sweet potatoes, put on to cook thirty-five minutes before serving time. When tender peel, mash and season with hot milk, butter, salt and pepper.
6. Measure coffee and water but do not put over the heat until the main course is served.
7. Combine soup and milk; heat in double-boiler.
8. Cut sponge cake, arrange on a plate and put rolls in oven to heat just before soup is served.
9. Whip cream for soup. Pour soup in cups, garnish with whipped cream and chopped watercress, and serve immediately.

Market Order for Menu 3 for the Housekeeper in Business (Six Persons Served)

- 2 cans tomato soup
- 1 small canned ham
- 1 onion
- 1 bunch parsley
- 1 bunch watercress
- 1 can peas
- 1 loaf white bread
- 1 qt. milk
- 1 can pimientoes
- ½ lb. American cheese
- 1 can cranberry jelly
- 6-8 medium-sized sweet potatoes
- 1 small head cabbage
- 1 green pepper
- 1 bottle French dressing
- 1 dozen rolls
- 1 sponge cake
- 1 quart pistachio ice-cream
- 1 package seedless raisins
- ½ lb. salted nuts
- 1 jar cream

Go over recipes to determine amounts of butter, eggs, and staples which are needed

Table Appointments for Menu 3 for the Housekeeper in Business (Six Persons Served)

SILVER

- 6 cream soup spoons
- 6 dinner knives
- 6 dinner forks
- 6 bread and butter knives
- 6 teaspoons for dessert
- 6 teaspoons for coffee
- 3 serving spoons
- 1 jelly spoon
- 2 teaspoons for salted nuts and raisins

LINEN

- 1 linen tablecloth
- 6 linen napkins

CHINA

- 6 cream soup cups and plates
- 6 dinner plates
- 6 bread and butter plates
- 6 plates for sherbet glasses
- 6 coffee cups and saucers
- 1 plate for rolls
- 1 cake plate

GLASS

- 6 water glasses
- 1 jelly dish
- 1 dish for salted nuts
- 1 dish for raisins
- 6 sherbet glasses

Planning The WORK and Working The PLAN

By
Katharine A. Fisher,
Director

Photographs by H. I. Williams

The family bulletin board is a good place to post the work schedules for the day

"COULD you send me a systematic schedule for running my house, giving regular days for certain jobs and what should be done the first thing after breakfast—and what next?"

This was a question which came to the Institute the other day. We have many such, and they hold a special interest for us. For while it may still be true in some homes that

"Man works from sun to sun
But woman's work is never done,"

home managers are thinking more today about the advantages of organizing the day's work so that they may keep it within a reasonable working day.

From time to time we receive from our readers copies of work plans that are working smoothly in their own homes. Most of these schedules clearly indicate that they have been planned with a view to having each day carry its own quota of work and that the working hours not only have a beginning but an ending as well. They have worked out these plans themselves, and in comparing them we have found that the order of work, as well as the duties listed for any one day in the week, differs considerably in every plan. And this is not strange, for a work schedule, to be of much value, must meet the needs of family life in the household using it.

Good Housekeeping Institute, realizing this, does not attempt to make out work plans for individual homes. We leave this to the home manager, but for the benefit of those who need our help in working out their schedules, we are offering some suggestions which may be followed to advantage in planning the daily housework.

"I do not think that my work plan would be of very much use to any one else," writes one of our readers, "for I have built it around our own needs and circumstances."

Meal hours differ in many homes, meals are more or less simple, demanding varying hours in the kitchen, and one street has more dust than another, requiring more frequent use of the vacuum cleaner and duster.

We are sometimes asked the question, "How often should I clean my rugs and my windows?" and our best answer is,

"As often as they need it."

In one home the laundry may be sent out, while the household next door may do it at home; one home may have babies which must be kept on schedule as to meals and sun-baths and sleep, while the neighbor's children may have all grown up. One home manager may chase dirt vigorously; and another may only have a moderate interest in doing so. One may be a genius for organization, another may not. Every home can not be cut to one pattern, nor can a plan of work.

A schedule of housework is simply a written plan of work for each day, showing the duties to be covered and the most convenient hours for doing these. A money budget plans ahead for the spending of the income to the best advantage. A time budget plans ahead for the best use of the working hours. We are apt to procrastinate where certain work is concerned, with the result that it piles up ahead of us. For, as home managers, we do not face the competition in the use of our time that many people do in commercial work. A work plan prevents neglected or forgotten duties from piling up ahead by setting a stated time for the daily and weekly tasks about the house. It does more than that: it distributes the work evenly over the day and week, avoiding crowded days.

"Of course you can't stop in the middle of the morning and finish a book or a magazine article, neither can you linger at the telephone for a prolonged gossip if you live up to a work plan," writes one home manager, "but you can usually have most of the afternoon free."

There is no reason, though, why we can not have a half-hour with a book at any time of the day, if we provide for this in the work plan.

Let the children help. The home manager without a maid works so much alone today that she often finds it a burden to keep up with her work. Many write us asking what they will do about it. If you have children, ask them to come to your rescue. Doing things about the house is a good training for both boys and girls, but to get the most out of it, they should be allowed to choose their duties as far as possible. Let them decide among themselves as to the division of the "chores" but after that hold them to the doing of these and give them their hours on your work schedule. The boys may vote to help in the kitchen; the girls may favor the garden.

A work schedule will teach them as much as it will teach you about relative values in the use of your time and of theirs, and you will find them eager to talk over with you the hours that should or should not be spent in preparing the meals, and in rolling

out cookies to keep the cooky jar full. They will learn how to save you from work rather than to make work for you in tidying up after them, in keeping the bathroom spic-and-span and in many other ways.

There are some "don'ts" to be observed in building a work plan that will work. Don't divide the time too closely, attempting to set one task for ten o'clock and another for ten-fifteen. Such a schedule tends to make us watch the clock. Be content to indicate the work to be done within any given hour and allow time for interruptions and emergencies and for lingering over meals when good talk becomes the order of the day. And don't expect to follow your plan closely every day.

"There are bound to be days when schedules fly to the four winds but when the unforeseen is over I can swing right back into my stride," writes one home manager in enthusing over the value of her plan. "When something comes up, and work suffers, the schedule for the next day or two can be juggled around to get in the work that had to be left undone on a previous day."

A work plan is more of a balance wheel than something which ties us down closely to scheduled hours and to watching the clock.

A schedule is not made in a day or in a month. A trial one should be made out and used for a time. We may soon find that the time we allowed for certain things was too short. Sometimes a plan will reveal the fact that we have been doing many things in a roundabout way, that we have an inconvenient kitchen, or that the storage of our cleaning supplies should be rearranged.

Nor is a work plan ever settled for all time, for changes in family routine may demand a corresponding change in the work schedule. Babies come and babies grow up. Maids come and go. Sickness comes, too, and home nursing may sometimes claim its share of the day. We may wish to change the day for doing the laundry work or the ironing. So keep your plan flexible.

When your work plan is working satisfactorily, we would suggest that you gradually extend its usefulness. If you are not doing so now, begin to plan your meals two or three days in advance. Time and thought are usually necessary in working out an interesting variety for the daily menus, particularly when we wish to keep down the food bill. Last-minute meals very often lack variety.

PLANNING THE DAILY HOUSEWORK

1. Take time to sit down and list on a sheet of paper all your daily duties, such as making the breakfast, washing breakfast dishes, making the beds, etc. Keep this sheet at hand for a week and add from time to time any duties you have forgotten as these come up for attention.
2. On a second sheet list those duties that come only once or twice a week and, as with the first sheet, keep it at hand for a week to add any duties forgotten at first.
3. Opposite every duty on each sheet jot down the time you feel it will take to finish it.
4. Now take seven sheets of paper, one for each day in the week, or one sheet ruled with columns for each day, and on each sheet, or in each column, list the working day in hour periods and opposite each hour list the daily duties you find on that first sheet you used, in the order which you feel to be most convenient. Keep one hour or more free each day for those duties that come only once or twice a week.
5. The amount of work you plan to cover within any one hour will of course depend upon the time you have allowed for each task. But allow also for unforeseen interruptions and emergencies.
6. With the second sheet (see 2) before you, fit into the daily free period on each sheet or column the tasks coming once or twice a week, so as to spread these evenly over the week.
7. If you have a helper or helpers, prepare schedules for every day, for each helper, and go over these carefully with them. A new assistant may have to be taught your method of doing some of the work her schedule covers. Allow time for teaching her. Let the children help, but let them choose their duties if possible and encourage them when they wish to try something new.
8. Try out your plan for a week or two, looking critically at the working equipment in your kitchen, in your laundry, the equipment for house care and its storage. You may find that it needs rearranging and that some new equipment is advisable.
9. Change the order of your daily work and the time allowed for any duties as you find it advisable. Some duties may need more time, some less, than you first estimated. Allow your helpers to do the same thing.
10. At the change of seasons make room on your daily plans for the seasonal duties requiring attention, such as putting away the winter clothing and the blankets in the spring, and supervising the putting on of screens and awnings.

In helping Mother the boys may also vote to set the table sometimes, when they will need instruction as well

Christmas Food Gifts

By Lois Ann Stevens

Of the Institute Staff

DO YOU have a friend who you know likes mince pie for the holiday dinner? And do you know that you can buy mince meat that closely rivals the mince meat made at home if you do not have the time or the inclination to make it yourself? Or perhaps when this friend has visited you she has exclaimed over your watermelon pickles or your cherry conserve and would be so delighted to know that you remembered this at Christmas.

For the person going out to business who is so fond of home-made dainties, but who has no time to make them herself, an attractive box of assorted cookies would be a happy choice. By wrapping each kind of cooky in a different-colored, transparent, moisture-proof paper and tying the packages with brightly colored ribbons one can achieve a most cheerful-looking box. Perhaps you have found out that this same friend is planning to prepare her own Christmas dinner. Probably a chicken that has been canned whole and is ready for serving, requiring only reheating, would solve one of her dinner problems for her.

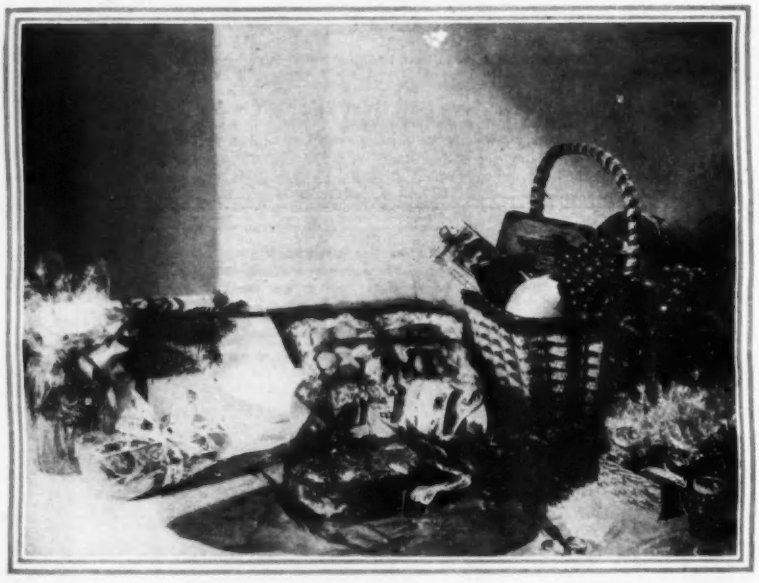
At this time of the year, when fresh fruit is so welcome, fruit growers make a special effort to have suitable sizes of boxes of choice fruit for gift purposes. A box of oranges, grapefruit or apples, delivered on Christmas day, would provide a gift for the whole family. If you are in a locality that has certain nuts in abundance why not send a choice box to your less fortunate friends in other parts of the country? They would be appreciated because they keep fresh for some time.

An old tradition which is always popular is that of giving Christmas baskets. We have pictured one on this page with fresh fruits, a can of plum pudding, a glass of any favorite jelly or jam, crystallized ginger, and a box of raisins, dates or figs. Of course the contents of the basket may vary according to individual tastes; so may its decorations.

For the college friend who can not leave school for the holiday a food gift that is not too perishable will make Christmas more "Christmassy" for her. We would suggest a box of assorted jams or jellies for they would add just the right touch to the lunch of crackers or toast after study hour. Many still feel that only home-made jellies are acceptable, but they have not yet sampled the delicious jellies that may now be bought. Jellies with just the right flavor and just as tender and "quivery" as the best that comes from the home fruit cupboard are now on the market.

Many enjoy making fruit cakes to give away but they may not always have the time for making these. They will be glad to know, therefore, that there are fruit cakes on the market that come packed in attractive boxes and are so delicious and fruity that they may take their place with the best home-made kind.

Half the joy of receiving any gift lies in its attractive wrapping, and here the market again offers a rich assortment for gift packages. Rolls of colored, transparent, moisture-proof paper may be purchased which dress up a package of food most attractively and this paper also helps to keep the food fresh. Gay boxes are available in a bewildering variety, and of course holly sprigs and evergreen and brightly colored ribbons or cord give a more Christmassy touch to packages. There are countless other food gifts which may suggest themselves to you as you think of the persons to whom you wish to send them. Individual preference, as well as convenience in packaging and sending, should guide you in making your choice.



The joy of receiving any food gift lies in its thoughtful selection and in its attractive wrapping

Good Housekeeping Bulletins Of Special Interest In December

A new edition of "Selecting and Installing an Oil Burner" is recently off the press.....25c

Our bulletin on "Heating the American Home" covers heating problems in general.....25c

Our hanger card, "A Card Guide to Healthful Meals" (for Adults and Children).....10c
as well as "Meals That Keep the Family Fit".....25c
will exercise a wholesome and needed restraint on your Christmas holiday cooking.

"Taking Out Spots and Stains" will not only show you how to keep immaculate the Christmas table linen but also everything else inviting stains.....25c

In "Safe Reducing Menus" Good Housekeeping Institute gives you a sane diet to follow which will keep you in good health while reducing.....10c

Send for our complete list of over three dozen bulletins, addressing Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

Photograph by H. I. Williams

Have your tree decorated for safety as well as beauty

Christmas LIGHTING

Inside and Outside the House

By

George W. Alder

Consulting Engineer of the Institute

OF COURSE it has long been a mooted question as to whether the children or the grown-ups best enjoy the Christmas toys, but one thing can be agreed upon, every one in the family enjoys the Christmas tree.

Changing times change customs, so that instead of decorating one tree, as we did not so long ago, we now may have several to care for. The lighted outdoor tree idea has spread so rapidly that it promises soon to be rooted as a national custom. Whole towns and villages have entered into the spirit of Christmas season lighting and in some sections almost every front lawn has at least one tree festooned with lights. Further than this, outline lighting for houses is being used in some places and in others spot lighting, provided by suitable outdoor lights placed on the lawn, is used to get unusual effects.

Lighting the Christmas tree with electric lights not only makes possible very attractive trees but eliminates the hazard that was always present before such lights were in general use. The day-after-Christmas lists of fires and fatalities have become almost a thing of the past. With reasonable care and by the choice of well-made tree-lighting sets the fire hazard can be practically eliminated. However, poor-quality sets may be questionable from the standpoint of safety and you should assure yourself that those you purchase have the approval of the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Whether you have electric lighting in your home or not, it is still possible to have your tree electrically lighted. Christmas tree sets are made not only for connection to the ordinary lighting service but for use with dry batteries or storage batteries. Incidentally, these sets are not interchangeable, and you should remember this in making your purchases.

Since the advent of outdoor lighting, Christmas tree sets have been made available especially for this purpose. The wire used in these sets generally is different from the wire used on the indoor sets, and ordinary indoor sets should not be used outside where they are exposed to the weather. The outdoor sets can be had with higher candle power lamps wired in multiple or parallel, which is desirable because if one light in the set burns out, none of the rest will be affected and the defective bulb may be located easily and changed. However, note this, you should not change the bulbs in a set or adjust the connection while the current is on, for, standing on the damp ground, you might get a shock.

Every one who has had experience in decorating trees with lighting sets will know something of the things that should be done to save time and avoid trouble, but it may not be amiss to call these to mind. First, try out all the sets before putting them on the tree, then if any bulbs have been damaged or burned out, they can be replaced much more readily than after the set has been carefully hung on the branches. In series sets, if one lamp is defective, none of the lamps in the set will light, which makes it necessary to take a good lamp and by trying it in each socket in succession, find out the one that is defective. Have several lamps on hand, for it is disappointing to find a whole set useless for the want of but one bulb. Purchase only well-made lamps. Do not be tempted to buy some of the cheap bargain lamps that frequently find their way to the shops around Christmas time.

Probably some day we will give much more attention to outdoor lighting of our houses than we do at present. We have been prone to depend on the light coming from windows for giving our night decorative effects. However, there is no reason why the outside of our homes should not be lighted, particularly on festive occasions. When we give more thought to this, we will have current outlets on the outside of the house for the connection of lights. If it is your custom to light trees on your lawn, it would be well to have a suitable outdoor outlet installed in a convenient place so that the strings of lights may be connected to it.

Each year discloses a host of new things for Christmas decoration: Long electric candles, lighted holly wreaths, rows of candles, illuminated stars, illuminated Christmas-tree stands, and many other things make possible the exercise of ingenuity and decorative ability so that each tree and each home may show the thoughtful work of the individual.

For a change, a beautiful tree can be obtained by draping it solely with silvery foil streamers put on all the branches very profusely and permitted to hang singly and in clusters. The branches will look as if hung with icicles. For illumination, one or two spot lights placed so that the light is directed at the tree will produce a most attractive effect.

The old custom of having lighted candles in the windows can now be followed with safety by (*Continued on page 155*)

GOLDEN RULE SUNDAY

International Golden Rule Sunday on December 8th, coming so soon after the Thanksgiving feast, will be a welcome respite of simple living, and our donations to the orphan children of the East will early usher in a true Christmas spirit of giving. Good Housekeeping Institute is ready to cooperate by sending you upon request a collection of suggestive Golden Rule Sunday Menus together with the unusual recipes contained therein. Address your request to Good Housekeeping Institute, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

The children will enjoy making

For Your Meals

"DON'T bore your stomach with a monotonous diet," was one of the ten rules for healthful eating recently broadcast by the Commissioner of Health for one of our largest cities. Perhaps home managers will more readily accept this challenge if translated into terms of their own particular business, "Don't bore your family with monotonous meals." For meals that are hailed with enthusiasm by the family are much like commodities that find a ready sale. Wise merchants know that something new must constantly be offered to stimulate trade, and wise housekeepers have found that a new dish now and then, or an old favorite served in a new way, is necessary to add fresh zest to the every-day meals.

In searching for something new in flavorsome dishes two more of the Commissioner's rules may be followed with profit—"Don't be afraid to try new dishes," and "Adopt a cosmopolitan menu—become acquainted with minestrone, goulash, Irish stew, and a ragout with vegetables."

Cosmopolitan menus take us far afield and make cookery an adventure as well as an art or a science. For they lead to a discovery of national dishes with all their picturesque and historical associations. We find out much about the delectable concoctions worked out by the culinary artists of various nations for reasons of thrift as well as for variety—sauces of all kinds and mixtures of meat and vegetables and cheese and cereal foods in the form of stews and ragouts, goulash and pilaff, pot-au-feu and countless other national achievements. In fact, we discover names in many languages for good, old-fashioned stew, and we begin really to appreciate the art of making a savory dish of this kind through the skilful use of seasonings and food flavors. You may be interested in trying these recipes for Hungarian Goulash and a Mutton Ragout from France!

Hungarian Goulash—Melt two-thirds cupful of butter or margarine in a frying pan. Add one pound of chopped beef from the round or rump, two large onions skinned and chopped, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and one-half pound of mushrooms cleaned and sliced, and cook slowly until golden brown. Meanwhile scrape, dice, and combine six medium carrots, three outer stalks of celery and two seeded green peppers. Cook until tender in a little water, drain and add to three cupfuls of canned tomatoes. Add all to the meat mixture together with one-half cupful of grated cheese and one cupful of macaroni previously cooked until tender. Heat well and serve at once. This recipe serves six.

Ragout of Mutton—Order one and one-half pounds of breast, neck or shoulder of mutton. Trim the meat, cut it into inch cubes and sprinkle lightly with flour. Meanwhile cut six slices of bacon in quarters and cook until crisp. Brown nine small peeled onions in the bacon fat; remove them and in the same fat brown the cubes of mutton. Pour off all the fat except three tablespoonfuls. Add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until smooth. Then add two cupfuls of water and stir until the gravy boils. Then add the meat, one stalk of celery, three sprigs of parsley, one bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, and one onion stuck with cloves. Cover and simmer for one hour. Next, peel four small, white turnips and six medium-sized potatoes and cut all in halves. Scrape four medium-sized carrots and cut into quarters. Add these and the browned onions to the stew after it has cooked one hour, and continue cooking one hour longer or until the vegetables and meat are all done. Remove the celery, parsley, bay leaf, onion with cloves, and thyme just before serving. Serves six.

We have laughed over the queer grimaces of *Becky Sharp* in her ineffectual efforts to be polite when served the hot Indian curries that *Joe Sedley* had learned to like so well in India. And now we find these Oriental dishes toned down in intensity and ready to add the spice of variety to our every-day meals. We are contributing one of our favorites to your collection:

Curry of Lamb—Brown one and one-half cupfuls of diced celery and one medium-sized finely chopped onion in three tablespoonfuls of fat. Add three cupfuls of chopped, cooked, lean lamb, three-fourths cupful of brown gravy, or broth, or a

the trip to market with you *Courtesy Villano and Spitaleri, N.Y.*

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Merry Christmas!

Christmas is a festival of human friendliness and so at this season of the year the members of Good Housekeeping Institute staff send cordial greetings to all our readers. A welcome awaits you at the Institute. Come to see us if you visit New York during the New Year. Our latchstring is always out

December

The Institute Offers Some Favorite Dishes

stock made from a bouillon cube and thickened with one tablespoonful of flour; one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of curry, one-fourth cupful of boiling water, and three or four drops of tabasco. Simmer gently five minutes. Serve with a border of flaky, cooked rice garnished with parsley. Serves six.

We can by no means ignore the contribution which our own country has made to the art of cookery. Nor can we overlook the fact that we have led in the development of modern kitchen equipment which has done so much in making cookery a science as well as an art. A carefully selected variety of kitchen utensils goes far in keeping our meals interesting, for cookery is a versatile art, and the cooking of different types of dishes demands the use of different types of utensils and methods of cooking.

The Dutch Oven continues to be a useful utensil, and casseroles of heatproof glass or china, either family size or individual, contribute an interesting variety to oven meals, or to any meal for that matter. Casseroles have long been used in European cookery. Here are two of our favorite casserole recipes, each of which may be easily varied in the food combinations used. We are also including a recipe for an unusually flavorsome meat loaf of American origin and for which a food-chopper is needed unless the butcher chops the meat.

Meat Loaf—Combine one and one-half pounds of chopped beef, one-fourth pound each of chopped veal and fat salt pork, one medium-sized onion, and one seeded green pepper, both chopped, one well-beaten egg, one cupful of soft bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and one and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, turn into a greased loaf pan, and bake in a medium oven of 400° F. for forty-five minutes. Serve hot with gravy made from the juices in the pan. Serves six.

Cauliflower Scallop—Break one large head of cauliflower into flowerets. Cook until tender and then arrange in a buttered casserole. Meanwhile prepare the following *Mushroom Sauce:* Wash and stem two pounds of mushrooms. Gently cook the stems with one small onion, peeled and shredded, in four cupfuls of boiling water for twenty minutes. Strain and measure the liquor—there should be three cupfuls. Slice the mushroom caps and cook them in two tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine until golden brown. Next melt six tablespoonfuls of butter or other fat in the top of a double-boiler. Add six tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until smooth. Add the mushroom liquor and caps, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika, and stir until smooth. Cook ten minutes. Pour this sauce over the cauliflower in the casserole and sprinkle the top with one-half cupful of fine bread crumbs mixed with two tablespoonfuls of melted fat. Brown in a medium oven of 400° F. for fifteen minutes. Serves six.

Fish and Vegetable Casserole—Prepare two cupfuls of flaked, cooked or canned haddock, cod, salmon, crabmeat, lobster or similar fish. Add one-half cupful of soft bread crumbs, one-half cupful of grated cheese, one cupful cooked or canned peas, one-half cupful cooked or canned lima beans or string beans, one tablespoonful finely chopped parsley, one tablespoonful finely chopped onions, one teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, three beaten eggs, and one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Mix well and turn into a greased casserole. Set in a pan of warm water and bake in a slow oven of 350° F. for seventy-five minutes or until a silver knife inserted in the center of the casserole comes out clean. Serves six. Any mixture of left-over vegetables to the amount of one and one-half cupfuls may be substituted for the peas and beans.

At this season cabbage, the root vegetables, and apples are at their best and may be used in a variety of ways, raw or cooked. "We get so tired of cabbage," wrote one of our readers recently, asking for something to vary her menus, while the late Mr. Walter H. Page, when he was Ambassador to Great Britain during the stress and strain of war, dwelt on the monotony of cabbage (*Continued on page 159*)

Photographs by Dana B. Merrill

The Christmas pudding adorned with holly "to keep the witches away" lends the last festive note to the holiday table

Christmas Puddings

Old and New

By B. Lawson Miller

Of the Institute Staff

- - - - - - *"hard by*
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pye."
Sir Walter Scott

ACCORDING to tradition, the Christmas pudding held potent charms for all who tasted it. For the superstition existed that it was unlucky to eat it *before* Christmas day, and that each pudding sampled in the days following would bring good fortune for a month. For the best fortune, then, one tasted at least twelve puddings, preferably those made by friends or neighbors. It was further believed that any wish expressed while eating the first spoonful would be fulfilled during the year. From this superstition arose the old Yorkshire saying, "In as many homes as you eat plum pudding in the twelve days following Christmas, so many happy months you will have in the year."

Just when plum pudding was first introduced is difficult to discover. Certainly its original form was very different from what it is today. In the records which have been preserved we find barely enough facts to enable us to piece together the evolution of this famous dish. The gaps allow ample room for the most vivid imagination. Going back to some of the earliest records, we find mention on the old rhyming bill of fare of "furmety" or "frumenty." This was wheat boiled until the grains burst, then cooled, strained, and boiled again with broth or milk and yolks of eggs; it was offered as the accompaniment with fat venison and fresh mutton. Later we find raisins, sugar, and spices added and the whole served as the regulation Christmas Eve supper in rural parts of Yorkshire. Plum-porridge, an advance over this dish, became in England the customary first course at Christmas. It was prepared by boiling beef or mutton with broth thickened by brown bread. When half cooked, prunes, currants, raisins, cloves, ginger, cinnamon, and other spices were added, and after the mixture had been thoroughly boiled, it was served with the meat course. "Plum-squash" and "Big Duff" or "Plum Duff" were terms given by the Saxons and Danes to their plum puddings. The plums or prunes of the old recipes have been supplanted gradually by raisins. Plum pudding, in anything like its present form, did not appear in cookery books before 1675.

The most recent changes in the evolution of the plum pudding have to do not so much with the ingredients as with the method of cookery. The pudding cloth and boiler have given way to modern molds and steamers.

In the shops of today are found many attractive molds for steaming both individual and large puddings. These should have tight-fitting covers. If you do not have a mold of this type, it is possible to use tins such as those in which coffee and baking powder are packed. Or, if desired, custard cups or bowls may be used just as successfully. In this case, they must be covered with moisture-proof paper, securely fastened so that no moisture can get into the pudding while it is steaming. Lack of the regulation steamer does not mean that one must forego the delight of making the Christmas pudding, for an excellent steamer can be improvised from a large covered utensil, or from a covered roaster.

In order to insure a light, tender pudding that you will take pride in serving, it is necessary to observe a few fundamental rules that apply to the steaming of all puddings. In the first place, grease the molds thoroughly, the inside of the cover as well as the body of the mold. Fill the mold not more than two-thirds full, so that the pudding may have ample room to rise. Do not allow the mold to rest on the bottom of the cooker. Place it on a rack, an inverted perforated pie plate, trivet, or similar device so that the steam can get all around the pudding. The water in the steamer must be boiling when the pudding is placed in it. *Remember that this water must not cease boiling from the time the pudding is put in until it is taken out.* It is important, therefore, that enough water be put into the steamer in the beginning so that it will not be necessary to add more water during the cooking. It is wise to take the precaution of having at hand some boiling water, so that if for some reason more water must be added, the addition of this water will not stop the boiling process. When necessary to do this, add the water slowly. In order to cook all the ingredients thoroughly, sufficient time must be allowed for steaming. Suet, fruit, and plum puddings usually require from two to six hours—the time depending upon the size of the pudding and the ingredients used.

Until recently, the preparation of the fruit for the Christmas pudding was a laborious task. Hours were spent in seeding raisins, cutting candied peel, and washing and drying currants. This is no longer necessary, for these ingredients can now be purchased wholly or partially prepared. It is even possible to buy excellent puddings in tins of various sizes and in bowls, or basins, as the English call them. These can be prepared for serving by heating in boiling water. Boil gently for at least an hour in order that the pudding may be heated thoroughly.

The illustrations on the following page show some of the important steps in the preparation of the Christmas pudding.

Plum Pudding

½ cupful suet chopped fine
½ cupful molasses
½ cupful milk
2 eggs
2 cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful soda
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
½ teaspoonful nutmeg
¼ cupful chopped figs
¼ teaspoonful allspice
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ cupful raisins
½ cupful currants
¼ cupful blanched, chopped almonds
¼ cupful citron, thinly sliced
¼ cupful candied cherries, cut in quarters
1 tablespoonful chopped, candied orange peel

Mix together the suet, molasses, and milk. Add the well-beaten eggs. Prepare the fruit and mix with one-half cupful of the flour. Measure and sift together the remaining flour and the dry ingredients. Add to the suet mixture, and last add the floured fruit. Pour into a large, greased mold and steam for three hours. Serves 6.

A search through treasured family recipes brought to light an old English recipe supposed to have been in the possession of the royal family since the days of George I. It is called King's Pudding and is given here with slight modifications.

King's Plum Pudding

3 cupfuls suet finely chopped
1 cupful light brown sugar
1 cupful small raisins
1 cupful plums, stoned and cut in half
½ cupful citron, thinly sliced
½ cupful chopped candied peel
1 teaspoonful mixed spices
1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg
1 teaspoonful salt
4 cupfuls soft bread crumbs
3 cupfuls flour
5 eggs
½ cupful fruit juice

Mix together the suet, sugar and bread crumbs. Prepare fruit and mix with one cupful of the flour. Measure and sift together the remaining flour and the spices. Combine with suet mixture. Add well-beaten eggs and fruit juice. Last add the floured fruit. Mix thoroughly, pour into two large greased molds, and steam 6 hours. Serves 12.

Suet Pudding, the foundation of many steamed puddings, is simple to make and is less rich than the more expensive fruit puddings. The following recipe makes a light, tender pudding that is delicious when served with Foamy Sauce.

Thrift Pudding

½ cupful suet chopped fine
½ cupful molasses
½ cupful milk
1½ cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful soda
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
½ teaspoonful nutmeg
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ cupful raisins

Mix together the finely chopped suet, molasses, and milk. Measure and sift together the flour and dry ingredients. Mix with the fruit and add to suet mixture. Pour into a well-greased mold and steam two hours, or put into individual molds and steam 35 minutes. Serves 6.

Before attempting the Christmas pudding, read over the recipe. Assemble all the ingredients needed. Use level measurements

Mix together the finely chopped suet, molasses, and milk. Add eggs, then flour sifted with spices

Prepare the fruit and mix with part of the flour. Add the floured fruit last as shown at upper right

Pour batter into a well-greased mold, filling it only two-thirds full. Grease cover also

Place mold in boiling water on rack in steamer. Cover tightly. Keep water boiling constantly

The Christmas pudding may be served with various sauces. A few of the Institute's favorites are given.

Foamy Sauce

4 tablespoonfuls butter
1 cupful powdered sugar
2 egg-yolks
2 egg whites
½ teaspoonful vanilla
½ cupful cream, whipped

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually. Add well beaten egg-yolks and beat over hot water. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, vanilla and whipped cream, if desired. Serve hot.

Supreme Sauce

1 cupful sugar
⅓ cupful water
2 egg-yolks
1 cupful cream, whipped
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Cook sugar and water to 238° F. or until the sirup spins a thread. Pour hot sirup slowly over well beaten egg-yolks, beating constantly. Continue to beat until creamy; add flavoring. Just before serving, fold in the stiffly beaten cream. Serve cold.

Clear Pudding Sauce

1 cupful sugar
3 tablespoonfuls flour
⅛ teaspoonful salt
2 cupfuls boiling water
4 tablespoonfuls butter
1 tablespoonful vanilla

Mix the sugar, flour and salt in a saucepan, add the boiling water gradually, stirring constantly. Boil five minutes, remove from fire, add butter and flavoring. Serve hot.

The above recipe is the basis of many fruit-flavored sauces. By varying it slightly a number of delicious sauces can be made. For Lemon Sauce, follow the directions for Clear Pudding Sauce, but omit the vanilla. Substitute in its place one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. A few gratings of nutmeg may be added if desired.

In the Matter of Sun Substitutes

There Is Nothing Just as Good *Says*

Dr. Walter H. Eddy

Director in Charge of Food Tests
Of the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

SUNSHINE and sunshine substitutes are still current events in the field of applied nutrition. The discoveries themselves have lost none of the glamour of youth, but the period that has elapsed has permitted weighing and testing of values, and perhaps now is a good time to take stock of what we really have.

As I review the field I am sure of one thing, namely, that the greatest good derived to date has been a revival of stimulus to stay outdoors as much as possible. Don't let any one fool you into believing that there has yet appeared a complete substitute for exposure to the direct rays of the sun itself. Fortunately, when we go outdoors, we rarely simply bask in sunlight. Certainly the youngsters in sun-suits are not exhibits of still life, and the movement which accompanies play or golf permits a utilization of all the factors in sun and air, corrects sluggish livers, and expands lungs, as well as manufacturing vitamin D.

As cold weather approaches, you can still get outdoors, but the danger of colds on the one hand has made you bundle up and reduce the exposed skin areas, while the earth itself has so shifted in position that some of the sun rays which were so intense in July are now much reduced in potency. We still get the benefits of exercise and deep breathing, but our supply of sunshine has been changed in kind. What are the substitutes to reduce this shortage? Let us take them *seriatim*, as their purveyors offer, and ask them just what they have to sell.

Sunlight-transmitting window materials: Briefly, the facts are these. Ordinary window glass cuts out most of the ultra-violet light of the sun. Those rays are necessary to our manufacture of vitamin D, the vitamin that controls our utilization of lime in bones, blood, and tissues. Fuzed quartz transmits all the sun's rays practically unchanged, but is very expensive. By blending into molten glass certain chemical elements or combinations thereof, transparent window panes can be made that are much cheaper than fuzed quartz. Their installation permits us to stay indoors and yet get a high percentage of the ultra-violet.

When these panes first appeared on the market some of them filmed with age and became less transparent. Others remained perfectly clear, but suffered some reduction in transmitting power for ultra-violet. This reduction was called "solarization" and scared some people into refusal to purchase from fear that renewals would have to be too frequent. That fear can now be dismissed, for tests have shown that this reduction is not a process that goes rapidly from high transmissibility to zero. On the contrary, the drop is very, very gradual after the first month.

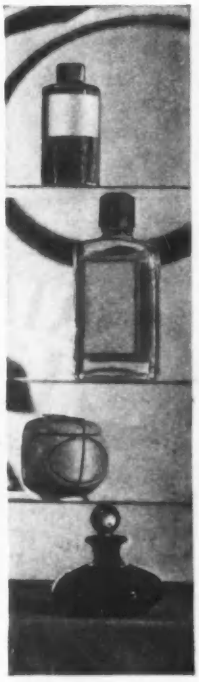
Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

There is no complete substitute for sunlight—but when cold weather comes, we must give up sun-suits and take other roads to Vitamin D

Again, others feared that the money was wasted because there was not enough ultra-violet in the sun's rays in winter to be effective. My only answer to this is that I have personally cured acute rickets in test animals in New York in January, February, and March, with sunlight passing through one of these glasses that had undergone continuous exposure for two years previous to the test. Similar results have been obtained in Toronto, Boston, and Washington, D. C., by other investigators. I have abundant faith based on performance under controlled conditions.

Sometimes I get a little impatient over the marvels of health benefits promised in advertising copy by some of the manufacturers. But one of them told me that what he would like to say is that here is a "better" glass, a whole sun glass, with all the advantages of clear window glass plus the fact that the invisible curtain which kept out the ultra-violet had been raised. At the same time he said you, Dear Public, wouldn't buy unless its values were offered in more emphatic terms.

I liked his definition, "better glass." I admired the marvel he had worked when I thought how it had made possible good baby bones without hours of mother perambulation in the streets, and I wondered if he had judged you correctly. I'd say, Put these glasses in, if you can afford it, in those parts of the house or apartment where direct sunlight enters. Some ultra-violet is reflected through northern exposures, but hardly enough in my judgment to justify price differences on such windows. Certainly do not put them in shaded regions. In brief, use them freely where they can function. You can not get any harm with them, and you may get in addition to proved benefits, others not yet demonstrated. (*Continued on page 245*)



HEALTH AND BEAUTY

A Treasure Room for Modern Women

By Ruth Murrin

IS THERE any woman who can pass a shining, colorful collection of creams, lotions, and perfumes without at least a backward glance? Who of us doesn't long to be lovely, and where is the modern woman who doesn't believe that beauty really does wait to be coaxed forth by scented oils, bubbly lather, or sparkling liquids? The only hesitation one has comes in choosing the right ones. There are so many preparations, and all of them are so earnest and so alluring in their promises of what they can do for us, that the choice is bewildering.

To help you out of this perplexity, to assure you that the preparations you are using are safe and pure and will benefit your complexion, your hands, or your hair, Good Housekeeping years ago began to analyze chemically every toilet preparation recommended by this department. And recently, to give all the lovely things which have been tested and approved a setting worthy of them, the Director of Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations designed the Powder Room—a veritable vanity box of a room, modern, sophisticated, with the glittering quality of our modern youth and the age-old allure of beauty; a glamourous spot in which soft colors, a haunting fragrance, and fairy-like lighting are all as feminine as they are enchanting. Here are walls of silver-leaf, shading from a deep blue to rose, which is repeated in the softly shirred silk of the ceiling. Glimmering mirrors double the radiance of the special modern lights, which cast a glow over the highly finished surface of the powder-blue satin covering the chairs, the frames of which are finished in silver. Two pedestals with an opalescent quality, changing from blue to silver, support a mirrored top before the great looking-glass on the wall.

Set in alcoves shining with mirrors are shelves which hold the decorative bottles, the charming jars, the bright boxes, and the gay packages in which modern manufacturers present their cosmetics. And the delightful thing about this enticing collection in its little jewel-box home is that you can choose your beauty preparations by your eyes—or your nose—if you want to! No danger here of buying a beautiful package that contains something actually harmful to your skin! Every preparation has been analyzed and has passed the strict and careful tests which Good Housekeeping has set up for all toilet products recommended by it to its readers. Every powder, every soap, every lotion, every cream will leave your skin lovelier and fresher.

There's youth in delicate oils, stimulation in bright, exciting liquids, protection in soothing, swiftly absorbed creams and lotions, glamour in fine, silk-sifted powders, enchantment in fragrant perfumes. With all these to help her, there's no reason why any woman should not look charming.

The Charm Gifts

The December issue of Ruth Murrin's monthly bulletin, "The Powder Puff," is full of suggestions for distinctly feminine gifts. Boxes, jars, and bottles, lovely in themselves and effective to heighten the loveliness of their possessor, are described and named, as well as perfumes, compacts, and lipsticks in fascinating new forms and fragrances. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope—a long one, please—and ask for the December Powder-Puff.

A little book of beauty helps should be tucked into the Christmas package of charm. "A Primer of Personal Loveliness" tells you how to make the most of skin, figure, hair, and hands. Send 25c to Bulletin Service, Good Housekeeping Magazine, 57th St. and 8th Avenue, New York City, for this book.

The Powder Room

The Powder Room was designed and built by the Studio with the cooperation of: Walls, Colonial Art Decorators, Inc.; mirror niches, Gotham Glass Co., sateen ceiling, S. M. Hexter & Co.; carpet, Walker & Heisler; lighting fixtures, G. E. Walter, American Art Metal Works, Inc.; furniture, Regent Shops. Baker Furniture Factories, Inc., Kanne & Besant, Inc.; upholstery fabrics, Witcombe McGeachin & Co., R. Carrillo & Co., Inc., F. Schumacher & Co.; accessories, R. H. Macy & Co., Lord & Taylor, The Paris Galleries, Inc., Saks & Co., Fifth Ave., Corning Glass Works

Save time and labor by baking your cakes in Crinkle Cups. No greasy tins to wash; cakes are perfectly shaped and keep fresh longer; cups may be used as a liner for baking pans or cakes may be baked in Crinkle Cups alone. You will find Crinkle Cups just the thing for the parties, luncheons, and bridges during the holiday season.

Crinkle Cups are sold at 5c and 10c stores, and chain stores generally in packages of 100. All one size.

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Send $1 and the name of your department store and we will mail you post-paid our special family package of 1000 Cups in 9 sizes, together with recipe book of suggested uses.

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The Importance of Earnings

By Ruth Boyle

A DISTRESSED woman called on the Investment Adviser of her bank with a letter she had just received, telling her that the coupons on certain bonds had been returned unhonored.

"I don't see why they can't pay their interest," she said. "Their assets are 'way up in the millions. They must have the money.

Like many other people, the word "assets" on a balance sheet to her meant cash. She had never thought of it as made up in part of such things as land, buildings, machinery, raw materials, manufactured products on hand but as yet unsold, and even sometimes such an unsubstantial item as good-will.

"You see," explained the Investment Adviser, "the real value of many of these things at any time is naturally the price at which they can be sold. The plant and other fixed assets of a prosperous going concern might bring much more than the figure at which they are valued in the firm's books. On the other hand, if business were poor and sales fell off so that the company got into difficulties, it might be extremely difficult to sell the property. If the corporation is forced to go into bankruptcy, the value of its property may melt in a way that is shocking to people who hold its securities."

"How am I to tell, then, whether or not a bond is a safe investment? I have always supposed that if the assets were much larger than the total of outstanding bonds, I could feel safe."

"That is only one test of safety," said the Investment Adviser. "And you must remember that often a concern with a tremendous investment in its plant is not so good a risk as one with a comparatively small plant and a highly profitable business. It is, of course, a good idea to compare the assets of the corporation with its indebtedness, just to make sure that it is not being over-capitalized and assuming too burdensome a debt. But there is another test which will mean more to you. How does the earning power of the corporation compare with the interest which it must pay you and other bondholders? If the profits are good, the interest will be regularly paid. There is no question about that. But you as the buyer of securities should not be content to inquire only about the earnings in prosperous years. You must try to find out what would happen in a bad year.

"For this reason, you will not stop with a knowledge of the earnings during the year just past. You will go back five years and average the earnings. This period probably will include at least one year of depression, and it is important to you as a creditor of the concern to take into consideration a season of poor business. When you have the average earnings for a number of years, compare this figure with the amount of fixed charges, or interest on its bonded debt, which the company must pay out each year. In this way you will determine the margin of safety which protects your bond from 'going sour'."

"But how do I know how large the margin should be?"

"Well, as you know, some types of business are much more stable than others. For example, the income of public utility companies is much more stable than that of the average industrial company. Year in and year out, whether business is flourishing or declining, people need water, electricity, and gas. Moreover, the price paid for these necessities is not affected by price-cutting or over-production, and earnings naturally do not suffer the extreme fluctuations which you find in other lines. If the net earnings of a public utility are at least twice the amount needed for interest charges, you may consider the bonds seriously as an investment, for there would be a margin of safety of one hundred percent.

"But if you were considering an industrial bond, you would expect a greater margin of safety, because of the wide fluctuations in earnings of some companies. There are a few rare exceptions, but in periods of unemployment and low prices, sales usually fall off, and only those companies which have thriftily prepared themselves for a rainy day come out unscathed. So to protect the average industrial bond, you will want a margin of safety of at least one hundred and fifty percent; in other words, the net earnings should amount to at least two and one-half times the interest charges. This is a minimum, I think, for a conservative investment, but companies in which fluctuations are very great should offer you a much greater margin of safety."

The woman thoughtfully tucked her letter back into her purse.

"I understand now why earnings are given so much emphasis in financial news," she said.

"There is just one more factor which you should watch in regard to earnings. When you are buying a security, you should find out first how large the earnings are, whether the trend is upward or downward over a period of years, and how much they are affected in bad times. Then you should be curious about what the concern does with its profits. A corporation has as much need to be thrifty and saving as an individual. In times when the profits are high and prospects good, the directors may be tempted to expand largely, take on a great deal more bonded debt, and pay out larger dividends to the stockholders. But expansion of this kind is justified only if the corporation puts away a liberal proportion of the earnings to serve as an air cushion in case of a sudden failure of prosperity."

A New Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

Take off those whiskers - *we know you!*

AREN'T you ashamed of yourself? An honest bar of Fels-Naptha Soap resorting to such methods! Slipping into a Christmas magazine disguised as Santa Claus!

What place have you in a magazine full of Christmas presents? We hope you're not venturing to suggest yourself as a "practical gift for any woman." You know as well as we do that women who have to be practical for eleven and seven-eighths months out of every twelve crave frivolities at Christmas—and bless their hearts, they deserve them!

Ye-es, of course we know that you could be particularly useful while they're *having* to be practical—getting ready for the holiday, and cleaning up afterward. Your good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, do give *extra* help with every soap-and-water task. *Extra* help that saves a woman's strength. Yes, we admit all that.

But—soap for a woman's Christmas gift! Even Fels-Naptha Soap! . . . No, we're all for silk stockings, or an amethyst ring, or—

What's that? Don't hang your head—speak up! . . . You weren't suggesting yourself for the woman of the house? You think *washing machines* deserve Christmas presents, too? Ah, now we see what you're getting at! You believe you should be on hand to help every washing machine with the first after-Christmas wash—to help it give its owner a whiter, cleaner, sweeter wash than ever before?

That's an excellent idea . . . Put the whiskers on again, if you like, and go back to the top of the page. You have our blessing. And just to show that we're in the spirit of the thing, we're adding a little gift of our own—to be sent to any woman who'll take a minute off between shopping trips to write for it.

She'll find excellent use for it whether she uses a washing machine or not—and it goes to her with our best wishes for an easier New Year. Merry Christmas!

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G. H. 12-29

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy little gift offered in this advertisement.

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velvetta suede will not crock

Its great favor is due to this one outstanding quality. This season you may select shoes of this beautiful leather from a wide variety of colors . . . and at prices no higher than for ordinary suede. Velvetta keeps its sheen. Its sleek finish makes your feet unusually attractive, and adds a glowing touch to your costume. In the better shops the very newest motifs in Velvetta Suede are now being shown. Graceful heels, medium and light weights, stylish contour . . . all these features to please you.

A beautifully colored fall and winter style booklet is ready. It describes costumes and accessories to match the popular Velvetta shades. Many fashionable models are shown. Please write for your free copy.

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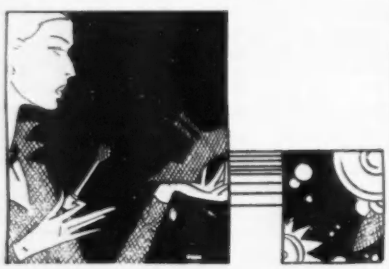

HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies

Conducted by

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.

ALLERGY

1. Food Sensitization

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

"Allergy" is a term used to denote a condition found in children and adults who are sensitive to certain foods, pollens, or animals. We say they are "allergic" to milk protein, to ragweed, to fur, etc. We speak of the substance which causes the trouble as the "allergen."

If the allergic individual is brought into contact with the offending substance either through taking it in as food, or breathing it through visible dust, or inhaling it as invisible particles, or through direct touch, there will follow a chain of symptoms characteristic for that person. In one there may be itching of the skin, hives, swelling of various parts of the body, or a rash such as eczema. In another, the reaction may be a continuous secretion from the nose, paroxysms of sneezing, the stuffiness of an acute cold or hay fever. In still another type, there will be the tightness in the chest, wheezing, and difficult breathing of asthma.

We think that these susceptibilities are transmitted as family tendencies. There may be different manifestations in the various children of each generation. Or a "sensitive" child may have eczema as a baby, recover, and develop asthma or hay fever later in life. Mild cases of eczema, however, may recover with practically no other phases following.

There is a theory that an imbalance of the glands of internal secretion may be at the basis of these allergies, and many cases are so treated. It is certain that determining the glandular status of each such individual is often most helpful in outlining the treatment and effecting a cure when other means have failed.

It is easy to account for seasonal types which show reaction only when certain plants are in pollen. Such sufferers can date their period with fair accuracy and, as adults, have usually found some favored locality where they are free from the disagreeable symptoms. Food allergies form a difficult study. The indications may be shown by a small baby, or at any time during childhood. The usual symptoms are skin rashes of many types including eczema; indigestion symptoms varying from loss of appetite to vomiting and diarrhoea; and such varied reactions as apathy, prostration, or fever. Often the correct diagnosis is not made until there have been many attempts to cure the child by cathartics, drugs, salves, etc. Occasionally we are fortunate enough to see the same symptoms recur coincident to the giving of certain foods, so one can draw conclusions. The fact that a child may be only mildly sensitive to each of several foods, and not react unless they are given in combination, adds to the difficulty of diagnosis.

The scratch skin test and the intradermal method can be used to determine which foods are reacted against. These tests should be given under skilful supervision, for not only do they require judgment to read the reactions, but also experience to decide which ones to use and when to give them. Every allergic individual does not react in the same way, nor are the food tests always conclusive. Many physicians prefer to use these tests *after* having tried eliminating from the diet suspicious foods, or to use them to determine whether there are other allergies than to food alone. For example, one child reacted not only to chicken, beef juice, and peas, but to wool. So you can see that the symptoms might continue until the bed, the coverings, and the clothing problems were adjusted.

A clear-cut summary of food allergies has been written for physicians with three carefully prepared diets submitted for adults and two for children—"Diets for the Identification of Food Allergies" by Dale and Thornburg, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, August 3, 1929. They feel that the foods which have been found to cause trouble most often should be omitted, such as milk, wheat, eggs, potatoes, chocolate, oranges, tomatoes, and certain vegetables, etc. It leaves a rather limited choice. They suggest that their exact diets be followed for from five to seven days. Then one new food at a time be added and the symptoms watched. Their diets omit milk, eggs, and wheat; the foods are fresh or canned; special green, leafy vegetables are given in abundance; lamb is used as the main meat; corn-meal as the cereal; bacon fat instead of butter; prunes and date mixtures as desserts; molasses, maple sugar, lentils, rhubarb, filberts, and turnips are included because of their richness in calcium. Lemon juice is added for its vitamin C content. (They state that the only foods which have never been proved to cause this type of trouble are salt, sugar, and gelatin!) Phosphorus is obtained from the lamb, lentils, nuts, fruits, green vegetables, and brown rice. It will be well worth while to study the detail of these diets if such a problem is close at hand.

In any restricted diet, cod-liver oil is essential, as is also a carefully supervised use of the sun bath or sun lamp. Any gastro-intestinal trouble may intensify the allergic symptoms. This has often been observed by mothers. Therefore the diet must be planned to avoid constipation and promote a normal daily evacuation of the bowels. The next letter will consider other aspects of allergy.

Josephine H. Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

An élite Bostonian of dark distinguished beauty

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER

is a leader in the Diplomatic Circles of three Continents

LONDON, The Hague, Rome, Washington, Cairo—have all acclaimed the charm, the chic, the dark distinguished beauty of Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the well-known American diplomat.

Tall and of regal carriage, Mrs. Gunther has the lovely coloring of a Velasquez portrait. Her dusky hair is in striking contrast to her wonderful topaz eyes and the clear pale olive of her perfect skin.

Aristocrat in the true sense, Mrs. Gunther comes of a fine old Boston family, the Hunnewells. As a young girl, she went abroad to finish her education.

In Paris, as in America, a beautifully-kept skin is the first essential to chic. Mrs. Gunther chose the famous Two Creams to keep her own skin smooth and clear!

"I have used Pond's," she says, "ever since I was a young girl. For Pond's Creams are utterly wholesome, and I believe the skin should receive simple care." Now Mrs. Gunther finds Pond's two new products delightful. "The Freshener tones the skin so gently," she adds, "and the Tissues are the only immaculate means of removing Cold Cream." This is the complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin:

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER, *wife of the distinguished American diplomat, is a gracious hostess, whose hospitality has delighted hundreds of travelers abroad.*

Pond's four famous products used by beautiful and distinguished women everywhere—Cold Cream for cleansing, Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone, and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

(left) *A brilliant sportswoman, Mrs. Gunther excels at golf. During her residence at The Hague she was a familiar figure on the links and two years carried off the amateur championship honors of Holland.*

First, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's ★ Cold Cream over face and neck, several times a day, and always after exposure. Pat on generously with upward, outward strokes, letting the light, pure oils sink deep into the pores and bring the dirt to the surface.

Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. These new Tissues economize towels and laundry.

Next, after cleansing dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck. It closes the pores, firms, invigorates the skin, leaves it without a trace of oiliness.

Last, smooth in a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, removing with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

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109 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

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In using advertisements see page 6

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK Reg U.S.A.

Makes cars look NEW AND BEAUTIFUL

MILLIONS of motorists know from experience that Simonizing is the wisest, easiest and most modern way of caring for all motor car finishes because it keeps them looking new and beautiful for years.

If your car is dulled or discolored, Simonizing will restore the original lustre and make it look bright and new again. New cars, too, should always be Simonized before being driven very far. Simoniz protects the finish season after season, in winter as in summer, make it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

***Simoniz your car* . . . the sooner the better. Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener and you will always drive a beautiful looking car.**

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Easily Applied *With a Cloth*

The INSTITUTE FORUM *For* DECEMBER

What is a "Cooker"?

THERE are a number of utensils on the market today called "cookers," and as there are several different types of these, we are having many questions as to the most desirable type to select. Our answer to these questions is that a wise selection will depend upon what the cooker is needed for.

A *steam pressure cooker* is one type. In this type foods are cooked under steam pressure. At these pressures, the temperature of the steam is higher than the usual boiling point of 212° F. To make possible the retention of the steam pressure requires a well-made utensil with a tight-fitting cover that must have clamps or some holding device. With a cooker of this kind, foods are cooked much more quickly, with a saving of fuel, and several foods may be cooked at one time, if desired. Pressure cookers are also useful for canning, and for shortening the cooking period for foods that otherwise require long cooking.

Another type of cooker consists of a large container, two inset pans, and a rack for these. A separate base is a part of some cookers, while others have the base attached to the main part of the cooker. This base is for insulation and to prevent burning. Some of these cookers are called "*waterless cookers*," others "*health cookers*," while others are simply "*cookers*" with the brand name of the manufacturer to distinguish them. As with the pressure cooker, these cookers, because of the rack and inset pans, may be used for cooking several dishes over one burner, thus saving fuel. They are, therefore, sometimes spoken of as "*whole-meal cookers*." The main container is often used for cooking meat when two vegetables, or one vegetable and a dessert, may be cooked in the inset pans. The potatoes are frequently cooked in the bottom with the meat; otherwise, for the best results, potatoes should be cooked in a pan on a separate burner. Of course, vegetables may be cooked with the meat, and this makes a delicious dish when cooking tougher cuts, but since moisture interferes with true roasting, one can not expect these cookers to take the place of an oven.

There are also the "*fireless cookers*," electric and non-electric. These are insulated, with small escape of heat through radiation. In some of the electric cookers the heat is shut off automatically as soon as the food reaches the desired temperature. The cooking is then continued on the retained or stored heat, but at low temperatures. In others a switch is supplied for turning off the current or for regulating it at "low," "medium," or "high."

The name "*health cooker*" is used largely because we are learning to use very little water in cooking vegetables particularly, thus preserving their full food value and flavor. Most "cookers" have made full use of this method, but equally healthful cooking can be done in any saucepan with a tight cover or in the oven in a covered casserole or other utensil.

What is Garlic?

We have been asked this question several times recently. Garlic belongs to the onion family and somewhat resembles an onion. It is used for flavoring salads and sometimes meat dishes, but should be used with restraint unless one is particularly fond of the flavor. Garlic may be had at many vegetable stands and Italian fruit shops. It is made up of a cluster of small "buds," and one of these is usually sufficient. It is best used whole in rubbing the inside of the salad bowl, or added to French dressing while the salad is being made. Remove it before serving the salad.

What is "Folding"?

Last month we discussed some terms used in cooking that may be strange to beginners. The other day came the question,

"What do you mean when you give directions in a recipe for *folding* in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites?"

Folding is a method of blending whipped cream or stiffly-beaten egg-white evenly through any mixture in such a way as not to break the tiny air bubbles beaten in during the whipping. This is done by repeatedly and slowly lifting the batter or other mixture with a spoon, in layers, over the whipped egg-white or cream, until a smooth, fluffy mixture is obtained.

When the Christmas Tree Comes Down

Perhaps I am unduly sentimental, but to me there is something pathetic about our cast-out Christmas trees forlornly decorating the ash can, or leaning dejectedly for support against the garage, their glories past and departed.

Soon after New Year, choosing perhaps a stormy day when the children are glad to stay indoors, I supply them with boxes and tissues saved from Christmas gifts. The bright tinsel, gay ornaments, and electric lights are all taken from the tree, carefully wrapped, packed in the boxes, and a list of contents is made on the cover of each box—ready for use when Christmas comes again. Of course, there is always breakage, and a few new ornaments must be added to the supply each year, but the children are always eager to renew old acquaintances, and each year as the ornaments are again unwrapped I hear comments like this: "I always loved this one"; "Here's our lovely star!" etc.

If your small son has been given a box of tools, let him use his saw to cut the tree and the branches into lengths suitable for the fireplace. Tie them into small bundles, and when dry, they will add to the cheerfulness and the fragrance of your open fire. A small branch about a foot long, placed on the radiator, will fill the room with the invigorating tang of the balsam. *Mrs. L. H., Glendale, California*

"Feeding the Family"

By
Mary Swartz Rose, Ph.D., Professor of Nutrition, Teachers College, Columbia University. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. $5.00.

A special "Home Edition," entirely reset, from revised manuscript of that famous book, "Feeding the Family," by Mary Swartz Rose, is now on the shelves of your bookstore. This is the book which has helped thousands of women to improve and maintain high health standards in their homes, through its remarkably clear and reliable discussion of the nutrition problems of the family.

The new edition is most attractive, with its gay end pages and delightful, colored illustrations by Clara E. Peck. There are full-page photographs, too, and each chapter is headed with a charming silhouette.

Because Mrs. Rose has such a happy way with words, they "come alive" as they leave her pen and cause one to read on with lively interest to the very end. The content of the pages is of infinite value to any one who has the welfare of her family at heart.

The *American Food Journal* says of the book, "An indispensable handbook for all those who are in any way responsible for the proper feeding and nutrition of individuals or family groups."

Dr. Rose is a recognized authority in the field of nutrition, and every statement in the book may be depended upon to be thoroughly reliable.

"...but how do you redecorate a *floor?*"

Let Cornelius Falch, decorator, tell you the simple method he used in his Rye, N. Y., home . . .

Above—Living-room, home of Cornelius Falch, Rye, N. Y. Floor is Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum No. 16.

REDECORATE windows ... that presents no real problems. Redecorate walls ... paint or wall paper easily takes care of that. But how do you redecorate a *floor?*

"At first thought, there seems to be little one can do to that surface underfoot. Sanding and scraping may make it presentable—for awhile. Still it lacks color, lacks design, contributes nothing to the decorative ensemble.

"Unless you know about the new linoleum. Really, it's as easy today to transform a floor as it is to curtain a window. My Westchester home illustrates just what you can do to make your floors part of the room picture.

"This was not a new house when I bought it. In fact, it called for quite a bit of fixing up — the floors particularly. Right here I decided to make my floors do double duty—serve as an easy-to-clean, comfortable something to walk on; act as the color foundation for each room's individual decorative scheme.

"There wasn't any question in my mind as to the results when I saw the many smart floor effects in Armstrong's Linoleum. The camera tells the story better than my pen. Could you guess, as you look at these pictures, that the floors were once worn, splintery, old?"

* * *

Every room in the Rye home of Mr. Falch has an Armstrong Floor in keeping with the decorative plan. Though different in color, different in design, these floors are all alike in several important respects. They're all cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. That means long wear, a permanent, custom-tailored floor. They're quiet, warm, cushioning to tired feet. And they're easily kept as bright looking as the day they were laid.

Below—For this sunny dining-room, Mr. Falch chose Embossed Inlaid No. 6006.

The Accolac-Processed surface that puts an end to spotting and staining is partly the reason. Regular waxing and polishing also helps retain the youthful appearance of these Armstrong Floors. But the biggest reason, in the opinion of Mr. Falch, is the fact that each color is inlaid, goes clear through to the heavy burlap back.

Why not learn more about this simple way to end floor worries, floor cares, and to make your floors fashionable as well? Just drop a line today for ***"New Ideas in Home Decoration,"*** Hazel Dell Brown's latest book. Illustrated in full color. Offers free help in home decoration. Sent for 10¢. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 924 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN - INLAID - EMBOSSED - JASPÉ - ARABESQ - PRINTED and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

What *is the best* CHRISTMAS GIFT *you can give them*..

IN the life of everyone some one particular Christmas stands out. And it is always that Christmas at which some gift awakens their minds to the beauty or the wonder or the knowledge of the world.

Christmases of dolls, of trinkets, of toys, come and go in an endless procession. But that one Christmas which opens their minds shines out in their lives forever.

So why not give them that gift that will make that Christmas this year? Give them

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia for Children

Here is a gift that has already made that kind of a Christmas in hundreds of thousands of homes.

Here in Compton's is all the knowledge in the world written and pictured for children in terms of their own understanding, made more interesting than any stories they read, yet kept in accurate encyclopedic form so that everything they want to know is at their fingers' ends.

Here is the thing that will inspire them to learn, that will give them better marks in school, that will make them natural leaders amongst their friends, that will bring out the spark of genius so often lost and will make this Christmas stand out in their minds as long as they live. For Compton's is the first complete set of reference books in encyclopedic form that the children have ever had for their very own in the whole six thousand years of written words.

Special Christmas Offer
Only $3.50 Down

Send this coupon immediately for big, free, sample section and it won't take you a second to see for yourself. Then put Compton's under their tree and this will be the one Christmas of their mind's awakening, the one Christmas that will stand out through all the years, the Christmas that will make the memory of ordinary trinkets and toys seem poor and meagre and insignificant.

Mail This Coupon

Here is the coupon. Mail it now. When you give Compton's, you will be giving the greatest gift you have ever given your children, and yet you will be feeling it less than some ordinary trinket or toy.

For you can pay for Compton's a little at a time each month. And you can have the whole wonderful ten-volume set under your tree this Christmas for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down. This sample pictured section free will tell the story immediately. Mail this coupon today.

Compton's
***Pictured* Encyclopedia**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Here is the coupon. Mail it now.

Educational Director
F. E. COMPTON & COMPANY
Dept. 6-53, Compton Bldg.
1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, please send me at once your big FREE Pictured Sample Section of COMPTON'S together with your FREE Questionario Game which measures the general knowledge of any boy or girl at any age. And also give me full information as to how and where I can get COMPTON'S on the easy terms you have mentioned in this ad.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

A Matter of Great Importance

Would you please tell me what thyroid glands are. Do you think thyroid tablets would be safe for me?
Mr. F. G. H., N. Y.

The thyroid gland occupies both sides of the throat and is of supreme importance in the functions of the body. It is known as a ductless or endocrine gland. It apparently pours its secretion directly into the blood. It is the only gland of which we have knowledge which contains iodine. Deficiency of iodine in the thyroid is the chief cause of the disease known as goiter, which is so prevalent in so many parts of this country—and, I may say, of the world.

One of the first evidences of goiter is usually a swelling of the neck. This makes goiter an especially unwelcome disease, to girls and women. If the thyroid is over-active, it is likely that the normal weight will be diminished. The oxidation of the tissues will go on faster than under normal conditions. On the other hand, if the gland is under-active, which is generally the case, oxidation of the tissues will be delayed, and the weight will usually be increased. Whether or not you should use thyroid tablets must be determined only by your physician. It is not safe to become your own doctor in a case of this kind.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," "Reducing Weight," "Increasing Weight," "Diet in Pregnancy and Lactation," "Diet in Diabetes," and "Hyperacidity and Fermentation." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps each and a stamped, addressed envelope. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the questionnaire of The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

A Difficult Problem

Can one lacking hydrochloric acid in the stomach have acidosis? *Mrs. L. L. H., Ga.*

No telling what one may have who has no hydrochloric acid in the stomach. There is a general misunderstanding with regard to stomach digestion. Many people think that digestion of all kinds takes place in the stomach. This is a grievous error. Digestion begins in the mouth and is completed chiefly in the stomach and small intestines, but may continue in the colon and even in the rectum. In fact, digestion is a function of the whole alimentary canal. The particular kind of digestion in the stomach is liquefaction of protein, the nitrogenous content of our foods. This liquefaction can not be successfully accomplished in the absence of hydrochloric acid in the stomach.

The absence of hydrochloric acid in the stomach is not in any way related to the disease known as acidosis. Acidosis is a disease caused by an abnormal production of acids in the body and their faulty elimination. One of the best methods of avoiding acidosis is a diet which maintains a balance between acid-forming and alkali-forming and neutral foods.

No Fault of the Child

Why does a child hold his breath when he cries? Since my child was a baby, he has held his breath when he cries until he turns black in the face and gets as limber as a rag. Now that he is past three, he does not do it so often. Is it a physical defect, or is it just "meanness" as one doctor told me? *Mrs. D. M., Mo.*

It is surely not "meanness" which induces a child to hold his breath when he cries. It is a temporary spasm of the breathing muscles. A child should never be scolded or punished for an offense of this kind. Why this spasm is so much greater in some children than in others I am not able to tell. It may be a case of heredity. My observation is that all children, when they begin to cry, have a tendency to stop breathing. It is seldom, however, that this tendency is carried to the extent described by you.

Probably Because of its High Price

Lobster has a reputation for being indigestible, yet it is low in fat and carbohydrate. Will you tell me why it is considered hard to digest? *Mrs. P. B., Mas.*

The lobster contains a larger amount of stored sugar, known as glycogen, than is found in almost any other edible meat. The reason that lobster is indigestible in my family at the present time is because of its high price. The opportunities offered for digestion now are much less frequent than they were many years ago. My unbiased opinion is that the idea that lobster is indigestible is not founded on any ascertained dietetic fact. The absence of fat and carbohydrate, as mentioned in your letter, is no reason for believing that it is indigestible. In point of fact, I have already pointed out that lobster is rich in at least one carbohydrate, namely, glycogen.

Not a Matter of Diet

I shall appreciate very much any suggestions you can give me as to the diet for cancer patients.
Miss E. C. H., D. C.

There is no particular diet which has any specific effect upon cancer. The cancer patient should have a wholesome diet of foods which he likes, in which fruits, leaf vegetables, and whole-ground, unbolted cereals form an important part. He should have plenty of milk, and a restricted amount of meats and eggs. The diet in general should be one that tends to promote prompt evacuation of the intestines once or twice a day. Prompt consultation with a competent physician and surgeon is of the utmost importance. The cause of cancer has not been definitely determined, but there is a growing feeling that to some extent it is hereditary. Prompt excision of the cancer, if it is operable, is considered of prime importance by the best specialists.

Do Not Choose Too High an Altitude

Is a low altitude or a high supposed to benefit a person who suffers from low blood pressure and lowered vitality?
Miss R. P., R. I.

I do not think the altitude at which one lives has much to do with low blood pressure. However, inasmuch as low pressure is usually associated with anemia, it might be well not to go over 1000 feet above sea level for your residence. I would suggest that you have a careful analysis made of your blood to see just what deviation from the normal there is. A normal person has about 5,000,000 red corpuscles and 8000 white corpuscles per cubic millimeter of blood, and the percentage of blood color should be between 85 and 90. Any data differing from these standards show the degree of variation from normal.

IT LEAVES NO STICKINESS—YOUR SKIN ABSORBS IT INSTANTLY

THOSE DELICATE FINGER TIPS-

PERHAPS you do not realize how much you depend on the sensitive tips of your fingers—

Until they become even a little roughened or calloused—and then what acute discomfort you suffer! Any fine work becomes almost an impossibility. Especially trying is needlework, when your fingers constantly catch on the silk or wool.

Keep your finger tips soft and smooth all winter by regular use of Jergens Lotion! Artists, musicians, surgeons—people whose work depends on delicacy and accuracy of touch—find Jergens Lotion a wonderful help in keeping their hands in good condition.

Two famous healing ingredients long used in medicine give Jergens Lotion an almost instant power to soothe and soften the skin. Roughness, dryness, chapping, disappear after a few applications. It leaves no stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what wonderful skin comfort it will give you. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Free · A new trial bottle · beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
3223 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "*Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection.*"

Name _____

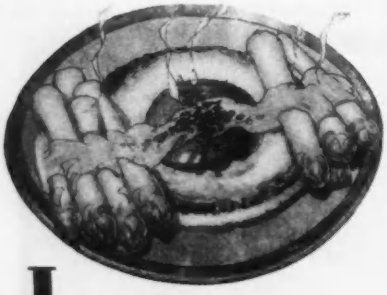
Street _____

City _____ State _____

JERGENS LOTION ★

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

In using advertisements see page 6



Looks count in food--too!

TWO dishes—side by side—both with the same ingredients. One, just thrown together,—it leaves you cold and uninterested. But the other—you reach for it—you can't wait to taste it—how good it looks!

That's one of the best things about California Canned Asparagus—its very appearance is so tempting. Alone, or as a garnish for other foods, asparagus dresses up the whole meal—gives it a new note of style. And what appetite can resist its delicacy, its freshness, its delightful flavor?

Convenient?—ready to use. So why not serve canned asparagus today? Just watch the family reach for it.

Asparagus with Poached Egg—Turn California Canned Asparagus into shallow pan and heat slowly until thoroughly hot. Drain. Place on a heated plate a round of toast with poached egg on top. Arrange asparagus at sides. Over all pour well seasoned, medium thick white sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese. For free recipe book, address Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 361, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA CANNED

★ *Asparagus*

GIFTS FOR A DOLLAR OR LESS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO GIVE

For sister, the red wooden cat, above, with hole in back; 14 crayons, 85c; for Grandma, the sewing kit of coral, jade, or blue suède; needle, 10 shades mending silk, $1

For father, this nest of 4 engraved, Chinese, brass ash-trays, largest 4", $1

TO ORDER

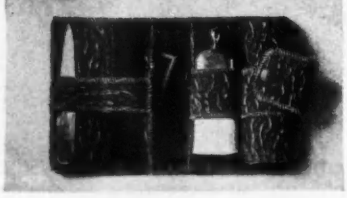
Tell us which of these gifts you want and send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service. See page 74 for directions

Leather case with hat brush, above, $1. Green tooled-leather case, and comb; 4", 95c; folding, celluloid shoe set below, shoe-horn, button-hook, shoe cleaner, 2¾", 60c

Charming greetings for your friends are to be found on the Christmas cards, below, in assorted designs with envelopes to match, different sizes, all beautiful, 15 for $1

A manly gift for brother, metal knife with presidents' names, gray suède case, 3½", $1. For little sister, yellow dog and cat soap below, and extreme right, 3", $1.10

Traveler's compact, dressing kit of leather incenter, containing file, comb, shoe-polisher, whisk-broom and mirror; green, blue, brown or rose, 3" x 4¼", $1



Below, white-linen mosaic pincushion or sachet, 3 for 75c; large, white-linen, cut-work and filet vanity case, 5" x 9", 50c; smaller vanity case in cut-work linen and filet, 4" x 7", 35c

A useful and suitable gift for grandma is the Priscilla and John Alden wooden needle cases, above, in their quaint costumes; 75c pr.

Butterfly lingerie ribbon and bodkin, above; pink, peach and white, 5", 2 in box; $1. Laundry kit, soft shades rubberized silk brocade; 75c

The Studio's Folios

How to Equip the Clothes Closet 25c	Carpets, Rugs & Floor Finishes 25c
Slip-Covers and How to Make Them. . .25c	Colorful Modern Bathrooms 25c
A Spanish-Italian Living-Room. 25c	Making the Most of Nondescript Rooms.25c
An English Renaissance Living-Room. .25c	Dressing Tables, Bedspreads & Cushions.25c
Color in Your Home $1.00	Furnishing a House for a Family of Five..25c
Dining Rooms of Various Types 25c	Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service,
Helen Koues on Decorating $5.00	57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

Sunlight that comes up from the Sea in ships

Who would think of finding summer sunshine deep in the icy waters of the northern seas? Yet here it is that hardy fishermen run their nets—here they seek the codfish whose livers yield the precious oil which brings to us in winter many of the benefits of the warm summer sun.

Physicians say that next to summer sunshine, pure cod-liver oil best promotes the normal development of strong bones and sound teeth in babies and growing children. This is because cod-liver oil is rich in the rickets-preventing Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin.

But cod-liver oil is doubly important because it contains *two* vitamins—not only Vitamin D, but also Vitamin A, which promotes general body growth and builds up resistance to disease.

That is why physicians often recommend cod-liver oil for children at this time of the year to help them through the winter—to help keep them free from colds and other illnesses. Grown-ups, too, whose resistance to cold and inclement weather is low, are finding cod-liver oil a dependable winter safeguard.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is beautifully clear, highly refined, fresh and pure. It may surprise you to find how easy it is to take—also how readily your children will take it.

And here is another fact worth remembering: *In Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil the quantity of vitamins is definitely measured.* Each teaspoonful contains as much resistance-building Vitamin A as one pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 7½ eggs.

Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. He has it in two sizes—4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

★ **Parke-Davis**

STANDARDIZED

Cod-liver Oil

In using advertisements see page 6

LIGHTER BISCUITS WITH BAKING SODA

FOR successful biscuits, use the proper leavening. Baking Soda with sour milk provides the right degree of lightness. Try it in the tested recipe for biscuits, given in one of the free booklets offered below.

Experienced cooks prefer Baking Soda. You can greatly improve the flavor and appearance of your cooked vegetables by adding a pinch of Baking Soda to the water in which they are cooked.

You can buy Baking Soda at any grocery store. Insist on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

C-19 [Please print name and address]

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

GIFTS FOR HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

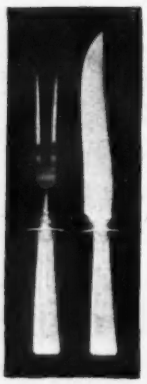
TO ORDER
Send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

Stainless-steel paring, bread, and utility knives; yellow, green, white, or blue handles; with bracket; only $1.79

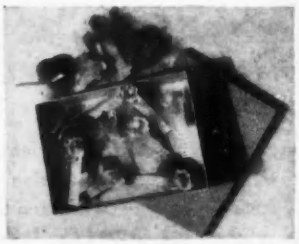
In jade, rose, or yellow, this set of 2 Turkish bath towels, 1 bath mat, 2 face towels, 2 washcloths; packed, $6.50

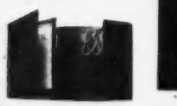
Electric sandwich toaster; $12.50. Brass fruit bowl, teakwood stand; $2.50. Gold, red, green, or violet Cellophane paper; 18" wide, 50c a roll

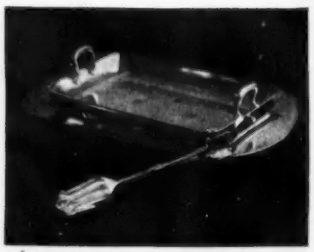
Two-quart pewter pitcher, 7" high; $5. Stainless steel steak set (right), sterling silver hollow handles; $5



Combination fountain pen and pencil (man's, lady's, or junior), gold point; black, orange, or green; $4.95

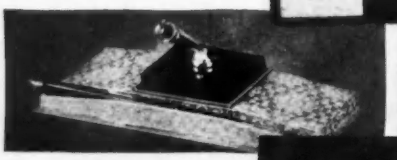


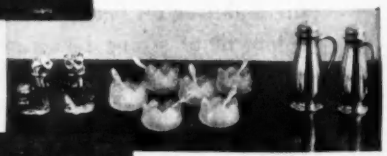


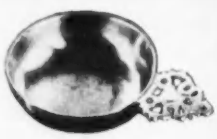


12 lavender bag bridge scores, pastel shades; $2. Key case, license holder (right above), 2¼x3"; three initials; $1.35

Pewter asparagus dish, 9x6"; tray, 12x8"; $8.50 set; pewter asparagus tongs; $3.50. Below, pewter salt and pepper, $2.35







Pewter porringer, 3"; $3. Waterman black and gold desk pen, above, $7.50. New bill fold, above, center, brown or black pin morocco leather; 3¼x4"; $2.85. Round maple table, right, 20"x21"; $12. Child's china 5-pc. set, Little Bo-Peep in colors; $10

Old Family Receipt fruit cake, in tin box; 1 lb. $1.65; 2 lb. $3.15. Above: rose or lemon-colored glass cat salt and pepper shakers; $2.50. Six green glass salts and sterling silver spoons; $3. On table, sterling Mother Goose spoon and fork set; $2.75

Why Father Christmas Got Married

(*Continued from page 36*)

off the smoke. Suddenly she trembled with happiness. 'Look—it's like a chimney. Father Christmas can come down by it.' The entire family joined hands and danced till they were tired. 'A chibley! Hurray, a chibley!' You really ought to have seen them, Doodles."

The little boy wriggled. "I was 'fraid you'd never get to Santa."

"Ha! You thought I'd forgotten him. Not likely. After the Old Woman and her family had been tossed out by the landlords, old Santa scarcely slept a wink from December to December. He'd begun to suffer from insomnia, as most temperamental people do when they're worried. Here were all these children whom the reckless Old Woman was collecting, and he'd never known where to reach them. In the years of wandering they had had no permanent address, so Christmas after Christmas he'd failed to find them. Yet every Christmas he had set out from heaven carrying a huge sack loaded with their presents. He'd never been able to deliver it, because they had no chimney to guide him.

"YOU might suppose that now they were safely settled in Shoe House, all his troubles would be ended! Not a bit of it. The Old Woman was shiftless. She made no attempt to warn him how many stockings would require filling, the reason being that she hadn't the least idea herself. She wasn't good at arithmetic, so she didn't count. As time went on, Shoe House simply swarmed with children. She was continually adding to them. Their first Christmas at Shoe House there weren't many more than the original fifty; the next a hundred. From then on the number went up by leaps and bounds. Santa was always afraid of arriving with too few presents. He usually did. When he'd reckoned on a thousand stockings, he found fifteen hundred. In the bed where last year he'd seen five children sleeping, he was likely on his next visit to see twenty. The anxiety caused by such carelessness began to get on his nerves. He had all the rest of the world to think about. He was in danger of losing his jolliness. Of course the reason for the muddle was that the Old Woman was a collector. She couldn't resist a fresh specimen. Whenever she heard of a child that had lost its parents or had parents by whom it wasn't wanted, away she'd go to bring it back with her to her forest and make it comfortable."

"I thought chullen was always wanted, the way you want me, Daddy."

"They ought to be." His father hugged him closer. "But to get on with our story, while Father Christmas admired the old woman immensely, he found her habit of not notifying him as regards the size of her family extremely distressing. He was just as fond of children as she was, and couldn't bear that any child should wake on Christmas morning to find its stocking empty. So what did the kind old Santa do?"

"I bemember, Daddy. But you tell me."

"He proposed to her and was accepted. 'I'm a confirmed bachelor,' he told her, 'and always hoped to remain a bachelor; but you're such an inaccurate old party that you've driven me into matrimony. As your husband I shall at least know the size of your—I mean our—family and how many presents I have to provide.' "

"And what did she say?"

"Pulling his white beard down to keep it from tickling her, she kissed him on the nose and whispered, 'Oh, Santy!' And then, as her emotion subsided, 'Be firm with me!'

"He postponed his firmness until after the honeymoon; but on the day of their return he declared Shoe House to be overcrowded, badly ventilated, unsanitary. The news came as a shock to the Old Woman, but being a bride she said she was willing to do whatever he suggested. 'Don't know how it'll work,' he said, 'but it strikes me that our family will be ever so much more healthy in my little cottage near to heaven.' The truth was, he was rather proud of his new relations and anxious to show them to the angels. He forgot, however, that his family was rather like an army. There were so many of them that when they were ready to go, he found himself patting heads of little girls and boys he didn't even remember. He used his reindeer to move them; but only a fraction of them had been moved when he realized that his plan wouldn't work."

"Were there too many of them, Daddy?"

"I should say there were. He set up beds in the passages, in the warehouses where he did his Christmas packing, even in the stables where he kept his reindeer. To put a roof over them was out of the question. When he told the Old Lady, who was now Mrs. Santa Claus, she smiled modestly. 'I was sure it would be like that; but being a bride, I didn't want to contradict you.' You see, he'd made the mistake of most newly-married husbands; he'd acted off his own bat, as though he were still a bachelor. Till now he'd managed all his Christmas organization single-handed. He'd conducted a sort of mail-order business, trusting in nothing but his memory. He received huge sacks of correspondence from little earth children. 'Dear Santa, could I have a puppy, an electric train, a monkey?' etc. Each day, as he received the requests, he tied up and addressed the presents, attached the right label, 'With Christmas Love From Santa,' and filed them away methodically in his storehouses. To do that he needed quiet. Quiet was a thing of the past. He had a wife now, and thousands of adopted sons and daughters. Since he had to live with his wife and there wasn't room in his bachelor cottage for her family, there was nothing for it but to move back to the forest and conduct his Christmas business from Shoe House."

"Was he sorry he'd married?"

"Certainly not. He was very glad; but he had to get used to it. Shoe House had its advantages. Its forest was splendid for his reindeer. They grew sleek and plump, and so tame that they would let the children mount them."

"They used to catch them with lumps of sugar," Mac asserted.

"Who's telling this story?" his father questioned.

Mac smiled up roguishly. "Both of us, aren't we?"

"Seems like it. But I was saying that Shoe House had its advantages. Old Santa trained the children to help him, and for a time he was very comfortable. But—"

A TAP at the door sounded, followed by Nannie's voice announcing, "Zee bath of Monsieur Mac ees ready."

"Come in, Nannie," Daddy called. "I won't keep him a minute. We're finishing a story."

Nannie entered and stood as silently as a shadow.

Daddy continued: "Though he'd married the old woman in order to make her less motherly, Santa couldn't break her of her one bad habit. She didn't tell him. She was ashamed to tell him. He found out for himself next Christmas when he went the round of the Shoe House stockings. From the day she'd become his wife she'd deceived him; she'd gone on collecting children and keeping no count. Things were just as bad as they'd ever been. He'd gained nothing by marrying her. He still hadn't provided enough presents for the Shoe House children. He had been her husband for a year now, so he felt free to speak to her with much more frankness.

" 'This has got to stop,' he said. 'I'm devoted to children. But enough's as good as a feast. There are limits, my dear.'

"Of course, she promised to obey him and really meant to keep her promise; but the very next day, when she heard of a child that wasn't wanted, she yielded to temptation.

What are menus for—if not to change?

Who wants to eat the same things day in, day out, all through the year? Half the fun of eating is in fitting one's menus to match the swing of the Seasons. Right now, the King of all Cool-Weather Desserts, old-fashioned Richardson & Robbins Plum Pudding, is lifting its steaming savory fragrance in thousands of dining rooms all over the land. Its nose-tingling, taste-tantalizing spiciness is a challenge to sluggard appetites. Not even the most confirmed diet-dallier can resist it.

Three generations in the Richardson & Robbins sunlit kitchens have compounded R & R Plum Pudding, following an old English recipe brought to this country many years ago. Perhaps you have some especially favored sauce to accompany this delectable dessert. If not, here is a recipe which brings out the goodness of the pudding and adds a delicious flavor of its own:

Beat two eggs until very light. Add gradually 1 cup of powdered sugar. Continue beating and flavor with ½ teaspoon of vanilla.

Grocers everywhere have R & R Plum Pudding on their shelves. Add it to your menu this coming week. See how it makes appetites, big and little, sit up and say, "Thank you!"

Richardson & Robbins

Established since 1855 in Dover, Del.

In using advertisements see page 6

"Dinner came back to life"

"GEORGE and I tried for two weeks to get along with coffee substitutes, but they were *so* cheerless. Finally George said we would *have* to go back to coffee.

"Luckily, at the grocer's that day, I said something about wishing coffee wouldn't keep you awake. The man told me about Kellogg's * Kaffee Hag Coffee. He said it was called the coffee that lets you sleep. 'Everybody likes it,' he said, 'because of its flavor. But the caffeine is taken out so it can't affect you.'

"Well, I served some that night. George was delighted! Said that good old coffee seemed to bring dinner back to life. After a week or so, he said, 'You know, Sally, we must have been wrong about coffee hurting us.'

"Then I told him that it was Kaffee Hag Coffee, and *couldn't* have any bad effects. I never saw him so surprised. He said that he liked Kaffee Hag Coffee better than our old brand."

Try Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is delicious, *real* coffee, rich and fragrant, but it will not affect sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, restaurants, dining-cars everywhere. Sold by all dealers. Packed in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve the aroma and flavor in all their original freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

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Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

(Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name_____

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE ★

The coffee that lets you sleep

Why Father Christmas Got Married

Santa found that it was useless to attempt to stop her. He became resigned to her oddity like any other husband. He even did his best to help her. When Shoe House became so packed that one couldn't squeeze in another cot, he let his own business go hang, while he built extensions to the toe and heel—bedrooms and always more bedrooms. Still more children arrived.

"'I can't resist them,' Mrs. Santa excused herself.

"He was at his wits' end, when he hit on a fortunate solution."

Nannie stirred, protesting weakly that the bath must be getting chilly.

"Let me tell him the solution," Daddy pleaded. "I'll make a bargain: while I finish, you can be taking off his shoes and stockings. Where was I? Ah, yes—a fortunate solution. He remembered that on Christmas Eve he sometimes made mistakes and went down the wrong chimneys—chimneys where he wasn't expected and where no one had prepared for his coming."

Nannie looked up from the little bare foot which she was holding in her hand.

"But, Monsieur, ees it possible? Can there be any such chimneys?"

"Quantities of them, my dear Nannie. There isn't a Christmas when Santa doesn't stumble on them. Chimneys which don't lead to nurseries; nurseries from which the children have vanished. Almost equally sad, nurseries which contain only one lonely child—not children."

"Like our nursery," Mac interrupted. "But you've got me awful excited. What was his solution?"

"Can't you guess, Doodles? 'My dear old lady,' he addressed Madam Santa, 'after centuries of trying, you've achieved your ambition: you have so many children you don't know what to do. Listen to wisdom, my pet; it's a lucky thing you married me.' Then he explained to her that there were thousands of chimneys on earth that would give their shirts, if chimneys have shirts, for only one small baby. 'What could be nicer,' he proposed, 'than a baby for Christmas? Let me give some of our babies away for Christmas presents?' "

"But not to anybody," the little boy pleaded eagerly. "Only to special people."

"Tremendously special," his father agreed. "Only to people like you and me, who would give our shirts to find a baby in our stocking tomorrow morning."

"Would you give your shirt, Daddy?"

"You bet I would, old chap."

THAT night Mackie dreamed about Shoe House in the forest. He seemed to be still dreaming when his daddy wakened him. It was broad daylight. His Nannie looked as though she hadn't been to bed; his daddy was arrayed in pajamas and a dressing-gown.

"Santa's been," his daddy grinned. "We'll examine your stockings later. He's left us a present quite out of the ordinary."

Mac was bundled in a blanket, and before he realized what was happening, found that he was being carried to his mummie's bedroom.

"Good morning, Mummie," he piped. "A merry Christmas."

Then he saw something so jolly that he could have wept for happiness; lying asleep in his mother's arms was the youngest thing on earth, a doll-like creature with the tiniest face and hands.

"What is it?" he whispered.

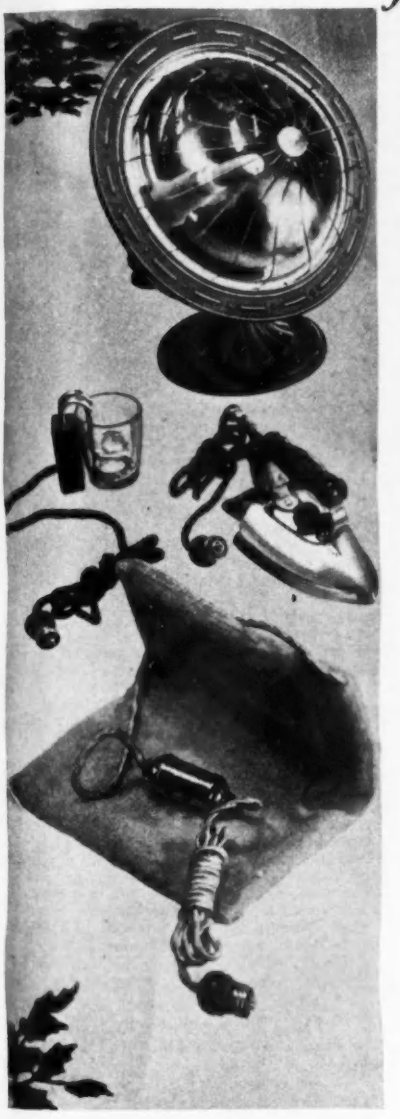
"Looks to me, Doodles, as though it might be a little sister."

He clutched his daddy rapturously.

"I'm so glad Santa got married. 'Cause if he hadn't—"

Daddy ruffled his silky hair. "If he hadn't, he couldn't have given us a Shoe House baby."

think of the Future as well as the present



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HERE, indeed, are gifts with a future. Whether you spend $5.00 or $50.00 for a Westinghouse Electric Appliance, you may be sure it will be enjoyed and appreciated long beyond the coming of another Christmas . . . and still another. Thus, for many years, it will reflect your thoughtfulness as a giver.

Yet these appliances are far more than utilitarian. The men who designed them have caught a certain resplendent beauty that makes them worthy to appear in any company, in any environment. It is this that adds so much to their desirability—making them such gifts as bring true pleasure to those who receive and the confidence of correct decision to those who give.

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Westinghouse Electrification
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The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

In using advertisements see page 6

Dozens of Different Desserts

So tempting—

Served plain or topped with sliced fruit, whipped cream, chopped nuts, or marshmallows, junket provides an endless variety of dessert delights!

So easily made—

—and so quickly. No cooking. Simply stir a package of Junket into a pint of milk that is barely lukewarm—*not hot.* Set and serve ice-cold.

So healthful—

Light and easily digested because of the enzymes* in Junket, these desserts are popular with every member of the family.

*ENZYME—the active principle provided by Nature in Junket which makes milk more easily digested and healthful.

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DELICIOUS DESSERTS

Flavored Junket—even easier and quicker than Junket Tablets—is sweetened, and may be had in six tempting pure flavors:

Vanilla Chocolate Lemon
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Please send me items checked below:

[ ] FREE Recipe Book of Delicious Desserts and Ice Creams.

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My Name_____

My Address_____

City_____ State_____

My Grocer_____

His Address_____

Alibi

(*Continued from page 63*)

thing enough. I'm boss here, see? When I want your help, I'll ask for it."

He clapped on his cap and stamped from the dwelling, slamming the door behind him so violently that the rifle, standing in the corner, slid and clattered to the floor. The constable crossed the room and set it upright, slowly, elaborately, conscious of Tower's steady regard. When he straightened again, he wore his innocent unconcern so blatantly that his host, motioning him to the now laden table, chuckled aloud.

"Draw up, Homer," he invited, "and rest your guilty conscience."

"I dunno," the other demurred, complying, "as I got a bit of appetite, Johnny."

"You will have when you've confessed. It's good for the stomach," Tower comforted. "These Dotys are moonshiners, eh?"

"How—who—?" the constable fumbled.

His host, pouring coffee, completed: "How did I know? I'm a semi-resident of these savage parts myself. Furthermore, I'd judge from your look of misery that the Dotys aren't going to think well of you for letting the state police visit them. Eh?"

Holloway moaned faintly and fortified himself by a long draft from his cup.

"Not," the other pursued tantalizingly, "to horn in on your private and sinful affairs, Homer, but it isn't possible that you—a representative of the law—have been winking at the nefarious practices of the Dotys at so much per wink? I'm pained, Homer. I am indeed."

His guest's ruddy and innocent face wore a look of shamed truculence. "Fust place," he retorted thickly, for embarrassment was impelling him to wolf his food, "I ain't constable over to Mead. What they do there ain't none of my business. 'N' more'n' that, I ain't apologizin' to nobody, Johnny. Them boys make good liquor, spite of the gosh-dinged law. I ain't never goin' to support no such legislation."

"And you a constable," Tower deplored.

"Constable or no constable," the other insisted doggedly, "I got independence. Born in me. Two ancestors, mebby more, was violatin' the law of the land when they took part in the Boston Tea Party. Great Gran'ther Holloway turned his back upon the law when he run fugitive slaves into Canady. Bad blood I got in my veins, Johnny."

HIS stout defense weakened; worry re-creased his forehead. "Alla same," he confessed, "I hope that corporal don't go up to the Dotys'. Adoniram was awful suspicious this morning, 'n' if he was to think I'd set the state cops on him—"

He inhaled coffee with a grisly sound. "He's a killer when he gits riled. 'Twasn't his henhouse Gordon was nigh. 'Twas his still. That's why he shot."

"Better gallop back and warn them," his host suggested.

The constable shook his head, glanced toward the door and, not satisfied with scrutiny, crossed the room on tiptoe and opened it, momentarily admitting a chill puff of wind and a spatter of rain. Returning to the table, he considered his mildly amused companion and then spoke in a low voice.

"If that Haddonfield hadn't washed his hands of me all over again," he confided, "I'd ha' told him something more. Now, by gum, I'm goin' to look into it myself. I'm goin' to the airport at Madison, Johnny."

"Trailing the murderer through the air?" Tower jeered. "Going to look for footprints on the clouds?"

"Suthin' like that," the other admitted with a weak grin, but his eyes were excited. "The Dotys," he added, sinking his voice still lower, "heard a plane go over, just about dark, last night, headin' Boston way, but—" He paused, and his grip upon knife and fork grew so tight that they quivered. "But they say it sounded like it changed direction 'n' swung away to the north."

His little eyes peered at his companion, expecting reaction. Tower only shrugged and said,

"Well, we know where it landed, don't we?"

Holloway checked his impulsive speech, hesitated, and then shook his head. "Ain't any chance," he asked carefully, "that this here Mortimer was a government agent or anything like that?"

"No," Tower disclaimed. "I should say not. Quite the opposite."

The constable scraped abstractedly with his fork at the egg stain on his plate and achieved decision. "Guess," he announced, "I won't tell even you till I find out if there's a chance of it. Sounds just too gosh-dinged crazy. Sweet sufferin' spirits, Johnny, you never put nothin' wilder into them books of yourn."

"Lots of things," Tower returned, "happen that are too impossible for fiction."

"I guess mebby," the other returned, pushing back his chair. "Know anything about aireyoplanes, Johnny?"

"They fly," the other offered. "Across the Atlantic—sometimes. That's about all."

"You fly?" the constable puffed, cramming himself into his coat.

"Never been up," Tower said, coming to his rescue. "What's all the mystery about, Homer? You're too fat to act like Nick Carter."

"Tell you," the other muttered, "when I git back from the airport. If I've guessed right—sweet suffering spirits!"

CHAPTER XI

THE car that bore Corporal Haddonfield and Trooper Berry crawled up a rain-flogged, mud-cursed road, dropped with a gasp of exhaustion from second into first speed, and halted at last before a trail branching steeply uphill away from the main track.

The corporal, at the wheel, peered unsatisfactorily through the small semi-circle kept clear on the glass by the wagging of the windshield wiper, grumbled, opened the door beside him, and thrust forth his head.

Drops spattered loudly on his cap and stung his face. Thrust onward by the quickening wind, the slanting lances of the rain rode fast across the dark of the mountainside. From the mud of their present thoroughfare in which the tires slowly were immersing themselves, Haddonfield looked dubiously at the boulder-cluttered ruin of a road angling off to the left.

"Must be it, eh?" he asked his companion, but before Berry could reply, the corporal stiffened and queried again: "Gosh. Smell that?"

The wind bore on its cold gusts something more than the scent of sodden grass and liquefying earth—a raw, acrid odor and, with it, a rasp of wood smoke.

"Smell it?" Haddonfield reiterated. "A still, by all that's holy, and going full blast. So that's why that hick constable didn't want us to come up here, eh?"

He considered with narrow eyes the quarter of the wind. It blew down across a hill looming indefinite and clouded in the uneasy blur of the storm. For a long moment, the corporal dwelt luxuriously on reprisal for Holloway's earlier, intrusive energy and then muttered commands to his seat mate.

They left the car standing beside the branching trail and went cautiously back the way they had come, keeping in the lee of a bank crowned with the remnants of a stone wall, until at length, where the trees of the slope ran down more thickly to the road, they crept up into the woodland.

Haddonfield paused frequently to sniff, as they scrambled on, the sopping earth deadening the sound of their progress, until the wind, that roared in uneven spurts through the foliage above, brought once again the fuller-flavored, more imminent savor of the boiling mash.

Alibi

By gesture the corporal called his companion's attention to the close-massed dark green of a clump of firs. A denser haze than that cast by the rain seeped through its boughs, and as they stole closer they heard the thin clatter of burning sticks, the tinny thump of a pail, the mumble of voices.

The policemen parted and in either direction circled the fir clump, seeking an opening, and Haddonfield, almost before he was aware, emerged from concealment into view of two soaked, shabby men bustling about a blackened copper still that squatted lopsidedly upon its stone foundation. So meek they seemed, so draggled and depressed by rain, that he stepped forward briskly with no expectation of resistance.

"You boys seem pretty busy," he said.

His conversational comment stunned like a thunderbolt. The pair looked up, incredulous. Eyes, rolling whitely in smoke-stained, stubbled faces, regarded the jeeringly triumphant intruder who stood with raincoat thrust back and thumbs hooked into his gun belt. Haddonfield chuckled.

Elmer, the smaller figure, continued to hold a dipper half raised to his mouth. Adoniram, shag-haired, pop-eyed, gaped where he squatted before the fire, hatchet in hand and a pile of freshly split wood beside him. Their utter paralysis stirred mockery in the corporal.

"So you're the pair that have the alibi for Ashley?" he reflected cynically aloud. "Holloway said—"

"Holloway," Adoniram repeated as though he drove his teeth into the name.

He continued squatting, but the laxness of surprise had left his body. The meeker figure of Elmer stiffened, watching him.

"Constable Holloway," Haddonfield derided.

A twig snapped beyond the firs.

He called, "I got 'em," and at the crackle of boughs where Berry thrust his way through the thicket, the shabby tableau before the corporal exploded.

The crouching man leaped up, his arm held high. At his snarl and movement Haddonfield instinctively ducked. The flung hatchet whirled a hand'sbreadth over his head and shattered its haft against a rock beyond. In the wake of the missile Adoniram charged. Off balance, the corporal went down before him, reaching for his revolver. His assailant kicked him solidly, stamped the pistol out of his hand and into the loam, and fled.

The smaller man dived like a rabbit into the thicket. Berry, bursting through, marked his flight and plunged after. The corporal, retching from the blow of Adoniram's heavy boot, rose slowly while the crashing and manifold twig-snapping of the pursuit ended abruptly with a squeal of woe and Berry's triumphant shout.

The trooper reappeared, while Haddonfield clung, gasping, to a sapling. Berry was scratched and his uniform torn, but he dragged along by the collar an even more spectacularly dismantled captive.

THE corporal gasped, "You're Elmer Doty?" to the prisoner, who only quaked and wiped a bleeding nose upon his sleeve.

"Where's the other?" Berry panted.

Haddonfield retrieved his cap and pulled his revolver out of the earth before he replied: "Ran past me—or through me—I'm not quite sure which. Adoniram that was, eh?" he asked the captive, who continued mutinously silent.

"Well," the corporal shrugged, "suit yourself. You'll have plenty of time to talk, where we're taking you. Bring him along, Berry. The house must be just over the hill."

He followed the path that ran through sopping laurel over the crest and down its far slope. Elmer trotted behind, and Berry trod at his captive's heels. They emerged upon the abject disorder of the clearing. Haddonfield halted the little procession to test his revolver before advancing upon the house that sat woebegone in the downpour.

The dwelling was deserted. Chill gusts came through the open front door and shouldered out the heat of the dying fire. There was fresh mud on the littered floor, and on the table an empty cartridge box.

"Hum," the corporal commented. "Blew in and right out again. Took a .30-30 with him, too."

He dropped the box into his pocket and turned to Berry.

"We better go back and get that still," he decided, "and take it and this baby in."

ELI AVERY, plodding dismally from the kitchen toward the barns, face averted from the lash of the rain, marked where Gordon and Cynthia sat in a porch hammock on the otherwise deserted veranda and headed for the steps with the unfortunate's yearning to share his grief.

He clumped up the steps and wiped the rain from his eyes, his long face furrowed, his voice hollow with unwilling resignation.

"Wal," he offered, "it's like I said. Won't be nobody left here in a couple of days, if this keeps up. Rain's bad enough without murders an' such. Miss Butterfield, Miss Bletts, they're leavin' this afternoon. Can't think of spendin' another night in this place, after all that's been happenin'. They was goin' to stay till mid-October, too. Now they've started, rest of 'em'll foller like a flock of sheep, ding it all."

"Tough," Gordon commented.

The girl nodded confirmation. Eli addressed her with a martyred grin.

"Couldn't wait another minute. Had to phone to Madison to get a car to take 'em down. Holloway's gone a'ready. If he'd waited till afternoon, he'd had company 'n' got paid for his trip."

"What's he gone for?" Ashley asked, smothering a yawn.

Avery gave a gesture of resignation. "Somethin' to do with this dinged murder, I guess. Wouldn't say what, but went pilin' away 'fore I could start askin' him."

"Murder, eh?" the other man repeated thoughtfully. "I wonder what now."

He rolled a cigarette between his fingers and considered the faint, storm-veiled outline of the nearest hills.

"Don't ask me," Eli despaired. "I don't know, an' he wouldn't tell. He was all het up about them state cops. Thinks mebby they gone over to the Dotys' 'n' there'll be trouble. They're mean folks to bother with, them Dotys. I guess you know that, Gordon."

"I'm grateful to them at that," the tall young man grinned.

Eli nodded acknowledgment. " 'Twas Homer dug that up, wasn't it, eh—that alibi?" He continued defensively: "Them state police don't want to disregard Homer. He's smart's a steel trap, Homer is. He might find this murderer right under their noses. Wish to goodness he would! Mebby we'd have a little peace."

He turned upon Cynthia, whose slender foot, braced against a post, rocked the hammock, and grinned sourly when she smiled.

" 'S'pose," he challenged, "you 'n' Miss Kent'll be goin' next, eh?"

"Me?" the girl retorted, indignation brightening her face. "Not on a bet, old-timer! You couldn't chase me away till this thing is cleared up."

"Nor me," Gordon agreed solemnly. "Corporal Hoozis particularly asked me not to go."

Avery's gesture railed against fate. "My gosh," he deplored over his shoulder, as he set out again for the barns, "with all the craziness that's gone on in the last few days, who ain't suspect?"

"John Tower, apparently," Gordon threw after him in a voice that slid smoothly from a hard mouth.

Avery squelched away without reply. The

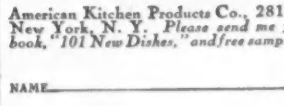
"STEERO" SECRETS

A time-saver for that HASTY LUNCH

NO DAY is long enough for a busy housewife. Morning hours particularly fly by so fast that lunch time is upon you before you know it. Ah! that's when "STEERO" bouillon cubes come to the rescue. As a quick hot drink, a tasty "pick-me-up"—that's one way. As a flavoring to give new zest to left-overs—that's another. Really, these magical cubes *transform* everyday dishes, help you to serve that "something new" without extra fussing and bother.

Yes, even sandwich spreads can be given new zest by the simple addition of "STEERO" bouillon cubes. And sauces. And salads. Aspics. Egg dishes. There are literally 101 new dishes awaiting every woman who introduces herself to the menu magic of "STEERO" bouillon cubes. We'll gladly do our part, send you free samples of the cubes to try and a book-ful of tested recipes if you'll but fill out and mail the coupon. Why not find out in your own kitchen how really helpful these cubes can be?

"101 new dishes" and samples of "STEERO" bouillon cubes FREE



Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes.

G. H.-12

American Kitchen Products Co., 281 Water Street, New York, N. Y. *Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.*

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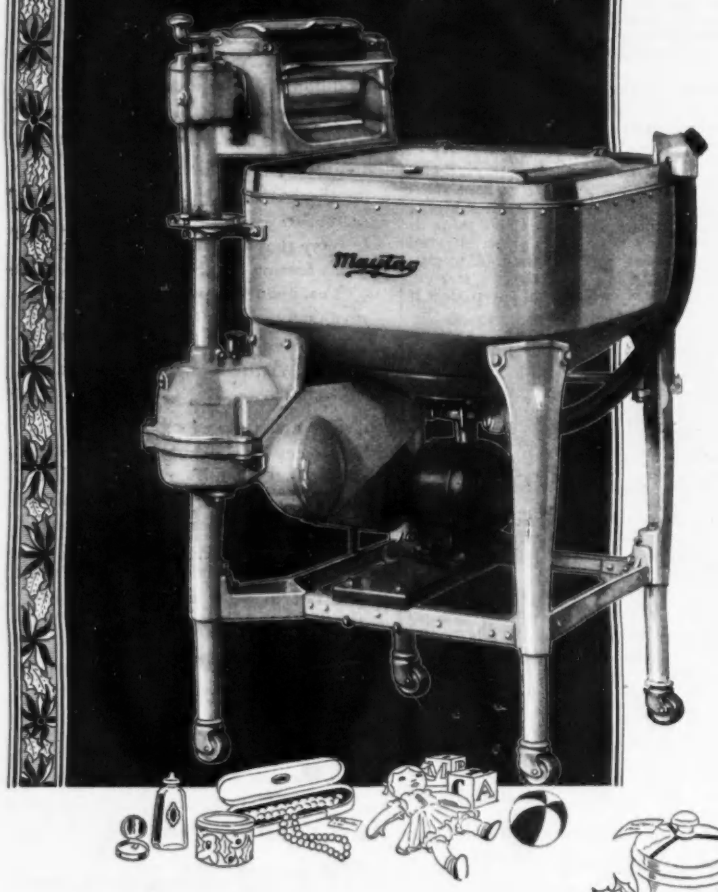
This offer not good in Canada

In using advertisements see page 6

A Gift OF EVER-RECURRING HELPFULNESS



IN addition to the little gifts of sentiment that link Christmas Tide with friendships and happy remembrances, let there be one outstanding, practical gift . . . . a gift that will benefit the whole family for years and years. Let the Maytag bring happier, easier washdays.

The nearest dealer will send a Maytag on approval. If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it. Deferred payments arranged if you wish.

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet-"Better Methods of Home Laundering."

THE MAYTAG COMPANY
Newton, Iowa
Founded 1893

Maytag
ALUMINUM WASHER

Alibi

squeak of the hammock, the endless liquid sigh of the storm, were the only sounds. Ashley felt Cynthia's eyes upon him before he turned his head. Reproach glittered in the dark eyes under level brows and straightened the vivid tenderness of her lips.

"Cynthia," he said quickly, "each time I look at you, it's harder to look at anything else. I'm just plumb cockeyed mad about—"

"Wait a minute," she said quietly. "What was the idea in bringing that up—about Johnny, I mean?"

Ardor deserted him, and in its place appeared a sharp vindictiveness. "No idea," he returned. "Just fact. My cousin has been so busy keeping himself out of this that, of course, he's pushed me in deeper. I couldn't help hitting back."

"How has he pushed you in deeper?" she asked. "You're cleared, aren't you, Gordon?"

"For the moment," he conceded sulkily. "No one knows what Holloway and Tower are cooking up."

Her voice was brittle. "That's unfair. I don't believe he spoke about you to any one but me."

"And, of course," he retorted, his face suddenly pinched and older, "you're not the person he'd prefer to have suspect me, eh?"

"You're sore," she accused, "because you found us together this morning, aren't you? I don't know what you heard, but I spoke about you, not he, and he offered to help in any way he could. It didn't please him to have you suspected."

"Didn't it?" Gordon asked in a tight voice. "I'm not so sure."

He met her straight regard with sullen defiance. Her face was severely thoughtful.

"That's not like you, Gordon," she considered aloud. "You know Johnny as well as I do. You used to like him as much. He's a crab—or pretends to be—but he's pretty fine, too. You've said yourself that you owe him a lot."

"I'm paying it off," he replied with a wry smile.

"Yes," she agreed stonily. "You've said that once before. Now, suppose in fairness to Johnny and yourself you tell me what you mean by it. Who's pushing suspicion on whom now, Gordon?"

HE CLASPED his hands about a knee and regarded the murky distance with puckered eyes for a long minute. The hard impassiveness of his features broke. Appeal and apology and a sudden resolution were in his expression. "I can trust you, of course." It was a statement rather than a query. "No one but you and I must ever know, Cynthia. You defend Tower and think I'm trying to trip him up. Very well. Now, listen:"

He drew closer and lowered his voice. "I've kept something back. When I've told you, there'll be only two persons in the world who know. Mortimer did come here to see me on business, but not the business I've pretended. He had found a new will of Uncle Seabrook's."

She started so suddenly that he laid a calming hand upon her arm.

"There's nothing to be frightened about. Under the earlier will Mortimer was to receive twenty-five thousand dollars, Johnny ten thousand. The new will was identical with the old, except that Mortimer was left fifty thousand and Johnny—nothing. Understand?"

She only nodded, looking at him with a fixed intensity.

"Mortimer flew here to consult with me about it," he continued. "We were to talk it over the afternoon he was killed. I'd decided to promise him sixty thousand instead of fifty, if he'd forget he ever found the new will. You see, I wasn't as unfair to Johnny as you think, Cynthia."

I see," she said at length. "And the will, where is it?"

He shrugged. "That's the trouble," he replied unwillingly. "Mortimer had it. I never saw it. He was to bring it to Cold River with

...SO SHE TURNS OFF THE BIG CLEANER

AND TURNS ON THE SMALL ONE...

TRUST the modern woman to find the *most efficient* way to clean house. Witness the way she greeted the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit! A new idea, six months ago . . . today, a by-word in thousands of homes for speedy and sanitary cleaning!

No ordinary attachments to bother with! The Premier Electric Cleaning Unit provides a cleaner for the rugs and carpets, and a separate handy cleaner that hustles through the amazing little tasks.

The marvelous Spic-Span makes this possible. This handy little cleaner was created for women desiring a *simpler* method of home cleaning. The Spic-Span not only does the work of attachments but does it *thoroughly and quickly.*

The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds and plugs into any electric socket. It comes with a wonderful deodorizer and a blower . . . applies moth repellent . . . banishes odors . . . freshens stuffy closets . . . cleans, purifies and preserves mattresses, clothes, upholstery . . . without the use of ordinary attachments!

2 ELECTRIC CLEANERS FOR ALMOST THE PRICE OF ONE

Used in combination with either the Premier Junior or the Premier Duplex, the Spic-Span gives you a complete electric cleaning unit for every purse and purpose . . . a marvelous cleaning team that shortens your housework by hours and puts the utmost degree of sanitation into every cleaning task.

Free Demonstration. The Spic-Span may, of course, be purchased separately.

Premier Floor Polisher Accessory

You'll be interested in the New Premier Floor Polisher Accessory, too. Gives a glistening, smooth, electric lustre. Polishes waxed floors like new, whether wood, linoleum or tile. It will amaze you!

Replaces the revolving brush when used for floor polishing.

★ Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

(*Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.*) Dept. 312, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by branches of The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company in all leading cities. ¶Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices Toronto. ¶Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Company, Inc., Schenectady, New York.

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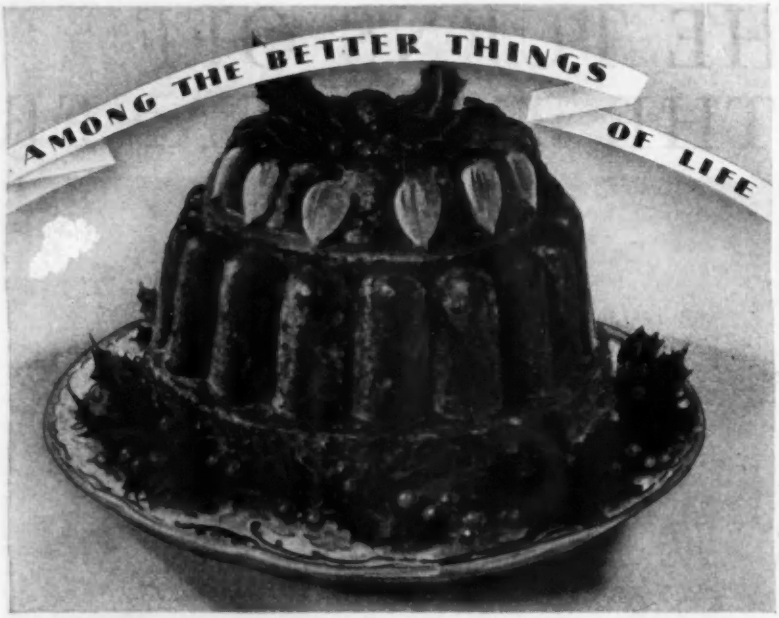


PLUM PUDDING...CANDIES and...BE MERRY!

Make the old Holiday favorites in a new *way*. Serve a Plum Pudding that would make Old England jealous! Made with chocolate, raisins, currants, dates and other fancies, it is rich in all that human appetite can crave—yet it is so light and healthful that the youngest or oldest guest at the table can digest it with comfort. Try it—and the Candies, too—most delicious and wholesome Candies that ever sweetened the Holiday spirit.

Because Knox Sparkling Gelatine is always the highest quality gelatine, not ready mixed with coloring, flavoring or sweetening, it can be used for *all* purposes: Puddings, Salads, Aspics, Meat or Fish Loaves, Mousses, Sponges, Pies, Sherbets, Ice Creams. Order a package from your grocer—each package makes four different desserts or salads, six generous servings of each. Send the coupon below for Mrs. Knox's new Cook Book.

CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING

(6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1/4 cup currants
1 cup milk 2 egg whites 1 square chocolate
1/4 cup nuts 1/2 cup sugar Few grains salt
1/4 teaspoonful vanilla 1/3 cup dates
1/2 cup seeded raisins

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce. Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

KNOX DAINTIES

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in the cold water about five minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add three tablespoonfuls lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract. To the other part add one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Pour into bread tins, which have been dipped in cold water, to the depth of three-fourths inch, and let stand overnight. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar. Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Write for Special Recipes for Christmas Candies

★ **KNOX** *is the real* **GELATINE**

A NEW SURPRISE FOR YOUR KITCHEN LIBRARY

Please send me a copy of your new recipe book. (Write your name and address in the margin giving grocer's name and mail to Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 140 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.)

Alibi

him. Whoever—killed him took it, Cynthia."

"Oh, no!" she cried, appeal in her voice.

He raised his eyebrows. "What else?" he asked. "And there's the motive the police have been rummaging around for."

She twisted her fingers cruelly and forced herself to ask, "Johnny—did he know about this—will?"

"Not from me," he returned. "It may be that he met Mortimer and they quarreled, and Mortimer—No, I don't believe it. I can't believe it."

"Why," she proposed, "don't you ask Johnny?" Her voice overrode his stare, his gesture of negation. "I mean it," she pursued. "Go to him and ask him, Gordon. Put your cards on the table. Ask him to. That's what a friend would do, isn't it? It's what you'll do, if you're the square-shooter I think you are."

Her eyes were soft and urgent now. He caught her hand in both his.

"Cynthia," he stammered, "there's nothing in this world I wouldn't do if you asked me, dear. I love you so, Cynthia. I want you more each minute. Please, Cynthia. Don't be so frozen with—"

"Look," she said, pulling away from him.

A mud-dappled car lurched into the yard. Its door opened, and Corporal Haddonfield was staring toward them.

Gordon swore softly beneath his breath, as the state policeman climbed out and approached.

"Where," he demanded with an impersonal nod, stepping in out of the downpour, "is the constable?" There was a zestful menace in the query.

"Gone to Madison," Ashley replied uncordially. "Why?"

"I want to see that baby." There was threat in Haddonfield's eyes.

"You've arrested some one?" Cynthia asked, marking Berry and his seatmate.

"Yes," the corporal agreed. "Your alibi," he said to Gordon, "or half of it. And the still we've brought along is the reason he shot at you. Those Dotys are moonshiners, and I've more than a suspicion that Holloway's in with 'em."

From the barn, Eli and Swanson came hurrying. Within the hotel voices sounded, then feet upon the stair, as the patrons, scenting sensation, rushed from their rooms and poured out upon the porch. In the babble and fluttering Cynthia spoke earnestly to Gordon.

"Will you do as I asked?" she begged.

He hesitated and then nodded his head.

CHAPTER XII

DINNER at the Outlook Hotel was a distracting and dyspepsia-inspiring ordeal. In the kitchen whence the flustered Mrs. Avery and the excitement-intoxicated Matilda emerged at intervals to serve food vaguely among the agitated patrons, the troopers ate heartily, with the mute and apprehensive figure of Elmer Doty slumped in a chair between them. He ignored the plate of food set before him, thereby quickening in Mrs. Avery indignation that melted into pity when she glimpsed the fright in his pale eyes.

Holloway did not return. Haddonfield and his companions departed at length, Avery predicting that they would meet the constable on the road or else find him in Madison.

"Tell him, if we do miss him," the corporal bade as he settled himself behind the wheel, "that I'll be back to see him this evening."

The hotel relapsed into its accustomed after-dinner somnolence more slowly and uneasily than usual, for in their adjoining rooms the Misses Bletts and Butterfield completed their packing, pausing frequently to assure each other that fear had nothing to do with their departure, while in other chambers their colleagues discussed this defection with disapproval that crept imperceptibly toward envy.

Gray sky, gray flickering lines of rain, and a wind that keened ominously about corners

MODERN GIFTS THAT LAST FOR YEARS

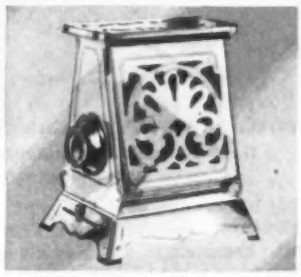
***Automatic* Hotpoint**
"Florentine" Urn Set

A charming coffee set of matchless grace in form and ornament. Picture the joy when *this* gift is unwrapped! Its beauty will be preserved by gleaming **Hotpoint Chromeplate** — the enduring finish—and its long years of use safeguarded by its CALROD element and Super-Automatic Thermal Protector. Makes 9 cups of wonderful Hotpoint HOT-drip coffee. In Chromeplate, $48.00. Nickel finish, $38.50.

There are *many* models of Hotpoint percolators and sets from which you can choose. Prices from $8.45 to $65.00. All make most delicious, full-flavored, fragrant coffee by the exclusive HOT-drip method.

Hotpoint "Ambassador" Waffle Iron

A glorious surprise awaits the one who receives this beautiful gift. In the package is a book of "52 Recipes," including cookies, shortcakes, sandwiches, corn cake and a variety of waffles. All can be made right at the table. Finished in untarnishing Hotpoint Chromeplate, with mottled green handles, $18.50. Another model in Hotpoint Chromeplate is $12.50. Others, $9.45 and $15.00. All have the practically indestructible Hotpoint CALROD element.



Hotpoint 2-Slice *Automatic* Toaster with the new Toast-Over Knob

This gleaming gift will say "Tell me how you like your toast and I'll make it for you *perfectly* every time—without watching, without burning." Merely put in two large slices of bread, set the adjustable time control, and forget it. The toast will be done exactly right, *automatically*. The new Toast-Over Knob is a marvelous convenience. Just a twist of the wrist turns two slices at once. Finished in Hotpoint Chromeplate, $9.75. Other models are $3.95, $5.00, $6.50, $8.00, and $9.00.

What Mother Really Wants

A Hotpoint *Automatic* Electric Range
"The Electric Maid for Modern Mothers"

Here's the great gift of gifts for wife or mother—for your *own* home. This *modern* Hotpoint automatic electric range. It will bake or roast for her *scientifically*, better than she ever thought possible, without the slightest attention on her part. She is *free* from the kitchen while the meals are cooking. And think of sootless cooking utensils, never to need scouring! Just pure, clean, *fast* heat at the turn of a switch. This is the fastest, most economical electric range ever made. Finished in white porcelain enamel with gray trim and untarnishing **Hotpoint Chromeplate.** Equipped with the Hotpoint Thrift Cooker, HI-SPEED CALROD unit, automatic temperature control and patented Smokeless Broiler. The new combination clock and automatic timer may be added at a small extra cost. Ask your electric company for full information and their special Christmas offer.

HERE are gifts to delight the modern woman's heart. She'll take pride in their beauty . . . and joy in the daily convenience they afford.

These lovely gifts will keep fresh the memory of your thoughtfulness and affection every day for years to come. For these modern, electrical gifts bear the treasured name "Hotpoint," assurance of enduring beauty and faithful service.

Only a few Hotpoint gift suggestions are shown here. Your electric company or dealer will be glad to show you many others. You'll find that there are beautiful, useful and *lasting* Hotpoint gifts at prices to meet every allowance on your Christmas list.

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Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
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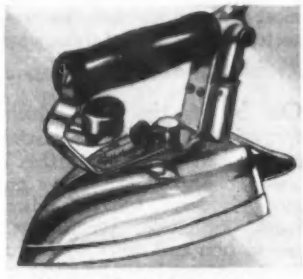

Hotpoint Super *Automatic* Iron, "The Iron with a Brain."

Tell it what heat you want, by setting the throttle, and it automatically *keeps* at that heat—low, medium, high or *any* heat between. Thus it protects your garments. It irons faster, for you never need wait for it to heat up or cool down. It also has the comfortable Thumb Rest, Hinged Plug, Heel Stand and practically indestructible CALROD element. Untarnishing **Hotpoint Chromeplate.** $8.80.

When Age Chuckles

"YOU are the youngest looking grandfather I ever saw. What's the secret?" "My dear, two things. The good health that I have worked for and won—and a keen interest in life. With books, music, sports, travel, inventions—each day brings something new. I want to see what will follow the telephone, radio, automobile, aircraft—what electricity will do next. . ."

No longer do scientists accept the idea of a fixed "span of life". They know that the average length of life is longer in some countries than in others. They know that babies fare more safely in the world—that people everywhere face fewer dangers today from contagious and other diseases.

While the average length of life has increased by 10 years since 1901, the improvement has been achieved mainly among the younger ages, leaving as our most pressing problem the protection of the lives of those who have passed middle age.

One by one the perils which formerly caused untimely deaths are being conquered. "Witches" are not burned nowadays to stop plagues. On the other hand, sanitation, vaccination, inoculation and other scientific means are employed to prevent most of them.

People are learning the effect of fresh air, sunshine, cleanliness, proper breathing and exercise, sleep and a well-balanced diet.

An annual medical examination for the discovery and correction of physical impairments before they have progressed too far to be remedied will help keep the body sound.

In the United States and Canada there are more than 2,500,000 people between 70 and 80 years of age; more than 600,000 between 80 and 90; fifty-odd thousand between 90 and 100; and about 5,000 past the century mark.

The person who plans wisely to live to a happy and ripe old age never forgets that the mind is a powerful influence and that physical troubles are apt to follow a morbid viewpoint.

The world is tingling today with promise of future marvels even more wonderful than those we now know. Live to enjoy them.

* * *

You will find that the Metropolitan booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life", will help. Ask for Booklet 129-G. Mailed free.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Alibi

were not antidotes for apprehension. Gordon, himself, pacing the veranda, derived little encouragement therefrom. He marched stubbornly back and forth, hoping that Cynthia might come to join him. She did not appear, and at length, with sudden determination, he entered the hall, donned raincoat and hat, and went with the haste of nervousness down the forest-bound trench of mud and rock into which the one-time road to the Burrow slowly was relapsing.

TOWER, seated at his typewriter, still wore the scowl of exasperation that had accompanied his response to Gordon's rapping.

"Oh," said he, paused and added: "Shut the door. There's more than enough wind blows into this shack anyway."

Gordon awkwardly complied, stripped off his raincoat, and laid it over a chair, while Tower watched him with eyes raking upward beneath lowered brows, impersonal yet vigilant. Under the gray stare his cousin fidgeted and glowered. Ashley's big body fretted as though it stood in sub-zero cold. His voice, when he broke the animosity-steeped silence, held a trace of bluster.

"I've come down to talk to you," he managed and met the other's regard with faintly belligerent eyes.

"Have you?" Tower asked smoothly.

His stare probed and pried at the other's flushed face. There was calm insolence in his voice, far less easy for Ashley to parry than his open affront. The sharply-honed, studious face above the black glitter of the typewriter was a curtain dropped between the visitor and whatever thought occupied his host's mind. Gordon felt hope of drawing aside this barrier diminish. Above the multitudinous drumming of rain on the roof, wind whimpered in crannies, and Deborah stirred raspingly in her tub.

"Sit down," said Tower.

His cousin found himself complying with the nervous haste of a little boy in the principal's room. He cleared his throat, hesitated, and his face twitched into an uncertain grin.

"You and I don't understand each other," he blundered.

"Don't we?" Tower's question slid smoothly along a well-oiled groove. "What makes you so sure?"

His chill promptitude disorganized his cousin still further. Gordon swallowed the anger that stirred beneath consciousness of his own fatuity, and bit his lip. He went forward doggedly.

"Because I have thought—certain things about you. You believe the same things of me, presumably. We can't both be right. Isn't it possible that our suspicions would cancel each other, if—"

His voice ran down as though he appreciated the vanity of talking to a bust of gray marble. Tower thoughtfully jiggled the space bar, and his machine stuttered.

"What things, for instance?" he countered.

Anger stirred in Gordon again at the other's persistent hostility. He quelled an impulse to rise and leave, and instead leaned forward in his chair, big hands gripping its arms.

"Mortimer's murder," he blurted, directly assailing his cousin's curtained isolation.

The space bar was silent. The faintest flicker of interest lightened Towers' regard. "Oh," he said.

In his voice Gordon thought he detected trace of curiosity. The big man stumbled on, his face unwontedly earnest.

"Can't we," he asked, "go over this thing step by step together and perhaps make sense out of it? I mean, Johnny, can't we overlook everything except facts—forget what Mortimer did or didn't do, or what you think I did with him or to him—let that go for the present and, well—swap our suspicions of each other and see how they total up as far as this killing is concerned? You think I did it, don't you?"

Tower's eyelids flickered. He made no further answer.

Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot of Park Avenue, New York

Mary and Antoinette Pinchot

Healthy.... happy — and guarded by this simple care

Antoinette Pinchot, at five, is blonde, blue eyed and hilarious. Mary, who is nine, is taller, darker—and equally merry

They're a jolly pair, with wide and friendly smiles—the little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot. Both youngsters are outdoor girls. In blue chinchilla coats, they ice-skate in Central Park. Or, gingham clad in autumn days, whizz on rollers in the Mall. When school is out they ride and swim, garden and play tennis at their summer home in Milford.

Their father goes through a simple set of exercises with them every evening. Famous child specialists laid out their diet program and their mother watches it with care.

Antoinette's "latest favorite book" is "Millions of Cats." She loves animals—and is afraid of nothing

Each little girl begins her day with the *hot, cooked* cereal which authorities consider ideal—Cream of Wheat.

"The children started eating Cream of Wheat when they were babies," says Mrs. Pinchot. "It is an accepted part of their health building routine."

When Mary and Antoinette make short work of their bowls of Cream of Wheat they're doing just what leading child specialists advise. Recently, 221 members of recognized medical societies in four great cities went on record in unanimous approval of Cream of Wheat.

They stress its high carbohydrate content, so rich in energy, and its quick digestibility.

Start your children out ready for the day ahead. Give them a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Mary rides and swims with perfect form. In the summer the children almost live outdoors

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FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their hot, cooked cereal. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

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Name of child .....

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To get sample Cream of Wheat check here .....

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CREAM OF WHEAT

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Save... *your skin and you*

Save... *your youth!*

YOUR skin holds the magic key to youth, and precaution is the safety lock against the ravages of years... Time quickly traces aging lines in your face — around your eyes, your mouth, your chin. Hands grow wrinkled, withered, shrivelled.

Save your skin and you save your youth. Save it—with Frostilla. A few drops patted on daily will keep it soft, supple, lovely, white and young.

When strenuous weather . . . keen winds . . . hard water . . . have played their pranks—and left their legacy of chapped lips, "starched" hands, a roughened complexion, then you will appreciate Frostilla.

Frostilla's soothing touch is swift benediction. Away goes the smart, the redness. Instead—a radiant glow, a silken skin—a skin that feels young and helps you look it!

Frostilla's blue-labelled bottle is beautiful

Large, generous-quantity boudoir bottles of Frostilla are 50c and $1 at all drug and dept. stores in the U. S. and Canada. Better class 5-and-10c. stores offer a handy 10c size. Mail orders filled on receipt of price. The Frostilla Co., Elmira, New York and Toronto, Can. (Sales Rep. Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N. Y.)

FROSTILLA

SAVES YOUR SKIN

December 1929 Good Housekeeping

Alibi

His cousin grinned appealingly. "Sure you do," he exclaimed. "And I've adequate reason for thinking you—know more about it than you've told. Am I right, Johnny?"

"Possibly," the other granted. "Just what are you trying to pump out of me, Gordon?"

His query cut. The other reddened, and the chair creaked loudly as he flinched. He said at length, with determined calm:

"I can't be as offensive as you can, John. There's no use in my entering an insult contest with you. I'm licked before I start. I'll concede that. We squabbled this morning. I'm not going to fight with you this afternoon. If you care to lay your cards out, I'll put mine face up. Otherwise I might as well haul myself out of here. It's up to you."

"All right," Tower agreed astoundingly. "Go ahead."

THE quick return seemed to throw Gordon off balance. He groped. "You mean that?"

"I do," his cousin confirmed, his voice still provokingly skeptical. "Go ahead. Lay them face up. I'll match you card for card."

Ashley drew a long breath and straightened in his chair. "Very well," he acknowledged and launched upon a brief synopsis of the story Haddonfield already had drawn from him, appending to its conclusion news of the arrest of Elmer Doty.

Tower heard the last with an obvious quickening of interest that failed as his cousin shrugged and said,

"That's all."

"I see," he mused aloud. "Fair exchange, Gordon. That's what you suggested, wasn't it? Very well."

He recited with a dry irony his movements on the afternoon of Mortimer's death. When he ended, there was a pale mockery in his eyes.

Gordon shrugged and laughed helplessly. "Which leaves us," he commented, "just where we started."

"What else did you expect?" Tower asked, his lean face stirred by scorn. "You've told the truth, and I've told the truth—as far as either of us went."

"I don't get you," the other stammered.

"Oh, don't you," his cousin repeated. "You've turned all your cards face up, haven't you? Yes you have! You've said enough to alibi yourself and that's all. What about the ace you're still holding in the hole?"

The irascibility in his voice seemed to disconcert Gordon less than his earlier cold detachment.

"What about yours?" he countered with a smile.

Tower jerked his head in acknowledgment. "Granted. We were matching card for card, weren't we? If you want it to be a game instead of a conference, all right."

"But I don't," the other stammered and added with a disarming ingenuousness: "It's hard for me to—to come clean, Johnny, when you keep a pose that's worse than that cursed corporal's. I'm willing—I want to clear this thing up."

"Have you any idea," Tower shot back with seeming irrelevance, "who slammed me into the bureau at the hotel last night?"

Gordon found no clew in the other's inquiring gaze. The big man flushed, writhed feebly in his chair, and finally looked up.

"Yes." The hard-driven monosyllable was a gasp. "I did," he added defiantly.

In the silence that followed, Tower's stiff face seemed gradually to relax and soften. "Well, now," he said at last, "that's encouraging, Gordon. I'm beginning to believe you, at that."

"Why?" the other stammered, shaken by his cousin's entire lack of surprise.

"Because," Tower pursued smoothly with a more friendly smile, "I knew who it was all along. You see, I saw you through the window before I came in."

Gordon only stared and finally surrendered with a queer laugh: "You're the cussedest, Johnny. I didn't know who it was when I hit you, if that's any apology. And you kept your lip buttoned. Why?"

"A number of reasons," the other replied, leaning back in his chair. "One of them was that it was none of my business, after all. Another, you had an alibi. Ran up the back stairs and right down the front again, didn't you? I thought so."

Gordon wore the shamefaced expression of a jam-stealing youngster. Vagueness suddenly hardened into resolution. He grinned, leaned forward, and shot at his cousin,

"What did you do with Peter's bag, Johnny?"

Tower glared in candid amazement. "I never saw it," he said slowly. "I thought—"

"That I had it?" Gordon completed. "No. Wrong for once."

"We are," the other said with a thoughtful scowl, "beginning to learn something."

His cousin hesitated. His grin faded, leaving his face tensely serious. His voice was low and quick. "Here's the rest of it then, Johnny. I've misjudged you rather foully. And I'm glad. Now, listen."

He muttered quickly the story of the new will left by Seabrook Ashley, its contents, and Mortimer's interest therein. Tower listened, immobile, and while Gordon stumbled on and he himself did not stir, his recently quickened face relapsed into its old baffling expression of unconcern.

"And that," the big man concluded with a trace of a quaver in his voice, "is that, Johnny." His eyes appealed to Tower who, remote and blank of face, asked at last,

"Where is this will?" His words came with a queer solidity.

Gordon gave a helpless grimace and spread his hands. "That's it," he confessed. "Mortimer never showed it to me. He was going to bring it to Cold River with him. We had no chance to go over it in that spinster-infested hotel. And it's vanished. That's what I was searching for in his room, Johnny."

"Decent of you," Tower acknowledged briefly. "It would have furnished the missing motive, eh? I might have combined business with pleasure, saved ten thousand dollars, and scragged Mortimer? That would be the police theory, of course."

GORDON nodded. He was puzzled, chilled by the other's remote, faintly-jeering indifference.

"That's what I thought," he returned a trifle sharply. "That is why I searched Mortimer's room." His irritation dissolved in recurring dismay. "Johnny," he exclaimed, "it must be somewhere. Some one must have it. If we could only be certain it was lost permanently!"

"Or that it never existed," Tower amended in a smooth voice. "You say you did not see it?"

"No," Gordon repeated his denial. "But Mortimer had it. Why, otherwise, should he come here? Admitting, to save argument, that he was the rat you think he was, why in heaven's name should he lie? He would know he'd have to prove it. But the will's gone, and he's dead. And no one would have killed him to get it, except you, or possibly me."

"Quite," the other agreed, his eyes narrow. "The disinherited nephew, the murder, and the missing papers. Plays and novels have been written on much less."

He shook off abstraction and smiled at his cousin with baffling friendliness.

"That makes things a little clearer," he concluded aloud. "I'm on the verge of taking back several things I've thought of you and said to you, Gordon. Not about Mortimer. About you. He ran true to form all the way through, I think."

He paused and scowled with annoyance. "Would you mind," he asked the expectant

Alibi

Ashley, "bringing in an armful of wood from the shed? It's getting cold in here."

He nodded toward the door. Gordon, puzzled, rose and complied. When he returned, laden, Tower was reseating himself behind the typewriter table. The wood clattered down beside the stove.

"Come here, Gordon," his cousin ordered.

His voice was immensely grave. Amazingly it quivered. So did the solemn face he lifted to his approaching kinsman and the hand in which he held a folded, blue-backed document.

"Read that," Tower commanded.

Stupefied, Ashley received it. As he turned it over, the other added quietly,

"I found that thumb-tacked to the bottom of one of the drawers when Eli and I were picking up the bureau last night."

The paper crackled in Gordon's hands. The wind breathed hoarsely about the cabin. It might have been an invading gust that sent a shudder through his stalwart body.

"The last will and testament," he read aloud unsteadily, " 'of Seabrook Quincy Ashley.' "

Pausing, he stared with faintly glazed eyes at his ominously attentive cousin who leaned back in his chair and nodded.

"Exactly," he confirmed. "That's what brought that swine to Turin. Read it, Gordon."

" 'In the name of God, Amen,' " the other muttered, stiffened, and was silent, while his eyes shuttled across the typewritten lines and all color drained away from his face, leaving it gray and fearful.

WHEN he had finished, he folded the document again with a meticulous, abstracted care, and his harried eyes slowly turned to his tensely watchful cousin. Gordon's laugh was a brief, dismaying sound.

"You win," he acknowledged, white-lipped, and laid the blue-backed will upon the table as though surrendering a sword. "He's—left you everything."

He paused and then raised his head and threw back his shoulders. "Congratulations, Johnny," he said in quiet despair.

"Save them," Tower snapped. "And don't look so confounded destitute. Can you see now why I've suspected you?"

"What?" Ashley asked vaguely. "Oh, yes. I can, of course. Who wouldn't? And while I've thought I've been saving you from trouble, you've been keeping me out of jail. That's funny."

His mirth was overwrought. The other's voice cut through it.

"Do you get Mortimer's strategy? Digs up this will and comes here to blackmail you or me. Hides it before he goes to confer with you. Probably intended to sell out to the highest bidder. If you didn't come through with enough, he would tap me and see what I'd offer. A sweet-scented son of a swine, Peter Mortimer. He rated what he got, whoever gave it to him."

"Do you think," Gordon asked, face twitching, "that I—"

"Killed him?" Tower rasped. "I do not. But thank God for your alibi, Gordon. If the police had found this, and you hadn't proof of your innocence, you'd have a difficult time. What I can't quite understand," he mused aloud, "is why Mortimer lied to you about the will's contents—why he told you I lost by it rather than you."

"That's easy," Gordon responded. "He was afraid of a fuss in the hotel. I might not have blackmailed quietly."

He smiled bitterly in response to the other's nod of agreement.

"Right," Tower exclaimed, "you've hit it. Let's fill in the picture further. He may have stalled about going fishing early so that he could sound me out after you'd left. Only I'd gone. Mr. Mortimer's unlucky day, apparently."

Ashley's reflection of his grin was a shallow smirk. His cousin considered with intrusive curiosity the desolate face, the lassitude of the big figure grown suddenly limp as though inner vigor had leaked disastrously away.

"What's the matter?" he asked abruptly.

Gordon shrugged with a shaky laugh. "Nothing," he replied in a tone that contradicted him. "I'm not yet used to losing, that's all. Three millions in ten seconds is a bit too fast for me." He shrugged and looked away.

Tower's eyes and voice were gentler. He picked up the blue-backed document. "This," he said, tapping it against his knuckles, "goes back into hiding presently. Later we—you and I—will, ah—negotiate matters a bit more fairly than Uncle Seabrook managed to, either time. There's enough for two."

His face was friendly and immensely concerned. Gordon's sullen gaze softened, but he shook his head.

"It's yours," he said gruffly. "I won't take a nickel."

"Oh, don't be a fool," Tower snapped.

ABOLISHED suspicion, quickening excitement, were turning his thin, hard maturity backward toward youth. "That's the only sensible way," he continued. "The money has raised all the trouble it's going to. Of course, being romantic, you dwell on a noble renunciation and then—out into the storm. We'll take that up later, anyway."

"Charity," Gordon retorted a trifle unsteadily "isn't—"

"Not charity," the other corrected in a quiet, tense voice. "A wedding present, let's call it. Eh?"

The big man stared. Tower grinned.

"Miss Lucy told me," he confessed. "In confidence, but since we're laying all our cards out—"

"No one was supposed to know yet," Gordon agreed unwillingly.

Tower gripped his shoulder and shook it.

"So I was told," he admitted. "No one will from me."

His affectation of bluff heartiness was not a complete success, but the dazed and troubled Gordon did not seem to notice the flawed interpretation.

"Let it go at that," Tower pursued. "I'm all the relatives you've got to depend on for wedding presents, and besides, I'm—rather fond of Cynthia myself."

Gordon gripped his hand. "You're white, Johnny," he muttered.

'Shut up," the other retorted.

Ashley's eyes returned with a miserable fascination to the folded blue paper. "Hardly do," he ventured, "for any one to find that."

"No one will, where I hide it," Tower returned. "It was here when the severe Corporal Haddonfield searched this morning. He missed it."

Agitation that had troubled voice and body faded away. His face relapsed into careful, sardonic normality. The friendly eyes grew keen behind horn-rimmed glasses.

"Who killed Mortimer?" he shot suddenly at Gordon, who stared and then shrugged with a helpless laugh.

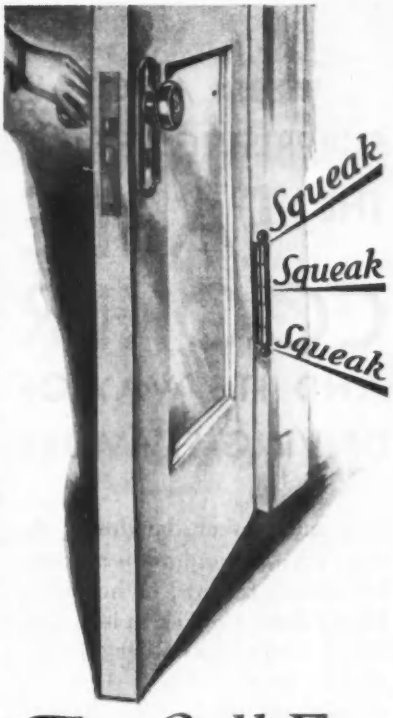
"I mean," Tower amended, "have you any theory? You didn't; I didn't. Who did? Who's the Number Three?"

"You tell me," the other retorted with false levity.

His cousin grimaced and shook his head.

"I wish I could. Every one has a theory but me, apparently. I had one, but—" He smiled widely at his cousin. "That's out now. Holloway has one that's sent him chasing down to the Madison airport. What is it? I don't know. We all guard our theories carefully. Maybe we know how silly they are.

"Holloway goes chasing airplanes, and the state police play puss-in-the-corner between you and me as alternating suspects, and I really don't care who killed Mortimer anyway, and yet I'd like to find this Number Three. I'd like to know why and how he did it. I could use it in a yarn, maybe."



The Call For 3-in-One

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But why wait for the "call," the squeak, the danger signal?

Regular applications of 3-in-One to all your household mechanisms—sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, clocks, locks, hinges, bolts, window catches, tools—will prevent squeaks. Better still, 3-in-One prevents the unnecessary wear that squeaks are always the sure sign of.

The wonderful lubricating properties of 3-in-One are really the blended properties of three highest quality oils—*animal, mineral* and *vegetable.* Naturally, 3-in-One costs a trifle more than ordinary oil, but it's worth a whole lot more. Try it and see the difference!

Sold everywhere by good grocery, drug, notion, hardware, department and general stores in two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

FREE *Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.*

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A Springfield, Ohio, housewife writes: "I have used 3-in-One for several years for my sewing machine, and my husband uses it entirely for his shot gun. You can't beat it." (Name on request.)

In using advertisements see page 6

A ROYAL, SURPRISING GIFT IS THE TABLE COOKER AND ITS WAY OF DRIVING FLAVORS

FEW mothers or daughters, sisters, wives, grandmothers, cousins, aunts, friends, or hostesses, have a Table Cooker. It is so new. There won't be another gift like it—or nearly like it. It is decidedly unique. It *drives* flavors.

When it enters, fresh and shining, the Christmas home, the first thing to make on it will be toasted cheese sandwiches. These are fresh, crisp as a wafer. In one and a half minutes, their flavors are driven, and every crisp crumb of the toast tastes of butter and cheese.

In a fraction of time, the flavors are driven through French toast—through cinnamon and sugar toast . . . through bananas baked till their molasses blends with lemon . . . through sausages cooked in the cored hollows of red apples (these go well at Christmas supper!) . . . through bacon cooked around oysters. The Table Cooker has opened up a whole new school of cookery just by its unusual, swift way of driving flavors. Over thirty unique recipes are in the booklet attached to the Cooker. Simply, casually, as a part of dinner, these servings can be made at the table—and the glory is in eating them hot.

Put a layer of cheese with salt and pepper between two unbuttered slices of bread. Lightly butter the outside of the sandwich and toast it in the Cooker, top closed.

The Table Cooker, like all Manning-Bowman table appointments, is practical, simple and safe to use. The grids can be washed easily and quickly because they are removable—an exclusive feature of these cookers. A drain-pipe and groove take care of the grease in grilling steak.

The Oblong Table Cooker, nickel finish, is $18. Aranium finish (this will not tarnish), $22. A Round Table Cooker, of smaller capacity, nickel finish, $12. If you cannot obtain one near you, in an electric, a house-furnishing, or a department store, send us check or money-order for the amount, and we will ship the Cooker to the address you name, enclosing a Christmas card if you so desire. Manning, Bowman & Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

TABLE APPOINTMENTS BY MANNING-BOWMAN

Alibi

"We're companion suspects," Ashley commented. "Perhaps we could solve this together as joint detectives."

"It's an idea," Tower agreed, nodding solemnly. "Somewhere this Number Three probably is laughing at us. I hate to be laughed at. Let's think this over, Gordon. Sit down. Perhaps we can prove he exists."

He reached for a chair, checked himself, and listened with exasperation arching his eyebrows to the light stamp of feet upon the porch. The latch rattled. The door swung open, revealing Cynthia Kent.

White-faced, she struggled to force speech out through the paroxysm of her overtaxed lungs. Fright darkened her eyes, echoed in the quaver of her breathless words.

"They've killed him," she said and gasped again.

"Killed him?" Gordon repeated. "Who?"

"Homer Holloway," the girl replied, and sat down suddenly in the nearest chair to look from one man to the other with incredulous, frightened eyes.

"Killed him," she reiterated in a strange tone akin to complaint. "The state police—just brought back—his body."

Gordon's answer was a stifled sound, part snort, part cry. Tower looked from the quaking girl to the other man.

"He does exist," he told his cousin quietly.

(*To be continued*)

The Royal Child of Bethlehem

(*Continued from page 50*)

troubled reign. So Jesus may have been old enough to remember some of the things He saw as a child in the land of the Nile, even though we find no allusion to any such memory.

Joseph went back, not to Bethlehem, where he had no permanent interests in business or home relations, but to Nazareth, in Galilee, and there the Royal Boy grew to manhood. We know the normal life of a Galilean boy of the period, and so we can be sure of the main outlines in the case of Jesus. As a little lad he accompanied his mother on her daily journeys to the village spring, which still is there, one of the few undeniably authentic sites. There the women assemble daily, stopping for gossip and cheerful chatter, and then walking home, strong and erect, with their water pots on their heads. So sure is their step that they have no need to hold the jars; their hands are free to lead their children, if need be, but the youngsters soon are able to travel by their mothers' sides without assistance. Mary and Jesus must often have taken that walk together.

He was apprenticed to Joseph and learned his trade, for this was the almost invariable custom. We read of him first as "the carpenter's Son" and, in time, as "the Carpenter." We know how he bored a hole, and with what kind of instrument he sawed and planed a plank, for such tools are still in use in Palestine. We should be stupid if we were to assume that he knew how to read, or to use tools, without study. It is distinctly told that he *increased* in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man. He grew as other boys grow; he played as other boys play; he learned as other boys learn.

Only one incident comes to us out of his youth, and it shows that normal as he was, he must still have been something of a mystery to his parents. At the age of twelve, having accompanied Joseph and Mary to Jerusalem, he became so engrossed with the experiences of his visit that he forgot all about the return journey and was missing when the caravan started on its way home. When they found him, he was in one of the outer courts of the temple, talking with the doctors of the law, "both hearing them and asking them questions." It has sometimes been assumed that he

The Royal Child of Bethlehem

was confounding these ancient sages with his superior wisdom; but I like to think that he was only showing marked intelligence and interest for a boy of his years, and that those learned men were impressed by his mental alertness and eagerness to learn.

It is an interesting scene that presents itself to the imagination—the anxious father and mother tracing the Lad to the temple courts, pausing on the threshold to wonder at him as he stood erect and ardent in the midst of a group of men of learning, eager himself to learn, and happy in the confidence that he was about his Father's business.

But he went back to Nazareth "and was subject to them." That means that the temple incident was exceptional; it was not repeated. Jesus lived the normal life of a Galilean boy. He went to the village school, which was kept in the local synagogue by a local rabbi. He learned the clumsy letters of the Hebrew alphabet according to current methods of instruction. No miraculous ways of teaching were revealed for his use. "He took not on him the nature of angels," but the nature of the race and time and community where he was resident. He shared with the average of human life in the conditions of his time and nationality. That is why there is so little to tell. He did at this period few things that even a reverent imagination could call forth from vanished recollections. We are glad of it. It is well that we know that the incident of his visit to the temple and his conference with the learned men stands out as exceptional, but we can not spare it from the record. It is the one precious high-light, casting a glorious radiance over his calm and uneventful youth.

Our only other glimpse into those early years is in the testimony of John the Baptist, his cousin. When Jesus came later to the Jordan for baptism, John protested. "I have need to be baptised of thee," he said. Not because John knew him as a prophet, but because he had known him as so true and fine and generous and brave a boy did he utter these spontaneous words of praise. John had not said such things to the holy men of Jerusalem when they came to him on similar errands. It was the eager tribute of one young man to another—a glowing proof of the kind of boy Jesus must have been . . .

SO WE come to the end of our little visits with the children of the Bible. It is fitting that the greatest of them all should come last.

No one can possibly over-estimate the value to religion, and to the world, of the fact that Jesus began his life as a little child and grew up a normal, genuine boy. Theoretically, it can hardly have been essential. The Incarnation might have been accomplished within the limits of adult life. He might have stepped on to the earth in the stride of full manhood, delivered his message, and moved out again, with no experience of birth or death. But what an immeasurable loss! It is because he was born as we are born, lived through all the problems and difficulties of our own lives, died—and yet conquered—it is because of all this that he is the continuing inspiration.

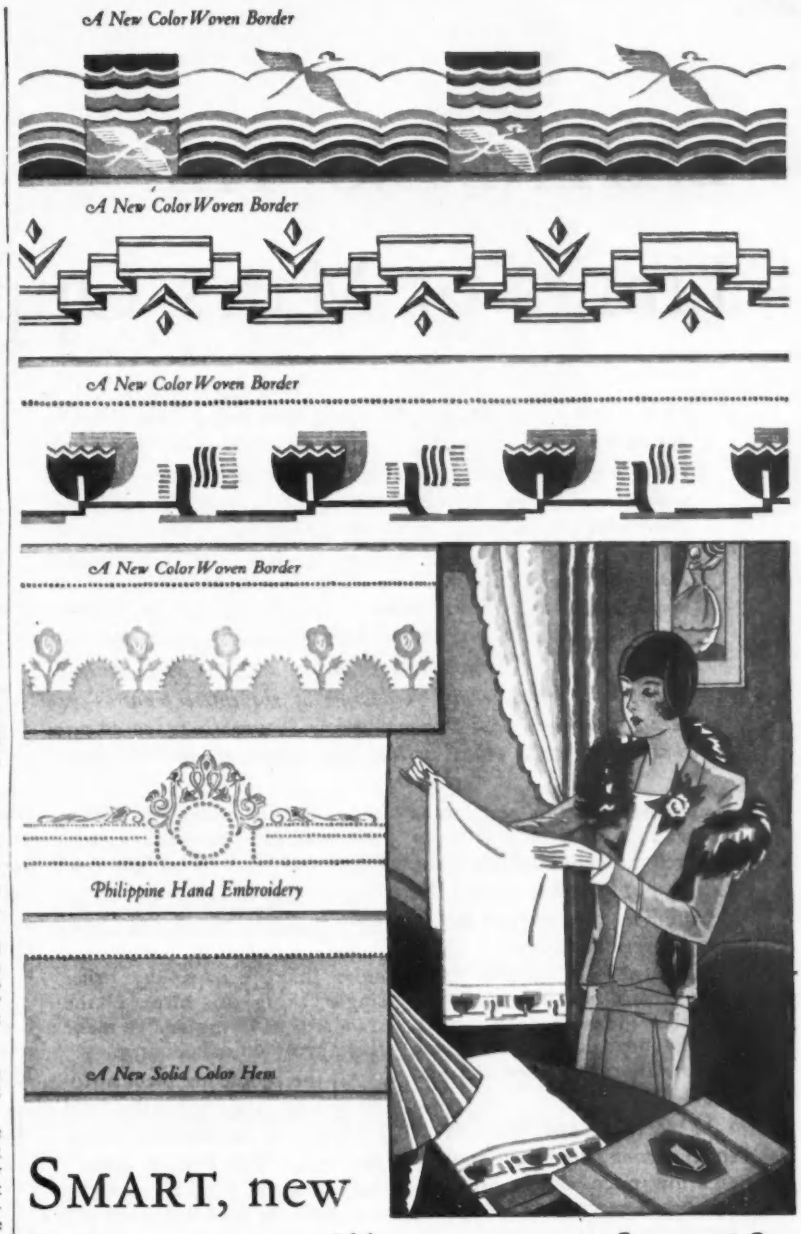
He taught that those who would enjoy the kingdom of heaven must enter it as children. And he himself set the example by entering the world as a little boy.

[THE END]

Don't Be Afraid to Be a Hostess This Christmastide

(*Continued from page 85*)

and dry off for ten minutes in a warm oven. Scrape from the shell, mash with a fork, and season. This may be done the day before,


A New ColorWoven Border
A New ColorWoven Border
A New ColorWoven Border
A New ColorWoven Border
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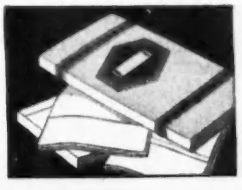
A New Solid Color Hem

SMART, new Wamsutta pillow cases for gifts

YOU owe it to your friends on your Christmas list to go and see the new Wamsutta ColorWoven sheet and pillow case designs.

Especially the prettily boxed pairs of pillow cases in which you have the same selection of ColorWoven designs, real Philippine hand embroidery, plain white and solid color hems to choose from. You, and your friends, will be delighted with their patrician smartness.



WAMSUTTA

PERCALE SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Wamsutta Mills, *Founded 1846*, New Bedford, Mass.
Ridley Watts & Co., *Selling Agents*, 44 Leonard St., New York

In using advertisements see page 6

EXTENDING THE Limits of Man's Opportunity

Only a few generations ago the life of man was circumscribed by his own physical limitations . . . the dexterity of his fingers, the strength of his back, the speed of his limbs, and the labor of domestic animals. . . . The interchange of commodities was slow, difficult. There were no good roads, as we know them today, nor any way to travel swiftly, surely, over these roads. The deeply rutted wagon trail was a long, hard trail. . . . Though boundless acres were all about, it was only the adventurous few who traveled far. Many a man lived and died without ever having been more than fifty miles from home. . . . Then was born an idea that was destined to reshape the frontiers and the future of the entire country—the idea of making a small, strong, simple automobile so low in price that it might be placed within the means of all the people.

THE coming of this new means of transportation not only changed the industrial life of the nation, but helped to change the private lives of every one for all the generations to come.

It leveled hills, extended horizons, created new opportunities, furnished the means to earn more money and to enjoy the leisure which that increased income should bring.

In creating and building a small, strong, simple automobile at a low price, and in using it, man became accustomed to thinking of machinery as a servant. He made power work for him.

More and more as time went on, in industrial plants and on the farm, heavy labor was taken off the back of man and placed upon the broader shoulders of the machine.

The Ford moved everywhere, blazing the way over miry roads and rocky mountain trails, through gumbo and sand, creating a rising demand for swifter, smoother travel that resulted in the construction of hundreds of thousands of miles of cement and macadam highways reaching to all parts of the country.

The benefits resulting from the introduction of the low-priced automobile have done more than perhaps any other single thing to increase the standards of living and to make this a truly united country.

All the people are blended together by the flexibility and swiftness of automobile transportation. The prairie farmer, the industrial worker, and the city business man are governed by similar impulses, similar tastes, similar demands upon highly specialized machinery to serve them.

THIS civilization can show no greater example of disciplined machinery than in the operation of the Ford Industries.

The great miracle is not the car, but the machines that make the machine—the methods that make it possible to build such a fine car, in large numbers, at a low price.

Craftsmanship has been put into mass production. Millions and millions of parts are made—each one so accurate and so exactly like the other that they fit perfectly to the thousandth of an inch when brought together for assembly into complete units.

Men by the thousands and the hundred thousand are employed at the Rouge plant alone and there are hundreds of acres of plant equipment. Yet the purpose today is wholly the same as when the equipment of the Ford organization was housed in a single small building.

Everything that has been done has been done to give further scope and expression to the Ford Idea.

THAT idea is not merely to make automobiles—not merely to create so much additional machinery and so many millions of additional horse-power—but to make this a better world in which to live through providing economical transportation for all the people.

For that purpose the first Model T was made twenty-one years ago. For that purpose the new Ford is made today. In 1929, as in 1908, it is again helping to reshape the frontiers and the future of the country and to further extend the limits of man's opportunity.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Don't Be Afraid to Be a Hostess This Christmastide

then the squash is chilled in the refrigerator and reheated the next day. Serves six.

Cabbage and Green Pepper Relish

1 small head cabbage
1 green pepper
¾ cupful French Dressing

Shred cabbage finely and cut green pepper in very thin strips. Combine; marinate in French dressing for thirty minutes. Drain and serve. Serves six.

Casserole of Ham and Vegetables

1 cupful drained peas
2 cupfuls diced cooked ham
1½ cupfuls scalded milk
1 cupful soft bread crumbs
¼ cupful melted butter
2 pimientoes chopped
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley
1½ tablespoonfuls chopped onion
1 cupful American cheese, grated
⅛ teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
dash of paprika
3 eggs

Pour scalding milk over bread crumbs. Add butter, pimiento, onion, parsley, grated cheese and seasonings. Add well-beaten eggs. Put ham and peas in a buttered casserole and pour the milk and cheese mixture over them. Bake about fifty minutes at 350° F.

Cranberry Salad

1 pint cranberries
1 cupful boiling water
1 cupful sugar
1¼ tablespoonfuls granulated gelatin
¼ cupful cold water
½ head lettuce
½ cupful diced apple
¼ cupful chopped walnut meats
Mayonnaise

Cook the cranberries and water together for twenty minutes. Rub through a sieve, stir in the sugar, and cook five minutes. Add the gelatin which has been dissolved in the cold water for five minutes, and just before this begins to set pour half of the mixture into a shallow glass or enamelware dish which has been rinsed in cold water. Allow it to set, keeping the remainder warm to prevent it from becoming stiff. Over the first half sprinkle the diced apple and nut meats. Pour the remaining half over this and allow it to set. Cut into slices and serve on leaves of lettuce with a garnish of salad dressing and a few extra nut meats. Serves six.

Stuffed Pepper Salad

3 medium-sized green peppers
1 small cream cheese
¼ cupful grated American cheese
Salt
¼ cupful chopped pimientoes
Thin cream
Paprika
Lettuce
Mayonnaise

Remove the tops from the peppers, scoop out seeds, and boil five minutes in boiling, salted water; then remove and chill. Mix together the cream cheese, American cheese, and pimientoes, moisten with cream as needed, and season with salt and paprika to taste. Pack into the peppers, chill well, then slice and serve on lettuce leaves with a garnish of mayonnaise. Serves six.

Cranberry Soufflé

1 cupful milk
3 egg-yolks
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
1 tablespoonful water
1 cupful sugar
1 cupful cooked, sieved cranberries
1 tablespoonful granulated gelatin
3 egg-whites

Combine the milk and one-half cupful of sugar and place in the top of a double-boiler. When the milk is hot, add the egg-yolks well beaten together with one-half cupful of sugar and the salt. Cook until thick and then add the cranberry juice, lemon juice, and gelatin, the latter having been softened in the water. Continue cooking until the gelatin has dissolved, then turn out and cool. When cold, fold in the egg-whites stiffly beaten. Pile in the serving dishes and serve when cold. Serves six.

You might as well wear *no stockings at all*

THAT is, for all the protection these gossamer wisps of chiffon give your ankles. It takes very special care, nowadays, to keep your skin smooth and white and lovely—free from chapping and roughening. Each morning, before you dress, rub your ankles—your shoulders and your hands—with almond-scented, protecting Hinds Cream. Spread it on again before you hop into bed. This delightful, magic cream will guard your skin against the deadly effects of cold and rain and chapping winds—will keep it exquisitely firm and white. Rub it into your hands particularly—it keeps your cuticle soft—your knuckles smooth—your whole hands groomed and young. Send the coupon below for a generous sample bottle. See what wonders just a few days' use of Hinds Cream will do for your skin.

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HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Department 229, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me a free sample of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.
(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8. This coupon not good after December, 1930
(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

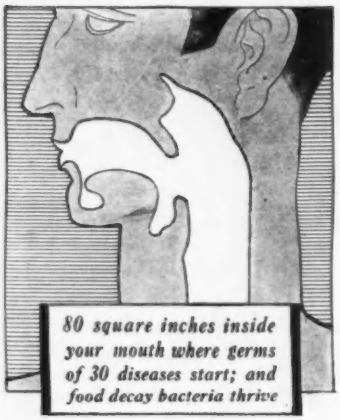
In using advertisements see page 6

YOU FACE THIS CONSTANT DANGER

at mouth temperature—

98.6°

FOOD DECAYS



No one is immune to this condition—after every meal you eat a food film coats the 80 square inches inside your mouth. At mouth temperature, 98.6°, food film quickly transforms into a growth of food decay bacteria. The inevitable result? An unclean, unhygienic mouth condition invariably accompanied by the *repulsive odor of decomposing organic matter!* Not only does this undermine your sense of social security, but it is a menace to your health.

This condition occurs in the remote areas never reached, never cleaned by your tooth brush. Quickly evaporating antiseptics temporarily lessen mouth odor but do not stop it. La Lasine mixes with mouth secretions, flows over every inch of the mouth area and instantly destroys food film. *It kills food decay bacteria*—stops trouble at its source. Lastingly effective, a mouth rinse with La Lasine leaves a medication-holding deposit on the membrane—a definite security against odor and disease infection.

Let your mouth experience the tingling freshness of this new cleanliness. Begin your use of La Lasine today!

PRONOUNCED LA LA LA-SEEN

LASINE

The Antiseptic that Stops Food Decay in the Mouth

Purse or Vest Pocket flask (1½ oz.) 10c

Travel flask (5 oz.) 35c

Home size bottle (10 oz.) 65c

Family and Hospital size (20 oz.) 1.00

The White House Gang

(*Continued from page 27*)

by the time he rose in his carriage, waving a walking stick. Had the street-car stopped in his vicinity, doubtless he would have struck at us.

Quite the opposite was it when we passed TR, alone in his carriage; he was our friend, and we made the worst faces we knew how. He responded immediately in kind, and as the street-car slowed down on account of traffic on the tracks ahead, TR produced some terrifying and extraordinary grimaces, which were witnessed with the utmost amazement by passengers on the car. As the car halted for the carriage to make a left turn ahead of it, TR leaned forward and said loudly enough to be heard the length of the car:

"Quentin Roosevelt and you other little rascals, I think you have very nearly succeeded in making a fool of me in public—ordinarily a rather difficult thing to accomplish. I had the idea of asking you to hop in, and ride the rest of the way with me. On second thought, I have concluded that it is entirely too dangerous for me to be seen with you."

At this point, the carefully preserved solemnity of Wheeler and Reader, the Presidential coachman and footman, cracked into dazzling white apertures, and the carriage swept away.

As a matter of fact TR's dignity had suffered in no way. That was not possible. About Theodore Roosevelt there was ever an unaffected naturalness which remained splendidly unassailable, no matter what the character of the incident in which, at the moment, he was engaged.

Thinking about this episode now, I have every reason to be certain that it furnished the occupants of that street-car with a privileged and tremendously refreshing sense of human closeness to TR. They had seen one as human as themselves—daring, without consideration, to be even more spontaneously human. Such things are of the high degrees of greatness.

But to the members of the Gang their pride of position was—well, just pride—no more, no less. It would encompass a small boy—small wonder!—sitting formally erect in the exact center of the seat of a White House carriage, the horses fresh from the hands of the faithful Lee—who is still with Mrs. Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill. The coachman was not only a coachman, he was an emblem. He wore a red, white and blue cockade on a shining silk hat which towered above his shining black face; he drove two spanking horses with parti-colored rosettes and ribbons fluttering at their ears. And the round, blazoned seal of the United States of America was set upon the coach doors. All this made the heart beat fast!

It was amusing, also, to receive bows and familiar waves of the hand from some one of whom we had not the slightest knowledge. One could not possibly go wrong—so, doubtless, these people thought—in saluting anybody who sat behind that livery.

SUCH perambulating pride and honor, moreover, could easily be shared with another member of the Gang, even split into thirds and quarters, before we crossed Pennsylvania Avenue and turned in at the gates of the White House.

But since that State-War-Navy affair and our discovery—with TR's assistance—that we did not own the earth, there was laid upon us a spirit of restraint. While we still heartily enjoyed every bit of the pomp that circumstance brought us, it was that keen sort of pleasure which is tinged with seriousness, if not sadness. We came to understand that our position of power was a temporary thing; it would cease for all time at the end of the Administration. We should then become mere nonentities, like Congressmen out of office. Truly we had no abiding or continuing place.

As we came the more thoroughly to realize that we must acquire the earth—if at all—by our own individual effort, each of us withdrew unto himself, and the anomaly was furnished of a number of small boys, supposed to be inseparable but in reality set miles apart by their personal preoccupations. Expressing their feelings at random and by curiously dissimilar movements; suddenly becoming aware of each other with irritation and anger; altogether self-conscious and mentally clownish, we mutually made of life a thing not to be enjoyed, but suffered and endured. Not, of course, that all action and intercourse between us ceased; but there were longer lapses between thoughts, and in consequence longer intermissions between acts. These, when united in a common endeavor, were more than likely to turn against society in general, with which we now knew we had to wage perpetual war.

Q, brimming over with a plan against the White House staff, imparted it to us with every assurance of success. Putting it immediately into action, we moved silently and alertly through the upper hall, turning into a recess in which there was the tight little service staircase and the elevator.

For the good and sufficient reason that "we shouldn't be seen fooling around the elevator, or somebody might remember it," Q enjoined us to slip down the stairs. These were as circular as if built in a lighthouse well, and rushing past the smooth walls as we descended the narrow spiral made us dizzy and breathless.

Arrived at the basement floor, Q pressed the automatic control button upon the doorframe of the elevator, and the car rose, revealing the crate below—it was built in two stories, for both passenger and freight use. The Gang entered the crate, Q manipulated the buttons, and we sank below the basement floor, our crate being in semi-darkness and the passenger car presenting the usual appearance of an empty elevator, ready to be used.

Like many another detail about the White House, even this elevator possessed historic associations. The timber of which it was built once formed part of the Old South Church in Boston, and was neatly mitered together, in order to make the best use of odd-shaped and unmatched pieces. This was done with true craftsmanship and in a gesture of sentiment. And rightly so; for it was in the Old South Church where met the angry citizens after the Boston Massacre (1770), and where later were voiced the first secret suggestions, and made sure the plans, which led to the Boston Tea Party (1773), to revolt of the Colonies, and eventually to our independence as a nation.

The historic passenger car remains unto this day, but its operating mechanism has been modernized. The freight-crate has long since been eliminated. But on the day of which I write, it would have taken the combined skill and knowledge of an elevator expert, an electrical engineer, and a public-relations counsel to explain the erratic workings of this individual elevator. It was one of the early automatic models, vagaries of which have since been overcome. It could be stopped by the thoughtless or careless touching of a button on any one of the floors it served. Thus, a passenger, finding himself suddenly frustrated in his attempt to rise or fall, naturally imagined the annoyance as being caused by some one on another floor desiring to use the elevator.

We rose from the basement on orders above, but Q punched the basement button, and the fight was on—up or down? The elevator, having no personal predilection, simply obeyed the last order received, like a good soldier.

Having committed ourselves by punching the down button, we were compelled, every time the passenger above reversed it, immediately to follow suit; so the elevator, its motor constantly stopping and starting, worked hard but arrived nowhere. Neither did the passenger. As a matter of fact, he did not even *start*, since the elevator had to be brought to a dead stop before the car door would open.

The White House Gang

The Gang, elbowing each other aside in their eagerness to manipulate buttons, continued this satisfying sport. The passenger above seemed to be just as determined as ourselves to have his way; the fight went on for five minutes possibly, neither side making concessions.

Finally there was a tremendous thud upon the floor of the passenger car—our ceiling—and a great voice came thundering down the elevator shaft.

"I have stood this long enough," it cried. "Have done with it, and at *once!*"

"*Father!*" said Q in an awed whisper.

Several of the Gang sat down hard upon the floor of the car. With his hands behind his back Q stood as far away from the buttons as possible. He was not afraid, but he was startled, perhaps shocked, by the sudden materialization of the one possibility none of us had considered.

The machinery clicked again; the car rose slowly and unopposed; it stopped at the floor of the private apartments; the door above opened and closed, and we stood in absolute silence, holding our breath. Suddenly Q pushed the up button; it was just as well to go and take our medicine. But TR had vanished—simply gone away; doubtless he had given the matter all the time he could spare. No explanations were ever demanded, and none—so far as we knew—ever given. Our private opinion was, that the President, not wishing to approve the incident in our presence, but relishing it down in the heart of him, had gone away to laugh heartily at the fun.

ON ANOTHER occasion, Q, Charles, Dick and myself gave the elevator so many conflicting orders that finally it mutinied and refused to obey. Jamming all its buttons in an angry short-circuit, it remained mulishly immovable, half-way between the living quarters and the attic, for what seemed to us to be forty days and nights, although it may have been a few minutes only. Finally the mechanics were brought to the rescue.

For this escapade Q criticized himself and us with one of his own personal words, "That was most *imprudent!*" he remarked.

Perhaps he used this word because it enabled him to quote Edward Lear again, which he proceeded to do:

" 'There was an Old Person of Chili,
Whose conduct was painful and silly;
He sat on the stairs,
Eating Apples and Pears—
That *imprudent* Old Person of Chili.' "

"I think it would be safer for us to use the stairs from now on," he added.

"I know some better buttons than push-buttons," Dick said abruptly.

Q flushed with anger. "Don't talk about them!" he said, and the Gang laughed.

His disturbance, which reference to this subject occasioned, related to the only seriously deep irritation the Gang was ever able to make him exhibit. It arose out of his loyalty to his father; the matter was political and harked back to the end of Theodore Roosevelt's first term. Pre-election partisanship ran high, and campaign badges and buttons were prominent. Q took such special delight in snatching off Parker buttons—his father's opponent was Judge Alton B. Parker—worn at school and stamping them underfoot. Soon they were being flaunted before him simply to make him angry.

The fact that no one could vote in the District of Columbia had no weight with Q. None of the boys wearing the emblems was within many years of registration age, even had they been where were the rights of citizenship. The bare thought that there were people in the United States who did not want his father to be President for the next four years was enough. He regarded it as something to be over-ridden and beaten down.

There were others at school holding exactly the same sentiments as Q. They admitted the correctness of his stand, but were not given to detonate quite so quickly. Moreover Q's drastic methods were quite likely to involve them in a fight, or, more often, a series of fights, with scarcely a word or sign of warning.

On this account, the boys' coatroom, just off the classroom, often became the scene of the wildest confusion. Coats and caps would be strewn indiscriminately from one end of it to the other. Q's friends would take his part, surrounding and restraining him, until he could be shoved into line and marched away from the impending danger of corrective authority. Once released, however, and stepping across the outside door-sill into the schoolyard, Q would charge all Parker buttons and Parker partisans with the fury of a small but thoroughly roused young bull seeing red in every corner of the meadow.

This is particularly worthy of comment, on acccount of Q's unquestioning belief in the justice of his cause, his creditable personal pride, his utter disregard of the size or strength of his opponents. These qualities enabled him to overcome boys in the grades above ours, until he had trounced some notably big fellows much older and stronger than himself.

"You just can't possibly quit on a thing so *important* as this," he once said, right in the middle of an encounter.

He was going strong and quoting between blows:

" 'There was a young lady of Clare
("*That's you, you fat-headed, freckled-faced long-eared Parker pup!*")
Who was sadly pursued by a bear;
When she found she was tired,
("*I've got you tired, because you're a Democrat, ha-ha, hee-haw!*")
She promptly expired,
That unfortunate Lady of Clare.'

And so will *you*, if you don't give me that button! You're lucky I didn't make you swallow it! There are a lot of fellas staying away from school because they have buttons inside of 'em."

While this latter was a happy thought of Q's and doubtless intended as a deterrent to some who would otherwise have worn the offending buttons, it had, of course, no basis in fact. The suggestion spread, however, until it finally reached the ears of Quentin's teacher, who immediately questioned him.

"No," he admitted gravely. "That's not true, at all; it's only my *desire.*"

Later we used that word in Gang discussion in its generic sense when our various outcroppings of the spirit became so acute as to insist on being ventilated among ourselves. These talks, if we happened to be Q's house-guests, and quartered all together in one big bedroom of the White House, extended well into the night, until one after the other dropped out of the conversation and off to sleep. Regardless of the character of the subjects discussed, those old walls have rarely had such sincerely serious reasoning done within them, since the cornerstone of the White House was laid by George Washington, Gentleman, first President of the United States.

CHAPTER XII

THESE bedtime talks, both at the time they were engaged in, and in after years to look back upon, were among the most pleasurable incidents in the entire story of the White House Gang. Wilkins, the houseman, says he remembered these occasions particularly, because, "in the morning I'd find Quentin's clothes and everybody's else scattered everywhere, and shoes up on top of bed-canopies, or behind cupboards, where they'd been slung the night before."

Finding two left shoes and no rights to mate them, Wilkins, being in charge of the boys' clothing, had on one occasion to report these

Electrical Gifts at Yuletide

TO choose UNIVERSAL Electric Ware Beautiful as Christmas Gifts is to experience the deep singing satisfaction of presenting gifts you would be thrilled to receive yourself—is to know in full the true joy of giving.

These are gifts certain of being appreciated—modern and useful as only electricity can make them, beautiful as only artistically correct designing can fashion them—gifts which eloquently reflect a superior craftsmanship, which are unconditionally guaranteed to render perfect service and which are famous for making "A Merry Christmas last the whole year through."

On your next shopping trip, visit your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer and inspect the splendid collection of UNIVERSAL Electric Ware Beautiful (Coffee Urn and Percolator Sets, Waffle Irons, Toasters, Table Stoves, Cookers, Heaters—everything for the home) he has to offer. You will find UNIVERSAL prices reasonable—in fact, exceptionally low when measured by years of satisfactory service. It always pays to insist on UNIVERSAL—the standard of fine household equipment for over 75 years.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK

Master Metalsmiths for over Three-quarters of a Century

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

In using advertisements see page 6

"*Please* tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

"Hair so dry I can't manage it"

Dear Jean Carroll: When I was younger, my hair was naturally curly. I remember my mother used to curl it on her finger. Now it won't curl at all. All the waves are gone and my hair is very dry. I can't do a thing with it. What would you suggest?—Mrs. V. G., Baltimore, Md.

"Now it won't curl at all" are sad words! I want to rush right in and make several suggestions. Obviously the little oil glands are simply lying down on the job. So—I'm going to urge you to use scalp massage for a few minutes each day. This is a simple rule, but *very* valuable. Massage wakes up the scalp, gives it exercise, and brings the good rich blood up to nourish the hair roots.

Next, I'm going to urge you to use a shampoo especially made for dry hair. (Perhaps you didn't even know there was such a thing but there is—made by the Packer Company, makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap.) This shampoo is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a delightful, fragrant, golden liquid. It is a pure vegetable-oil soap, very gentle for dry hair and sensitive scalps. In addition, it leaves the hair softer and shinier than usual because it contains soothing, softening glycerine.

If you use—daily massage and this special olive oil shampoo for a few weeks, you'll see an improvement. I can't *guarantee* that the waves will come back. But I can say this: I have any number of letters from women who write me that this treatment *has* brought back a natural wave.

For dandruff, help from pines

Dear Miss Carroll: I am bothered very much with dandruff. My hair gets very oily, and stays nice only about three days after I wash it. I have been told not to wash it more than twice a month and my scalp seems to be just covered with dandruff. So—Miss Carroll, I should appreciate some advice very much—Mrs. M. S., Maple Heights, Ohio.

Here's something on doctors authority. A case of excessive oiliness is often a case of "seborrheic dermatitis"—and those two hard words mean *dandruff*. If you clear up the dandruff your hair will probably be normal.

The best home treatment you can use is shampooing every few days with Packer's Tar Soap. Don't listen when people tell you not to wash your hair often. Dandruff is an infection and must be cleared up with antiseptic treatment. Packer's Tar Soap is the soap for dandruff approved by doctors who specialize in the care of the hair.

When you use Packer's Tar Soap, massage the rich piney lather well into your scalp—then rinse. Lather again, and let the good pine tar reach every part of your scalp. Rinse again. Do this every few days at first—and conquer those stubborn little germs. (Wash your brush every time you shampoo.) Later, you can lengthen the time between shampoos.

When the dandruff disappears, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, which is especially made for hair that tends to be oily.

A special shampoo for oily hair

Dear Miss Carroll: We were listening to your radio talk this morning, and I certainly would like a little advice. I have a lot of trouble with my hair. I wash it every week and it is always quite pretty after I wash it. Then in two days it is oily and stringy.—Miss M. W., Osborn, Missouri.

Will you try a special shampoo? The Packer Company, with whom I am associated, makes Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo for over-oily hair. It is made of pure vegetable oils; and it contains healthful pine tar. Also, it is gently astringent—it tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands and helps them regulate the flow of oil. So use this special shampoo about every four days at first.

Then, every other day apply a little pure bay rum. And be a little patient for about a month. You'll feel repaid when you see your hair looking fluffy all the time.

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Friday noon (Eastern standard time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

* * *

If any of the letters above describes the condition of your hair, one of the PACKER products will help. If you have some special problem, write Miss Carroll personally.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all three)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
(Dept. 18-L), 101 W. 31st Street, New York

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose _____ cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3). ★

- ☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)
- ☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

The White House Gang

losses to Mrs. Roosevelt. She was not greatly disturbed, being happily wise and full of understanding. She simply authorized the purchase of another pair of shoes. When one of the missing shoes was discovered behind a picture that had unaccountably tilted, she set it down to unexpected and profitable increment.

Part of her wisdom lay in not expecting or demanding too much from Q with regard to unimportant details. She knew more about the mind of a child—manifesting her knowledge continually in a hundred various ways—than any teacher of child-psychology I have ever known.

That both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt—despite the demands of their great public position—continued to know their children so well was nothing short of a great achievement. I have no idea how they managed it. Thoroughly on a par with TR, we felt that Mrs. Roosevelt considered it a misfortune to be a First Lady and therefore not able to romp with us through rooms and halls of the White House. For both of them, there was a great deal of work to be done, yet both would make frequent breaks from conferences or other functions in order to keep track of us and to take part in our enterprises whenever it seemed advisable to them.

Mrs. Roosevelt possessed a quick understanding of when it was wise to interfere with Gang plans—and when to look the other way. She knew that her adult motives could not entirely be her guide; she clearly recognized those moments when outside suggestions would promptly have been rejected, and when the Gang might easily have done the exact opposite of what she desired. Her judgment in these matters was keen, because she was alive to the hourly changes of pitch of childhood spirit. She knew Q's humor at this time was at a place of crisis, and that the taut intention of the Gang to conquer its world had brought out all its egos and seriously threatened disbandment.

Of Q, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt once remarked, "What a *fine* bad little boy he was!"

Perhaps this comment equally applied to other Gang members when each was a self-nominated candidate for leadership. The whole future seemed to each one of us, personally, to depend upon it. Picking irritably upon one another showed, perhaps, that the Gangsters were over-stimulated by their familiarity with the White House and with being too often on the fringe of events, which, while they did not understand them, they nevertheless felt to be swirling about them as in some magnetic field of emotion.

THIS whole situation was unusual, but not new to the White House. Thirty-six years before, Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, the wife of the President, recognized the same problem with regard to her youngest son, Jesse Root Grant, then thirteen years old. Quoting from the Grant Gang Chronicle:

"With unusual judgment and foresight [Mrs. Grant] had observed the effect of the General's preëminent military position upon her boys when they were about Army Headquarters . . ." and later ". . . the effect of the White House environment upon children, especially upon Jesse . . . To counteract this she sought association for him with a group of natural, healthy, normal boys and in order to break down the isolation which naturally surrounds children of the White House, she had this society organized."

This was the K. F. R. Society of Washington—the meaning of the letters has never been divulged—the Grant Gang, which met first on Christmas Day, 1871, in a gardener's toolhouse on the White House grounds—the exact location being under where the President's office now stands. Its thrilling mysterious depths were lighted by a few candles, which disclosed a stove and only chairs sufficient for duly-elected officers.

And as with us, many years later, there

So much a part of her charm!

Buy a set of book-ends with what it saves you

You can get a most attractive set for $3—the amount that Listerine Tooth Paste saves you each year. Assuming you use a tube a month, the cost is $3.00 per year as compared to $6.00 when you use a 50¢ dentifrice.

LISTERINE TOOTH ★ PASTE 25¢

It is easy to have *white, lustrous* teeth and *pink, healthy* gums

DO you think it necessary to pay 50¢ for a dentifrice in order to have attractive teeth and healthy gums?

Risk 25¢ on Listerine Tooth Paste and let it answer you. You will be delighted with its results. You will welcome its clear-cut economy.

This is the remarkable, modern dentifrice that has swept to leadership in a few short months. It is made by the makers of Listerine—a guarantee that its ingredients are the best procurable, that its quality is beyond question. Only mass production and selling permits such a paste at such a price.

Get a tube today. Begin using it. Note how quickly and thoroughly, yet how gently it cleans the teeth, removing tartar, food deposits and discoloration. Then, note how lustrous teeth become. Note, too, that wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration in the mouth that follows its use.

Then reflect that Listerine Tooth Paste costs you about half of what you ordinarily pay for a dentifrice. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

In using advertisements see page 6

Two Ways To Make Sure Your Bathroom Paper Is *Free Of Dangerous Raw Ground-Wood*

1. *Have Your Doctor or Health Officer Test Your Paper With Phloroglucinol*

The chemical phloroglucinol is an infallible test for raw ground-wood in bathroom paper. Even though wood slivers are not visible, a drop of phloroglucinol turns paper a reddish-purple if it contains any ground-wood. But a cellulose paper—free from raw ground-wood—shows no change when touched with this chemical. It simply absorbs the light orange color of the liquid itself.

2. *Always Get, By Name, The* Cooked *Bathroom Paper Made From Soft Cellulose—Thus Free From Raw Ground-Wood*—

"NORTHERN TISSUE"

With the Blue Core

No raw ground-wood goes to make this softer, safer paper. Only pure cellulose pulp is used. Pulp which has been cooked for more than 8 hours, at a temperature of 302°. This gives firm texture, high absorbency and linen-like softness. And makes the paper white as snow.

Advised By Health Commissioners In 45 States

"USE", say Health Commissioners in 45 states, "a bathroom paper like snow-white 'Northern Tissue' instead of cheap raw ground-wood 'toilet papers'—especially where children must be protected."

Mostly on medical advice, thousands of homes are changing to "Northern Tissue". And thus they avoid the menacing disorders traced to irritating raw wood particles found in cheap yellow ground-wood or newsprint white "toilet papers"—papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

Double Protection in Northern Tissue

"Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized, too—every sheet in every roll. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating or infectious bacteria are thus destroyed.

Remember the two ways to make sure of getting bathroom paper free from raw ground-wood. The simplest way is to ask for "Northern Tissue" always, at any grocery or drug store. The price is but 10c a roll; no more than ordinary "toilet paper". 244-R

Ask for

"NORTHERN TISSUE"

FITS STANDARD BUILT-IN FIXTURES

The White House Gang

were six boys in the beginning of things—Jesse Grant, his cousin Baine Dent, Albion Parris (the Washington banker, to whom the chronicler of the Roosevelt Gang is indebted for this information), Harry Cutts, Frank Bolles, and Walter Chew. The last-named, together with his twin brother Leonard, who became the first new member, established a blood-connection with Dick Chew, our own member, and thus between the Grant and Roosevelt Gangs.

Three uncles of our own Dick were members of the Grant Gang. (His mother's brother, Edward Cady, of Washington, was Grant Gang member number 68 in good standing.)

More remarkable still is the fact that Dick's father, Robert S. Chew (well-known in Washington), who died in 1923 at the age of seventy-three, was a playmate of "Tad" Lincoln, and member of the cadet company which drilled in Civil War days in our own south garden.

"Tad" (Thomas) Lincoln was eight, when his father came to the White House as President. His brother, Robert, eighteen, was away at school. His other brother, William, ten, died about a year later (February, 1862), during the darkest hours of the Civil War. The Government Departments closed as a mark of sympathy. At only one other time (when at the death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., the departments were generally closed by the individual action of the Secretaries), has the death of a child been so observed in our history. President Lincoln, already bowed by the cares of war and state, turned to Tad for some brief moments of consolation.

It was about this time that Secretary of War Stanton, harsh, peremptory, sharp-tongued, violent, succumbed to Tad's winning disposition and in a moment of indiscretion commissioned the boy a lieutenant in the Union Army.

By all accounts Tad Lincoln must have been very much like our own Q, for he speedily had the White House staff drilling under his orders. This becoming impracticable, he recruited, perhaps drafted, a company of boys of his own age to command—the Lincoln Gang.

Thus, due to Dick Chew and his forebears, the Roosevelt Gang of the White House proudly claims a tradition not unlike that cherished by some of the historic regiments of the line—that of carrying on an unbroken history of defeat and victory, through the administrations of Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, and Theodore Roosevelt!

A MEMBER of the Grant Gang once wrote: "How we have ever been willing to speak to each other, in all these years, after the way we treated each other in those days, is a wonder. Very few of us escaped being expelled, in disgrace, at one time or another; and most of us either resigned in a huff, or were expelled for unpaid dues, or for non-attendance at meetings, or for non-performance of duties . . . There were meetings when the president could keep order only by shying kindling-wood at the heads of unruly members—days when there were free fights—days when there were fierce rivalries and personal jealousies, causing a quick succession of cliques, and cabals, and caucuses, and heart-burnings to follow."

Added proof is scarcely needed that boys of one generation differ very little from boys of another.

In jealousy and a sense of alleged superiority were the real motives for the revival of initiations among us to be found. Sometimes these were carried off in fun, sometimes in all seriousness; but at this particular period they were instituted with the hope that their severity might eliminate rival candidates for leadership, for if a member quailed under the imposition, no matter how difficult its accomplishment, he forfeited his chance of honor.

With the Gang initiations began again mildly enough. A member was blindfolded and presented with three or four inches of wet macaroni and told to "eat this *worm*, alive, cold, and

Portrait painted for The Hoover Co. by Ralph Fisher Skelton

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

Am I the Woman of a Year Ago?

I WONDER if you remember me—you husbands to whom I said last Christmas the things I could not say to my husband? ¶ I was the woman whose husband gave her each Christmas some pretty trinket. The woman whose youth was slipping from her too fast. The woman whose cleaning burdens were too heavy. The woman who wanted, but could not ask for, a Hoover. ¶ I'm not the woman of a year ago. ¶ In one short year I have discovered that youth need not go so swiftly—that cleaning duties need not be burdensome. ¶ *For last Christmas my husband did give me a Hoover!*

"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"

In using advertisements see page 6

Throughout Infancy and Childhood

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THE baby's food must not only be sufficient in amount but must be capable of *easy and prompt* digestion. Tests prove that Karo is digestible by even the weakest baby. It is now widely and successfully used—*and recommended by doctors everywhere*—for the modification of milk for babies because it is wholesome, nutritious and quickly assimilated.

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Over a period of a quarter century, Karo has been the standard table-syrup — delicious on pancakes, waffles and sliced bread.

FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE

December 1929 Good Housekeeping

The White House Gang

wriggling, and swallow it down *whole*, after chewing it thoroughly for a minute by the watch." Sometimes he would be given one grain of cooked tapioca, and told it was the eye of a fish. The "black" hand, was fireplace soot smeared across the lips, and drinking four full tumblers of water in immediate succession, which was supposed to produce cramps—but never exactly worked. The "white" hand, was talcum powder, or preferably flour, massaged well into the scalp and sifted down the neck, on the outside. The "hot" hand was a stinging blow with a shingle on the sitting-down portion of a member's anatomy, delivered with all the strength each of the other members could muster. All this was to be taken without the slightest demur or sign of annoyance.

These serving as preliminary degrees, an initiation then became more hazardous—jumping from high places; hanging by the hands where a drop would mean certain physical disaster; being dragged by the legs down staircases; bumping heads against marble floors until a required crack in tone was noted and approved. By far the most difficult, because almost entirely mental, was the strain imposed by having to pass a number of minutes in absolute silence. This was a cruel infliction for Q. For this degree the candidate would be led about by the Gang bent on meeting or creating a situation wherein, from reasons of explanation or protest, it would be almost impossible to maintain silence. Meanwhile the candidate had to do whatever he was ordered to do, right up to the last second of the specified period.

Q WAS thus led by the Gang out from under the south portico and across the lawn to meet what must have been two distinguished visitors, seeing that they were being shown about the gardens by an Aide. The Gang, inspired by an exceptional opportunity thoroughly to haze Q, walked him right up to the visiting group with the greatest effrontery.

"Look friendly and pleased," Q was ordered in a whisper.

The Aide, not hearing the aside, began an altogether proper introduction to the guests.

"This is Quentin," he said, "the youngest son—"

"Turn your back to 'em," was the whispered order.

He promptly obeyed.

"Quentin," said the Aide in a sharper tone, noting that something was wrong. "Your mother's guests should be shown what kind of a boy you are, you know."

The Aide was making an appeal to Q to behave, and handsomely ignoring his bad manners and lapse from an almost invariable frank friendliness. The situation began to be noticeably strained.

"Shake your head," was growled into Q's ear.

Q did as had been bidden.

"Rather unusual *and* uncomplimentary," one of the guests remarked.

"Quentin Roosevelt!" the Aide said curtly. "What's become of your manners?"

"Make a noise like an army mule, but don't say a word!" was the Gang's whispered command.

Q brayed half a dozen times in rapid succession.

The Aide flushed with embarrassment, the two guests were visibly annoyed, and the interview was becoming altogether painful for all concerned. The back of Q's neck was a rich, deep crimson right down to the margin of his collar.

"Time!" cried small Walker White in a large voice.

Q faced about. "I apologize!" he exploded in a staccato of tumbled-out words, "I-didn't-mean-to-behave-so. But-you-see-I-*had*-to-do-it until-the-time-was-up. It-was-very-rude-and-I-know-it-was. Indeed-I-am-sorry, really. I'm-sure-I'm very-very-glad-to-meet-you-and-mother-has-told-me-she's-so-glad-you've-come

—*they selected* FURNITURE

A *gift* for the home! What pleasant possibilities, what delightful anticipations! Rare, indeed, is the present that brings so much lasting satisfaction; so much permanent pleasure . . . And after all, isn't a gift of furniture the most logical, enduringly profitable of all investments?

Good furnishings are more than mere merchandise. They are the elements that make our dreams come true; a constant source of inspiration, and a definite aid to advancement. Thus, the saying: "First . . . furnish the home," is indeed sound counsel.

In this modern age you are judged by the appearance of your rooms. Scanty, inappropriate furnishings give your guests an unfavorable impression that even your gracious manner and clever conversation cannot offset.

And it is so easy . . . so simple, to turn this handicap into real help; to make home furnishings speak in your favor. Just a few new pieces, carefully selected, will "dress up" your home and make a world of difference.

How about one or two occasional chairs, to replace those old-fashioned ones that have served their day? A new table, perhaps, or an attractive desk; a cedar chest, or Martha Washington Cabinet; new furnishings for the dining room and breakfast nook; a modern, comfortable suite for the spare bedroom. These are things within the scope of even a modest Family Budget.

Why not take the first step now? There is no longer any need to do without the things you really ought to have. The modern method of buying furniture lets you have them right away.

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DETECTO
PERSONAL SCALE

An Ideal
GIFT
for the family

CHRISTMAS will bring many long wanted things to your home—but nothing will win the approval of everyone as surely as this accurate little scale.

Detecto will help mother and daughter to slender loveliness, especially now with the Detecto Charm Box, which comes free with each scale. This unique course tells them how to reduce or add weight by following a simple exercise and diet routine conveniently arranged in card-a-day form.

Detecto also guards children against the dangers of underweight. And Dad himself will get into the habit of hopping onto it every morning after his shower . . . For your own family and for the families of all with whom you are intimately acquainted, Detecto is the Christmas-time answer to a year-round need and desire.

Three models, six colors. Guaranteed for five years by the makers. Certified and approved by the N. Y. State Bureau of Weights & Measures. Obtainable at all good stores or direct The JACOBS BROS. Co., Inc., Dept. 10, 318 Greenwich Street, New York City.

NEW LOW PRICES!

Detecto Junior (250 lbs.) . . .	$8.75
Detecto Ace, illustrated (300 lbs.) .	10.75
Detecto Royal (300 lbs.) . . .	14.75

Send for free booklet—
"The Charm of Slenderness"

The White House Gang

[Pure diplomacy!] I-hope-you-won't-tell-her-how-nasty-it-looked-as-though-I-were-to-you, because-I-didn't-mean-it-for-a-moment."

Q looked beseechingly at the visitors, the Gang explained, and the Aide promised not to inform.

Despite the way Q acquitted himself on this occasion, and on several of a similar character, he was not at once accorded the leadership. One of our number was considerably older than the rest, and he felt that this fact should be considered, and said so. But the Gang's opinion of leadership by mere seniority was not high.

"It's all right in the Army and Navy," Q explained, "where everybody knows his job as well as anybody else—or will, by the time my father gets through with them. But I don't see that *you* do. Now because I—"

He stopped abruptly; evidently he was about to urge his own claims, but thought better of it. Never, through the entire lifetime of the Gang, did Q mention the fact that he was host—which would have clinched the argument as to temporary leadership, even though it had cost him our respect in the long run. At times, however, he *did* have to face the accusation that he had done this or that just because he was host—an unfair advantage for the Gang to take simply because our insinuations were, on the surface, practically unanswerable, but in truth and essence absolutely unfounded and untrue.

SO THE hazing went on until, failing of conclusion by trials of strength, it finally resolved itself into tests of fearlessness and its implicatory qualities of good judgment and quick thinking. Neither of these last named traits, however, could be detected in the complicated and dangerous trick Q conceived, and then proposed he be the first to attempt, all others who dared—if any—to follow.

The scene of this ordeal was at the far west end of the great hall on the second floor, where the fan-window looks out upon the roof of the Executive Offices, and across the way to the State-War-Navy Building, which had caused us to be engaged in all these considerations. Quentin placed a chair to face this window, but away from the window-seat, about the distance of his own height.

He then dashed away, returning presently with five of his own books and four steel knitting-needles. The books he placed flatwise upon the floor between the chair and the window, and the knitting-needles upright between them. They stood up in a straight row, nine or ten inches from the floor.

Q then proceeded to stretch himself between the window-seat and the chair, the tips of his toes on the seat, his fingers holding the edge of the chair.

"If you slip doing this," he said, "you fill yourself as full of knitting-needles as a porcupine!"

It was only then that the Gang fully understood the test of fearlessness and skill Q had devised. He kept pushing the chair—hitching and inching it—until he had straightened himself out to full length. The hair on the back of my neck rose at the whole proceeding, and I held on to the corner of a screen which divided the main hall from the fan-window.

As I did so, I discovered TR standing behind the screen, watching Quentin with the utmost concentration.

"Now," said Q in a cautious voice, though he fully realized the dangerous character of this feat, "the stunt is to stay this way, *like Mahomet*, for exactly half a minute. Somebody time it for me, and when time's up, it's been done. Then somebody knock the needles away, so that I can flop down on the floor without getting stuck. But if I fall on 'em before the half-minute's up—well, that's *it*, and my own look-out."

The rest of the Gang, too fascinated, frightened, and absorbed to see anything but Q and the needles, knew nothing of TR's presence.

Presently, the half-minute being over, and the needles removed, Q collapsed from the chair. As he lay on the floor, breathing hard, he asked,

"Now, who wants to try *that?*"

No one moved, no one spoke.

Q laughed quietly. "I've got you all stopped on that one," he said simply—expressing the fact without a trace of boasting.

We looked uneasily away from him, at each other, around the hall, out of the window. Yes, he had us stopped. He had invented a test that not one of us wished to try! Suddenly I remembered TR, but he was nowhere to be seen; he had simply disappeared!

In his capacity as a loving father, deeply concerned over the happiness and safety of his children, it must have been a tremendous struggle for TR to keep himself from bursting out from behind that screen to read Q and the rest of us a sharply-pointed lecture upon the folly of the escapade.

The usual father, one supposes, would have done that very thing. But TR did not, because—as one understands now—his discernment overcame his concern. He thoroughly understood, and saw that interference would have dislocated all the degrees of initiation and test through which we had passed and were passing. Moreover, had he not been in close personal touch with the inner concerns of the Gang, he would have known nothing of the import of these tests and trials through which its members were passing.

TR knew that no matter how much of the spoiling of Q's manners, clothes, temper, and the orderly routine of family life were caused by the presence of the Gang in the White House, the advantages of conflicting interests, rivalries, and hot personal feelings among boys of identical age, normally healthy and normally selfish, were such as would work out his large moral benefits for all concerned. But he knew, also, that the Gang must be left entirely alone, and to its own devices, at important and critical times, to work out independently its own problems and salvation.

IF Q'S leadership of the Gang were not entirely conceded after his feat *à la Mahomet*, it certainly was given ratification on the roof of the White House. Here, where the roof ridge ran east and west along the center was the boardwalk under the flagpole. This walk we (nautically) called "the bridge." With the thick flagpole rising like a mast into the blue, the golden eagle, his wings outspread as if about to take flight, the whole place—except the gray of the roof-deck—was spotlessly white, correct, severe, and shipshape as a man-of-war, the flag halyards cleated and the ends neatly coiled. Small wonder that we fell into naval terminology. The openings between the balustrades below, Q called "hawse-holes."

Time and again we would look up to the flag—flying only when the President was in the White House or the Government offices—and speculate on the commotion down on Pennsylvania Avenue or in the State-War-Navy Building which would attend our hauling it down and running it up again. Despite such speculations, however, the flag, in our deepest consciousness, was altogether too sacred a symbol to be touched, except at appointed moments—those of raising and lowering, and even then the careful ritual, which we all knew, prohibited letting so much as a corner of it touch the ground, and provided for its slow and reverent folding with prescribed and dignified detail.

So when, as a final, open bid for leadership, one of the Gang actually dared the rest of us to put our speculation into action and lay profaning hands upon the halyards, Q instantly struck him with every ounce of strength and energy in his vigorous little body. The boy sprawled off the "bridge" and rolled over and over down the slanting pitch of the roof, some forty-odd feet, to the gutter alongside the balustrade. There he sat, surprised—but entirely settled! And the question of leadership was settled also—then and there!

The White House Gang

CHAPTER XIII

THE responsibility of leadership descended upon Quentin with all the weight of the importance to the Gang of success or failure. But in what particular direction achievement must be directed, we did not know. We had no general plan, other than the successful surmounting of obstacles as we came upon them—or darted away to avoid them when they were suddenly discovered to be potentially calamitous.

It would appear to have been the same with the Grant Gang, for spread upon their old, brittle records—written in the faded ink of the minutes of 1873—is the following:

"Jesse Grant moved: That the Society have some motive. Passed. The following . . . were appointed as a Committee on Motive: W. Chew, L. Chew, and A. K. Parris."

Much later Mr. Parris admitted: "I can find no record that this committee ever reported. The subject, it must have been thought, was too vast and complicated, with all life opening up before us. It was only later that we discovered what our real motive had been, all along."

The motive, of course, with them as with us, was fellowship and growth, which we understood as little as they. Our Gang life was *life;* already we were aware of some of its responsibilities. But we considered ourselves, nevertheless, far removed from the drab existence of most grown-ups—particularly the clerks of the State, War, and Navy Departments, pouring out of the great building at the end of the day's work; hurrying down the steep banks of steps and, in some mysterious way, emerging from beneath them, eagerly anxious to return to their homes, or as Q said, with a touch of really serious understanding,

"Some of them, I fear, to rooms in boarding-houses and other kinds of lodgings."

THIS sympathy did not deter us, however, from resorting to the old wallet-and-string trick in order to decoy a clerk, as he hurried home along the curving sidewalk skirting the south of the White House grounds.

Dick Chew, Walker White, and myself lay quietly behind the hedge inside the picket fence, while Q held the end of the string. The wallet, apparently dropped upon the pavement, was too inviting for the clerk to resist stooping for it. Q jerked the string, and the wallet flopped across the sidewalk just as the man's fingers were about to close around it.

Due to Q's over-eager jerk of the line, the wallet caught between the pickets, and the clerk, surprised but agile, grabbed it before Q could pull it through to safety.

"Well, well," he said with a grin. "This is one time when the fooler's fooled, and the biter's bitten."

The Gang behind the hedge rose shamefacedly to their feet.

"If you'd been an older man, we'd have got away with it!" said Q stoutly.

"Maybe," retorted the clerk, "and maybe not. In any case one has to deal with an opponent just as one finds him. One can't have him born to order. But what are you boys doing inside that fence anyway?" he concluded sharply.

Then, recognizing Q, he saw daylight.

"Oh, I see you know who we are," Q said.

"Give us back that purse!" White demanded in his *basso profundo.*

"Oh, no," said the clerk, "I think I deserve the right to keep it. I beat you to it, you know."

"Indeed you did!" Q said abruptly, to the anger of the Gang. "If it affords you any satisfaction to know it, the purse belongs to me."

"*Did* belong, you mean," laughed the clerk. "It's going to be *mine,* from now on."

Whereupon he detached the purse from the string, the other end of which Q still held in his fist.

"Oh, darn it!" said Q, highly provoked.

He had hoped to be able to regain the purse from the unsuspecting clerk by snatching hastily on the string.

The man laughed, slipped the wallet into his pocket, and without another word hurried away.

"Served us right," Q said to the Gang. "I guess it was a mean trick at that. Somebody told me that those fellows over there only make fifty dollars a year, and finding a purse full of money would be their only chance to get more."

Thus moralizing, the Gang retired under the magnolia trees to ponder future movements. Charlie, swinging himself on a branch, went up into the tree, and the rest of us followed. Voices were heard in the garden, and we immediately froze in the branches, preparing to play a more successful joke, if possible, on whoever might be making in our direction.

The voices were those of TR and M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador. They were so engrossed in their conversation as not to hear the rustling in the leaves above. They stopped almost under us, Jusserand waving his arm in a sweeping gesture which served only to amuse us and made it more difficult to keep silence.

The French Ambassador's earnestness was surprising. He appeared to be completely obsessed by some conviction or other which he desired to impress upon and communicate to the President.

"I do *not* think, *Monsieur le Président,*" Jusserand declared, repeating the peculiar gesture. "I know, I *know!*"

WE WERE fascinated. Right below us, something big, something important, was being discussed by the key-men of France and the United States, which even to our youthful minds was thrilling. Jusserand was wearing a frock-coat, and as he raised his arms to gesticulate, the shoulders wrinkled and seemed to rise, thus making him appear taller.

"You—must—be—mistaken, Jusserand!" said TR, laying hold of the lapels of Jusserand's coat with his big fists as if he were about to shake the smaller man. "I have thought about it, and dismissed it as being inconceivable."

"*Non, non!*" Jusserand protested. "It is the truth!"

Q snickered, and, startled, both TR and M. Jusserand looked up into the tree above them. The branches were heavy with the Gang, all looking down with intent expressions. TR was visibly annoyed; Jusserand turned as crimson as his ribbon of the *Légion d'Honneur,* except in the wrinkles of his forehead. For a moment neither man spoke, looking blankly at each other, and then, just as blankly, at us.

"No matter what these boys have heard, they can be trusted!" TR said at length.

"Yes," Jusserand agreed. "But what have they heard?"

TR looked up into the tree. "Tell me all you have heard," he commanded.

Aided by Walker White and Charlie, Q repeated everything.

At the conclusion of the recital, the President turned to the Ambassador. "If I asked them to keep a secret," he said with his convincing enunciation of syllables, "every one of them would *die* rather than divulge it. Isn't that right, boys?"

"Yes, sir!" we chorused.

"Yes, Mr. President!" added Charlie.

"Well," said TR, "this time, you are all fully entitled to live. You possess no secret whatever!"

The two men laughed, and walked slowly away.

"Discussing, probably, affairs of state" said Q. "Overhearing a conversation, in that way, makes one feel like a snake-in-the-grass."

"Or a monkey in a tree," Charlie corrected.

M. Jusserand, we all loved. There was a sparkle and a friendliness in the man which were not all Gallic temperament—which, however, is the closest on earth to eternal youth. We recognized his possession of the international virtue of a firm belief in boys, and a perennial interest in their concerns.

A New Kind of Bran Food

ARE you tired, listless, lacking in the energy you used to have?

Don't be discouraged by continual ill health. Don't think the only remedies are dangerous laxatives, or harsh, tasteless roughage.

Here's a delicious breakfast food that has helped thousands to better health. It's Pettijohn's. Whole bran concealed in delicious golden grains of whole wheat. Cooked, ready to eat, in four minutes.

Pettijohn's bran is kind to nervous digestions, because it's softened by cooking. Doubly effective, because it contains all the rest of the wheat kernel. Gives you the minerals and three vitamins everybody needs.

But, best of all, Pettijohn's is utterly delicious. So appetizing it tempts your appetite instead of punishing it.

Try Pettijohn's for breakfast tomorrow morning. The new Quick Pettijohn's cooks in toast-and-coffee time.

This delicious whole wheat cereal is made by the Quaker Oats Company. Manufacturers of 48 different cereals. With mills in twelve cities throughout the United States and Canada.

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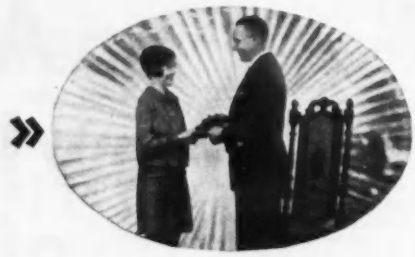

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"LITTLE BILL" OR FIND-EX

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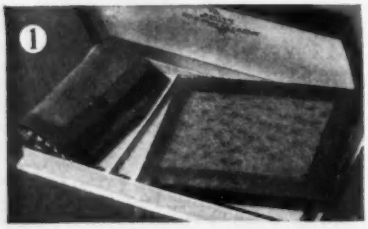

1. FIND-EX *and Key Kaddy come in beautiful matched sets, different leathers and designs to choose from. $7 in a handsome gift box.*

2. *The Amity "Little Bill"—made especially for the new-size currency. Featherweight and trim, it is one of the thinnest, most compact wallets made. Automatic expanding bill compartment prevents bulging. $1 to $15.*

3. *Amity ladies' handbag of rich imported steerhide, hand-colored and tool embossed, with attractively laced edges. Fitted with mirror and purse, $16.50. Other bags from $5 to $25.*

4. *This is* FIND-EX*—keeps cards, auto-licenses, etc., clean and orderly in a patented, removable, self-indexing, visible file. Has compartment for the new, small-size currency. Six designs, $5.*

MEN love the look and feel of finely fashioned leather, particularly if it is made with Amity's splendid craftsmanship. And *this* Christmas every man wants an Amity wallet in the new style, to carry the new, smaller money.

"Little Bill" is a beautiful single-fold, small, slim and flexible. Transparent, removable envelopes hold cards, auto-licenses or passes.

Another ideal gift for busy men is FIND-EX, the famous Amity wallet that files all cards, tickets and memoranda in transparent envelopes, visible and removable.

Choose FIND-EX or *"Little Bill,"* singly or in matched gift sets, richly hand-tooled embossed, plain or hand-laced, in a variety of leathers. You'll find them at your druggist's, jeweler's, stationer's, department store, luggage or men's furnishing store. Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wis.

Only genuine Amity leather products are plainly stamped with the name Amity. Look for it—it is a guarantee of quality.

The White House Gang

It must have been the saddest of all his duties, while Ambassador at Washington, when on a September day, eleven years later, and instructed by the President of the French Republic, he forwarded to Quentin's mother and father a document identical with those received by the parents of French officers and soldiers who had died for the great and common cause. Jusserand wrote officially, of necessity, and then added simply and with utter sincerity:

"As for me, I need not say what I feel in fulfilling this duty; I knew Quentin as a child, and one could easily discover, in the child, the man he would be. Millions of young lives will have been forgotten, when his memory will still be fresh among us, as in his own country."

Back in the harum-scarum days, Q called Jusserand "The Man of The Five Names," because, as far as we knew, he was the only man on earth, except a crowned head, with so many. Once, after some concentrated minutes of rehearsal, we rushed to him, interrupting a conversation he was having with TR. Charlie, Slats and myself thus addressed him:

"How do you do, *Jean?*"
"How're you, *Adrien?*"
"Warm day, *Antoine?*"
"Hello, *Jules!*"

He was mystified for a moment and then said: "You have not yet called me by the name I would like best from each one of you, man to man. That is Jusserand—just Jusserand."

Sometimes it astonished other people to hear us addressing him with perfect equality as "Jusserand!" Sometimes, too, we added a sixth title—a nickname suggested by the way he had said "Just Jusserand"—making it "*Joost* Jusserand!"

Once he increased the mystification of a group of guests by putting his finger across his lips, straight under his nose, and with the other hand pointing to the nearest tree. This gesture gave us an opportunity for laughter and at the same time the delicious sense of possessing a dark secret in common with him. Certainly diplomacy, then and doubtless still, is woven of such personal things, for Jusserand had captured our hearts, as he did all others in Washington.*

IN OUR instance he did so without intent. He was one of the few people, outside the close White House family, to whom Q wanted to tell things.

"Jusserand should know about this," he would say.

We intended to tell him—probably we never did—of an extraordinary compatriot of his whom Q pretended to have discovered. This was on an entirely unauthorized expedition to that exciting, mysterious, colorful and confusing district south of Pennsylvania Avenue, midway between the White House and the Capitol. Here, on B Street, between Seventh and Ninth Streets, stood the old, red-brick Center Market.

It was a place of smells, sights, and sounds beyond anything else in our experience. There was a fascination, which bordered on morbid enchantment, in watching the butchers at work; in inhaling the cold air from the ice-boxes which conveyed the most subtle, frozen fragrances of fish-scales and the salt sea; in rubbing our feet in the sawdust upon the floor, which seemed an altogether manly thing to do. We hurried down one block of stalls and turned exploringly into another, just as if we were there on some important errand.

Outside Center Market, the sidewalks were covered with temporary stalls for vegetables and farm produce, just for the day. At the curb all manner of carts and dilapidated vehicles were backed up also to serve as stalls. The Gang was watched with sharp suspicion by the stall-holders, who were constantly on the alert to protect themselves against marauding gangs from the back streets of Washington, who, creating a diversion at one place, would carry out a raid at another.

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All Toastmasters now Chromium plated—No advance in price!

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER ★

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SHARP . . . lastingly sharp. Well balanced . . . artistic . . . enduring, these five-dollar gift sets invite purchase.

Every blade is stainless. Every handle is of lacquered wood . . . beautiful in its natural grain . . . and decorated with a charming little blue arrow.

You may have this set of five Royal Blue Arrow Kitchen-Kraft knives together with a cook's fork . . . in a dainty silk-lined gift box . . . for only five dollars.

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December 1929 Good Housekeeping

The White House Gang

Here the finest negroes to be found in Washington congregated—simple, unaffected, child-like souls, deeply scornful of the ways of the city, who came to sell their produce and drive languidly back into Maryland or Virginia. We felt a sort of kinship with these folk. There were old men, grizzled and gray, still wearing bandannas about their necks and occasionally a faded and wrinkled cutaway purchased from the ole-clo' man; there were ancient women smoking clay pipes and warming their hands at buckets made into braziers, into which scraps of kindling wood and packing cases had been thrown pellmell.

Q suddenly halted with an amazed expression; the Gang gathered questioning about him.

"By buzzard!" he exclaimed. "Listen!" he continued, cautiously indicating two young negroes sitting on the tail of a wagon, chattering in a jargon which sounded quite meaningless to us.

"I can hardly believe it," Q said, "but they are talking French! The same language Jusserand uses!"

"They're not," denied Walker White. "They're speaking Virginian."

"It's French, I tell you," Q protested. "I'll prove it to you."

Whereupon, Quentin walked directly up to the two men, smiled engagingly, and asked,

"*Avez-vous bien dormi?*"

"Says which?" asked one of them, rolling his eyes.

"*Parlez-vous français?*" Q pursued.

One of the men grunted.

"He says '*non*'!" Q explained in some excitement. "What did I tell you! But I'll ask him another. *Mangez-vous avec apetit?*"

ONE of the negroes, uncertain as to whether or not he were being "kidded," slid down from the tailboard of the wagon and collared Quentin. Immediately the Gang attacked him about the feet and knees, and we all went down in a black-and-white tangle among the stalls, shoppers and market-baskets. The man must have banged his head heavily on the sidewalk, for he let Q go, and Q wriggled away. An instant later, however, the negro caught Walker, the smallest of us, by the leg, and got to his feet, still holding the Runt.

"Let him go!" yelled Q in good, clear English.

By this time libelous comment was being made concerning us by the proprietors of near-by stalls and by their customers.

"I saw one of 'em pinch some apples," lied one.

"Somebody done bust half-a-dozen aigs!" another moaned.

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, 'rest 'em," suggested a third.

"That's all a lie!" Q answered. "None of us have done anything except me, and I haven't done anything either."

A look of sudden decision crossed his face. "*Get* Walker White!" he commanded, and the Gang again charged captor and captured.

The man let go of Walker to parry a blow from Dick, and the Gang, with White safely in the center, swept down the sidewalk, brushing the crowd aside.

"To the right!" Q ordered. "Get to the bicycles, mount, and each ride in a different direction! We'll meet behind the Post Office Department. If we aren't all there in fifteen minutes, I'll call up Major Sylvester! Beat it! To the right, between wagons!"

Thus was the first action and orderly retreat under Q's leadership executed; also, and much more important, the ancient and honorable tradition of "one for all and all for one" was splendidly reaffirmed.

It was by some acquaintance made on this visit to the market that Q was presented with a pig. Wilkins, the houseman at the Presidential mansion, well remembers him. He was brought to the White House on the hoof and tethered in the garden. Soon he had eaten a bare

The White House Gang

circle completely around his stake, and the problem of victualing him without spoiling the garden had to be solved by Q and an interested pantryman, by carrying out real food to him. He greedily consumed all that was tendered him and always grunted for more, until Q almost exhausted himself, going back and forth between pig and pantry.

Finally, as a gesture of conciliation, Q untied him and took him through the basement, into the elevator, and up to the great second-story hall there to be shown off. Members of the family were not present, however, and Q and the pig rooted about the hall, hopefully waiting for an audience that never came.

This pig is not to be confused with another that Q sold—at the substantial profit of twenty-five cents—to Schmid, the Animal Man. Everything that could be desired was to be found in Schmid's store: guinea-pigs, parrots, goldfish, canaries, rabbits, monkeys, lizards, little Florida alligators, and puppies of all breeds and degrees of appeal. Next to the Center Market, and far more pronouncedly than the Zoo, the fragrance of the place was more delightful than any other rendezvous. Nor were they mere animal odors that we apprehended. With them were blended the imagined aromas of savage camp-fires under the stars, of rawhide, of saddlery, of the bilge of tramp steamers that called from far-away ports hidden among the mangroves, of the perilous jungles of immemorial Ind.

WANDERLUST had now attacked the Gang, and every visit to Schmid's served greatly to aggravate it. Only in part could it be appeased in Washington, but that part we brought to its fullest extent within the cruising radius of our bicycles. As members of the Gang now look upon a map of Washington, this roaming carried them east as far as the Library of Congress, north up the hill to Columbia Road, west to Pennsylvania Avenue bridge over Rock Creek, south to the Washington Monument. But we rarely followed a straight course, and thus covered many additional miles of rectangular street intersections, upon which I was supposed to be an authority, my father having been Surveyor of the District of Columbia.

In this latter fact lay one of the subtle considerations of which boys are capable, appreciated then and in a large measure now. While the Gang spared few feelings, minced no words, rode roughshod over every conceivable sentiment, yet when it came to the mention of my father, they spoke with the most consummate tact. He had recently died, and although I said nothing to emphasize the fact—it was too poignant to mention—my comrades did not forget. They felt, perhaps, that they were fortunate in having their own fathers still with them, and that if they reminded me of my loss, it must be in some manner complimentary to my father. So they assumed my superior knowledge of the topographical dimensions of Washington.

Once a gang member happened to speak lightly, almost laughingly, of some one who had recently died.

"You *fool!*" Quentin said in a fierce undertone I distinctly heard, and bumped him off his bicycle.

I was so affected that I promptly wept; then, feeling ashamed, I fell from my own bicycle, holding my knee, to explain the tears. With fine consideration the Gang refused to notice them, but laughed at my fall.

(To be concluded)

Christmas Lighting

(Continued from page 89)

using electric candles, either singly or in rows, that come wired, so all that is required is connection to a convenient outlet. If you want an attractive variation of the simple candles there are holly wreaths with a cluster of small lights, and others with just a single light.

No Throat Troubles or Colds this Winter

SO many people dread the coming of winter because of the colds and throat troubles it brings. But if the passages of nose and throat are kept in healthy condition, your sufferings from colds will be greatly lessened.

Doctors say that lubricating these passages is a great preventive, as it wards off irritation and keeps the germs from getting a foothold.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is ideal for this purpose. It is a pure natural substance that is remarkably healing in its action. A little snuffed up the nose will spread all over the membranes and protect them against damp air, dust particles and dangerous germs.

If the voice is husky, throat sore or rough, a little "Vaseline" Jelly taken internally will be a big help. Thousands of people have found it beneficial. It is so pure that anyone can take it internally.

Lay in a supply of "Vaseline" Jelly for the winter season. It can be bought in jars or tubes for a few cents anywhere in the world. Certainly it is an easy, safe, economical preventive.

And remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd. © Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1929

Vaseline ★

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

In using advertisements see page 6

For Sale! Sound Sleep

(in one pound cans.. ground or in the bean)

IF COFFEE keeps you awake at night, never again need you pass it by regretfully. For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one ingredient that steals your sleep—caffein.

Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. Enjoy it morning or night—at any hour of the night—it won't keep you awake.

Coffee—delicious coffee!

Sanka Coffee is marvelously delicious. Nothing is added—nothing but caffein is removed. It is a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown—skillfully roasted and blended to bring out the most tempting fragrance, the most spicy flavor. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee wholeheartedly. Your grocer sells it—in pound cans, always fresh, ground or in the bean—on the basis of complete satisfaction or your money back. Try Sanka Coffee today!

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST

The first time you try Sanka Coffee, drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon, and night—without regret! © 1929, S. C. Corp.

SANKA* COFFEE

Genuine

Delicious

☆ WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED ☆

Song of the Road

(Continued from page 43)

I wuth too old—to play 'ith—dolls. So they broke him. . ."

The tumult of his grief swept over him anew. And there were, all at once, dusty, wet smudges on the robe at Mary's knee.

"They broke him . . ." shrilled the little boy. "Why can't I play—ith dolls?"

She was so young, Mary! Scarcely more than a child, herself. How long was it since her own dolls had been laid away? Joseph found himself wondering as, at her silent gesture, he gathered up the fragments of the broken toy and laid them in her outstretched hand. It was a rudely-made, earthen thing, easily broken—that doll. Joseph told himself that so many earthen things were—easily broken. But aloud he said slowly:

"It's too bad, Mary. I'm sorry for the little fellow. But—we must be getting on. Before darkness comes down. Let us put him on the path to his home—this child!"

BUT Mary's answer—and it was a shade incredulous—had come: "Oh, Joseph," she said, "we can not leave him! I must mend the doll for him. I can so easily. I can bind it with a bit torn from my mantle, with a riband from my veil. When I was little, I had just such a doll. I lived then in a cold, chill place—and it was very dark, at night. And I took the doll to bed with me, because I was afraid of the night shadows. I am—" she laughed wistfully, but her fingers were already busy with the riband—"I am—do not tease me, Joseph—I am still afraid of the dark. Do you—" she spoke to the child, whose tears were drying as he watched her skilful hands, "do you live close by, son? And do you take your doll to bed with you?"

The little boy nodded. One chubby hand gestured toward a cottage just across the rise of the road.

"Our house," he said, "ith there. My father an' my brothers. They tend—sheep. I am alone, at dark. My mother ith—dead. My dolly—he sleeps 'ith me. But they say—a boy—should not love dolls!"

It was a long speech, for a little fellow. Mary's eyes were intent, as she listened. While her fingers bandaged the broken earthen head, the cracked earthen arm, with patient care.

"You should love everything, small one," she advised. "Perhaps this doll will, in the days to come, help you be a good father. Eh, Joseph?"

But Joseph was looking anxiously at the sky. "We must delay no longer, Mary," he said, and his voice was harsh with anxiety. "See, the doll is whole again. And I will set the little lad across the road and on the way home. We have lost many minutes—minutes I know not how precious! Come, child!"

But impulsively the wee boy was clinging to Mary's hand. And his baby lips touched the palm of it, before—his doll clasped to his breast—he was off. Scuttling across the field—like a rabbit in a blue smock.

And Joseph, with a sigh, prodded the little donkey once more into a jogging walk.

"It will be nightfall e'er we reach Bethlehem," he said.

But Mary, as one far away, was speaking. "Life," she said, "is cruel! It sets such strange standards. Why should a boy stifle his tenderness—his love of things—because he is a boy? Why should I—because of a half-hour wasted—leave him to his sorrow? Oh, Joseph—" her eyes were very wide, very luminous— "that little one will call me blessed, out of all this country, when the dark comes down."

But when the dark did come down, Mary was leaning forward upon the donkey's furry neck—and her hands were clenched tight upon the gay scarlet of the donkey's harness. And the lights of Bethlehem, shining on the horizon, seemed a century away. It was through a slow daze of agony that she was aware of those lights coming nearer. It was with a tumult of pain that she felt the thud of the donkey's hoofs on the paving stones of a street. And then she heard Joseph's voice asking a question, and felt the turn of the donkey's body. And knew, with a sense of sublime gratitude, that they had entered the dark courtyard of the inn.

It was crowded with people, that courtyard. Even through her suffering Mary was aware of the sound of shouting and the occasional guttural of a curse. She heard a horse neigh, and she heard the odd, throaty noise that a tired camel makes. And then she heard Joseph speaking.

"But we must have a room," he said. "We *must* have a place to stay! My wife is very young—and her time is upon her. Surely you would not have the heart to—"

Mary, with a supreme effort, lifted her head. And saw the question—and the helplessness—that lay across the fat face of the innkeeper.

"But you must have known," the innkeeper was saying, "that there would be crowds. At this time—you recognize the law! All of our people must come into town. There will be tax paying—and feasting. And more tax paying. And more feasting. Since noon they have been hurrying to my door—people from all over the land. I gave the last pallet out, in a corner of the hall, only a few minutes ago—you must have known Bethlehem would be crowded. Oh, I am sorry for the lady—your wife. But I can do nothing. You should have come earlier!"

Without meaning to, Mary heard herself speaking. "I so want," she gasped, "to lie down. I have never felt this way before. It is—my fault—that we are late. It was a child. By the roadside. He had broken—his doll. We paused—to mend—it—"

A sudden spasm of pain caused her voice to quiver—to stop.

The innkeeper was leaning forward. It was almost as if, hearing Mary's voice—seeing Mary's wide, imploring eyes—he had glimpsed something far away and fragrant. His fat face was crumpled, undecided. But only for a moment. And then—

"I am a business man," he said. "And I have been paid in advance for my lodgings. *There is no room in the inn.*"

Softly, resistlessly, Mary was slithering forward. She lay, a dead weight, across the donkey's tired body. But though Joseph's voice shook, though his face was gray in the light of the innkeeper's lamp, the arm that steadied his wife was firm and as kind as a mother's arm.

"Since there is no room at the inn," he said, "where will we find room? For we must have a resting place *at once!*"

The inn keeper shrugged. But something in Joseph's voice made him answer in a tone that was both prompt and civil.

"You can try the stable," he said, shortly.

IT MIGHT have been a hundred yards to the stable. It might have been a hundred miles. Mary only knew that the donkey's feet clattered over more paving stones and that dozens of dark shapes drew aside to let the donkey pass. And then she felt Joseph's two arms clasped about her; lifting her down from the saddle in which she had ridden so long. Lifting her down and steadying her until cramped limbs were able to bear her weight. Steadying her and, finally, lifting her again. As he had lifted the broken doll from the road, she thought in a vague way. And laughed weakly at the thought.

The stable was dark and warm and rather sweet-smelling. Mary remembered, suddenly, that hay was made of the memory of green fields and bright blossoms. There were little rustles all about, as if there were many people—clustered closely together in the dark. Their silence bothered Mary vaguely, until she realized that they probably weren't people! Until she realized that stables were made to house cattle and horses and sheep. She was

Song of the Road

immensely glad of Joseph's arms—of their firmness and strength. And then the arms were relaxing, and she was being laid carefully upon a pile of the hay that had smelled so sweet. It crunched stiffly beneath her weight, and in the shadows some animal stamped and made a soft, sighing sound.

Mary was glad that she was not alone in the stable. She reached, in a blind way, through the thick darkness. For Joseph's hand. And remembered what she had prophesied so steadily in the afternoon.

"I will rest upon a soft couch, in the inn," she had told Joseph blithely, "and there will be a lighted lamp, for comfort. And perhaps . . . you will stay close to me . . ."

Well, there was no soft couch. And there was no lamp. But Joseph—oh, he was there! Close to her. He—

And then Joseph was speaking.

"I must leave you, Mary," he said, "for the merest space. Child, keep your courage! I go for linen sheets and hot water and a cover for your bed. I will not be long . . ."

The pain was rising again. In black waves that beat against her mind; that chilled her powers of speech. Mary wanted to shriek. To cry— "Do not leave me. I'm frightened. I'm *frightened!*"

But instead she only murmured: "Do not stay—for long. I'm not well." And then oddly, "Shall call me—*blessed.*"

And then a paroxysm shook her, and she clenched her hands and shut her eyes. And when she opened her eyes again, she knew—although it was too dark for sight—that Joseph was gone.

Gone! Of course, he had said only for a moment. And yet, even with the assurance of his swift return, Mary was suddenly more afraid than ever. Afraid of the dark, and of the loneliness. Afraid of the unseen beasts that were all around her in that darkness. Afraid of everything that lay ahead. Afraid, suddenly, of *life.* And of—death. All at once Mary knew strange premonitions. So many things were made just to be shattered. Hopes. Faiths. Dreams. *Toys!* Why, if it hadn't been for a broken toy she would have had a bed in the lighted, crowded inn. While instead she was lying, a broken thing herself, in the darkness. She wondered, swiftly, if the small boy were resting alone in the shepherd's hut. Holding the mended doll tightly in his little arms. She hoped that his brothers would not take it away again. . . .

The crowded road. The song of it. The little boy. Despite the dark Mary was glad that she had mended his doll! And yet—the dark had always frightened her. She could feel the thick softness of it crowding in, all around. Stifling her. And the animals! Perhaps they were fierce, unfriendly animals. Perhaps they were crowding in, too. Perhaps they would step on her, as they pushed near. Perhaps—

All at once Mary, unmindful of the pain, was drawing herself up on her bed of straw. All at once she was speaking through the darkness—to One whom she could not see. But to One who, she felt sure, could see her. Could hear her.

"O God," she prayed, "it is Thy handmaiden who speaks. Here, Lord, in this darkness. Here, Lord, in this stable. And, O Lord, if it be Thy will to grant a light in this moment of suffering and fright . . ."

Her voice died away. For suddenly, strongly, she was sitting erect. And her eyes were fastened upon a spot which, her sense of direction told her, must be the stable door. The door through which Joseph had carried her. And as her eyes touched that place, she saw it grow lighter. First it was a gray shadow, and then a silvery oblong, and then a white glow of radiance. It was as if the whole sky had blossomed at her prayer; as if the whole town were bathed in a swift glory.

And the light was growing! For from outside, in the courtyard, sounded a babble of voices—voices that asked excited questions and vouchsafed excited answers. Questions that Mary, her slim hands across her throbbing heart, did not exactly hear. For Mary was watching the glory creep through the stable door—was watching it paint a path to her narrow feet. *A path that was cut safely through a safe and homely place.*

The hay, piled about in soft mounds. Somehow it was kinder, more real, than a bed would have been. The corn from some harvest. . . . Ears of it, tied together, hung golden in that white, healing glow of light. The floor was clean—worn with many feet, perhaps—but freshly brushed. And the animals, whose fugitive presence had frightened her? Only a gentle-eyed mother cow with her unweaned calf. Only a patient sheep with her sleepy, tired lamb. Only a pair of doves in the eaves. Doves, wakened by the light to coo softly to each other.

In the courtyard of the inn the voices were shouting. "It is a star," so the words came, drifting to Mary on a flood of radiance. "It is a star!" And then— "It is—a miracle!"

But still, her hands tightly crossed on her breast, Mary did not hear them. For half of her mind was listening for the returning sound of Joseph's feet upon the stable threshold. And half of her mind was thinking of a little boy who pillowed a dusty cheek on a mended doll, and slept.

But her eyes—and, oh, all of her heart!—were focused upon the place where the strange light had come to rest.

Upon a manger, as yet empty. A manger so fashioned that it might well have been mistaken for a cradle.

For Your December Meals

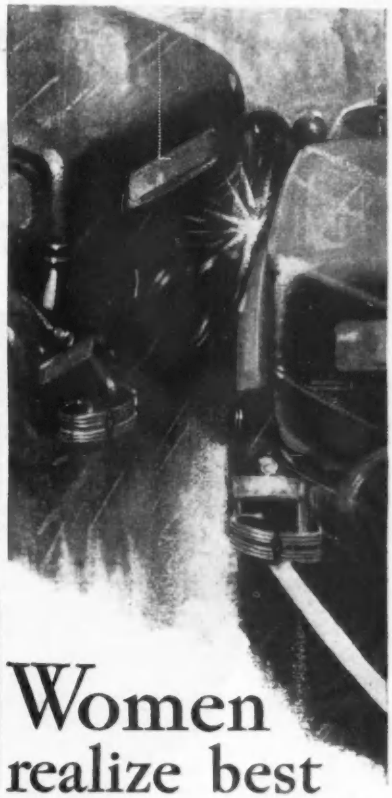
(*Continued from page 91*)

and brussels sprouts in the English diet, when writing to American friends. But cabbage need not be monotonous, even if it is served frequently, for shredded raw cabbage may be combined in a number of flavorsome ways with other foods in a salad, and it may also be varied in cooked form. Again it is a question of seeking out something new. Here are two delicious salads using cabbage that we hope will find a place among your favorite recipes:

Cabbage and Meat Salad—Prepare three cupfuls of finely shredded crisp cabbage. Add two cupfuls of diced, cooked lamb or beef, one-fourth cupful of diced celery, and two tablespoonfuls each of chopped pimientoes, chopped green pepper, and chopped ripe olives. Mix well with a fork and then add one-half cupful of well-seasoned French dressing. (For a mild garlic flavor let a small clove of garlic stand in the dressing for a while, then remove it just before using.) Toss until thoroughly mixed and then arrange on leaves of lettuce on a serving platter or in a salad bowl. Serves six.

Cabbage, Raisin and Apple Salad—Prepare three cupfuls of finely shredded cabbage. Add one cupful of diced apples, one-half cupful of seedless raisins and one seeded green pepper shredded and one-half cupful of well-seasoned French dressing. (For a mild garlic flavor let a small clove of garlic stand in the dressing for a while, then remove it just before serving.) Toss lightly and serve on lettuce. Serves six.

"Good health will not last with last-minute meals" was another rule of the ten for healthful eating already referred to. So plan the meals two or three days in advance in order to look ahead in working out an interesting variety of dishes that will keep within the food budget. Keep a complete file of menus and recipes, too.



Women realize best *the danger of a* Skid!

A smashed car means a repair bill and probably someone painfully hurt. Women, as a rule, realize these things quicker than men. They don't take the chances that men foolishly do. That's why you see so many WEED Chains on cars that women drive. That's why women drivers are involved in only 1 out of 23 accidents.

For the new driver:

Any garage man, filling station attendant or taxicab driver will be glad to put on your chains. They want you to help make driving safe for women, and thus keep more cars in use the year around.

You can purchase WEED Chains at any place where auto accessories are sold. Look for the name "WEED" stamped on every hook to be sure that they are genuine WEEDS.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
Bridgeport, Connecticut

WEED CHAINS

In using advertisements see page 6

"HIDDEN HUNGER" FIGHTERS

combined

in a delicious, quick breakfast

"Hidden Hunger!" Thousands of children with weak bones, soft teeth and undernourished bodies . . . thousands of grown-ups lacking in vigor and health . . . suffer from it. And a chief cause is faulty diet—*too many denatured, super-refined foods.*

In these three great *natural* foods . . . Wheatena, orange-juice and milk . . . science has found the precious minerals, vitamins and other food elements that satisfy "Hidden Hunger" and promote vigorous health and growth.

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Wheatena is the cereal that brings you the priceless food elements of golden, *sun-browned* wheat—roasted and toasted to give it a delicious nut-like flavor.

Wheatena is *quick-cooking*—ready in 2 or more minutes—and actually costs you less than 1 cent a dish. Doctors have recommended it for a half century for babies, growing children and adults.

Wheatena *Sample* FREE

Fill out this coupon and we'll send you a FREE trial package of delicious *sun-browned* Wheatena.

If you wish a copy of our new book—"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" check here ☐ and enclose 15c.

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The Steps That Lead to Peace

(*Continued from page 21*)

touch with realities—the realities of an age that is past.

To accomplish its purpose the peace movement has attempted three things: to match world interdependence with world organization; to decrease armaments as instruments of a violence incompatible with world interdependence; and to educate both the generation of today and the rising generation to look out upon the world and upon world problems "through the glass of the new unity of our modern civilization."

Of a necessity inherent in its purposes, the peace movement seeks to secure its ends by international action. So far this has meant simultaneous action rather than united, for the peace movement is not as yet organized internationally in any definite sense. There is no central bureau functioning actively to keep the peace movement in the different nations in touch, though the International Peace Bureau in Geneva was organized to serve such a purpose, has served it in so far as very limited resources would permit, and promises to grow into an effective coordinating office.

International Unity

Because the purpose of the peace movement is everywhere identical, a certain unity already exists among the hundreds of organizations throughout the world. In the United States alone over one hundred and sixty local and national societies are working to promote peace, many of them international organizations, in some instances with branches in as many as forty-two countries.

The great strength of the peace movement lies in the fact that it has not been necessary to depend upon the formation of new organizations to promote peace. It is a movement rising within other movements, and steadily pushing to the front in their activities as the establishment of peace comes to be seen as fundamental to progress in any line of human welfare.

Business organizations know today that "business as usual" requires peace. The Sixth Object of the Rotary International is: "To encourage and foster the advancement of understanding, good will and international peace." The first purpose of the International Chamber of Commerce is to promote "peace and progress." By resolution it has declared that "the chief responsibility of government" is the solution of the peace problem.

The churches see that war and the teachings of Christ are incompatible; both can not endure. The Federal Council of Churches sees in war "the major obstacle to the realization of the Christian ideal," and in the effort to end war "the paramount duty of Christians." And today it preaches this doctrine not only to congregations but to Congressmen.

Teachers face the fact that if they are to prepare children to live successfully and happily in an interdependent world they must cultivate in them a spirit of world good will and of readiness to cooperate with men of all nations. They have united since the war in the World Federation of Education Associations, the biennial meetings of which are attended by between five and ten thousand teachers, and in all their discussions the "promotion of the interests of world peace" is the purpose chiefly emphasized.

Although women were allowed no voice in the peace movement in its early days they may prove to be the determining factor in the contest between the old order and the new. When, shortly after the Civil War, Julia Ward Howe went abroad to rouse the mothers of the world to unite in a women's peace crusade and protect their young against war, she was denied the privilege of speaking at peace gatherings, given a seat in the gallery, and told that she might have "a few words with the directors" when the meeting was over. Yet

MORNING

BREAKFAST

Trust the sight of a bowl of bananas to make appetites keener!

. . . NOON

LUNCHEON

Ever lunch on a banana with milk and crackers? Makes a satisfying meal.

and NIGHT

AS A DELICACY

Wholesome at night, too, when satin-smooth with ripeness.

Every minute Tempting Palates Guarding Health

Today, we know that no food is more digestible—at any hour—than the melting tenderness of a

RIPE BANANA

As good to end the day with as to start it! It's simply a matter of ripeness. Like all fruits, bananas must be ripe to be easily digested. They'll tell you when they're ready for eating. When all green is gone from the tip, the familiar brown flecks begin to dot the peel. That's when the creamy goodness of bananas is easily assimilated—no matter what the hour.

It's their health-building properties that make bananas so important to the diet. Think of it! A natural food with no less than three vitamins! Carbohydrates and minerals, too, in abundance. Nature has lavished upon the banana those protective elements so essential to both grown-ups and children.

FREE—*Interesting Booklet of Recipes*

The coupon below will bring our free booklet, containing many tested recipes and menus. Fill it in and mail—today.

PARTLY RIPE
Tipped with green. Be sure to cook or ripen before eating.*

YELLOW RIPE
All yellow. Ready to eat, either cooked or uncooked.

FULLY RIPE
Yellow, brown-flecked. At best in both flavor and food value.

*Ripen bananas at room temperature—not in ice box.

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In using advertisements see page 6

A CHRISTMAS GIFT *of self-evident worth*

—A Genuine Imperial Table

Few homes have enough tables. A thoughtful gift choice of "just the right" Imperial, would afford real joy. The selection at Imperial dealers includes: book tables, coffee tables, magazine tables, secretaries, table desks, sewing tables, tilt tops, gatelegs, butterfly tables—all kinds—beautiful and exquisitely made, because they are Imperial.

Leading furniture and department stores have Imperials. Be sure to see them *early*.

Unusual Table Desks

Imperial Table Desks fit quite properly in the living room. Or in the youth's personal room. The handsome table desk pictured has a concealed compartment for the home typewriter.

A Chummy Table for the Book Lover

An original Imperial creation. The top is stationary, but the book section revolves. Distinctive and handy. Made of fine crotch mahogany; also of beautiful butt walnut.

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The Steps That Lead to Peace

the peace movement and the woman's movement are actually two phases of the same movement toward the freedom and recognition of the worth of the individual. Whatever may be said of the delight of certain individual women in war activities or the enthusiasm with which they urge men into war, it is nevertheless true that women are organized against war as women, as protectors of the home and of human welfare, to a greater extent than any other group. Ten of the largest women's organizations in the United States have united in the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War which at its 1929 conference adopted this program of work:

"Support of movements to build up the institution of peace through more complete world agreements and the development of machinery necessary for the settlement of international disputes.

"Frank discussion of policies and practices which continue the war institution and postpone the building of the peace institution."

If the strength of the peace movement is to be found in the fact that it is a general movement in which all classes and all groups are united because it concerns alike the interests of business, of labor, of educators, of farmers, of teachers, of the churches and of women, its weakness would seem to lie in the fact that it is not united on any single program. If this is a weakness, it is one which can never be entirely overcome, for there is no single measure behind which the peace forces can unite and by forcing it through a ready or a reluctant Congress thereupon have peace. To remove the threat of war and secure peace, there are many things which must be done and done more or less simultaneously. Courts must be established, armies and navies must be reduced, arbitration treaties must be negotiated, security and a sense of security must be achieved. Some look upon one of these measures, some upon another, as of first importance. Often, those who are working for one will criticize those working for another.

The Basic Demand

Nevertheless, the peace movement has the force of a united movement. Behind all its expressions, all its programs, there is the one demand that there be no more war. The best evidence of the strength of the peace movement today is to be found in the extent of government action in behalf of peace during the last ten years, as compared with all the centuries before the war.

Peace plans have been repeatedly proposed without success—at least, since the time of Dante, who urged the creation of a system of law for the equitable government of a world state. From the fourteenth to the sixteenth century many plans were devised for the unification of Europe as against the non-Christian East. But in the early seventeenth century a detailed plan of international organization, including a permanent court of arbitration and a permanent council of ambassadors, was worked out by a Frenchman, Emeric Crucé. This plan was shortly followed by the publication of the first treatise on international law, by Hugo Grotius, and a little later by the Grand Design of Henry IV of France, which again proposed a general council of the nations continually assembled.

William Penn and another Quaker, John Bellers, laid plans before the sovereigns of Europe for the creation of an international parliament to maintain peace, and in order to avoid the troublesome question of precedence Penn proposed that the representatives of the various nations meet in a round room which should have "diverse doors to come in and go out at." Other plans of the eighteenth century included proposals for a European union which all nations were to be compelled to join—by having war made upon them, if necessary, until they agreed to do so.

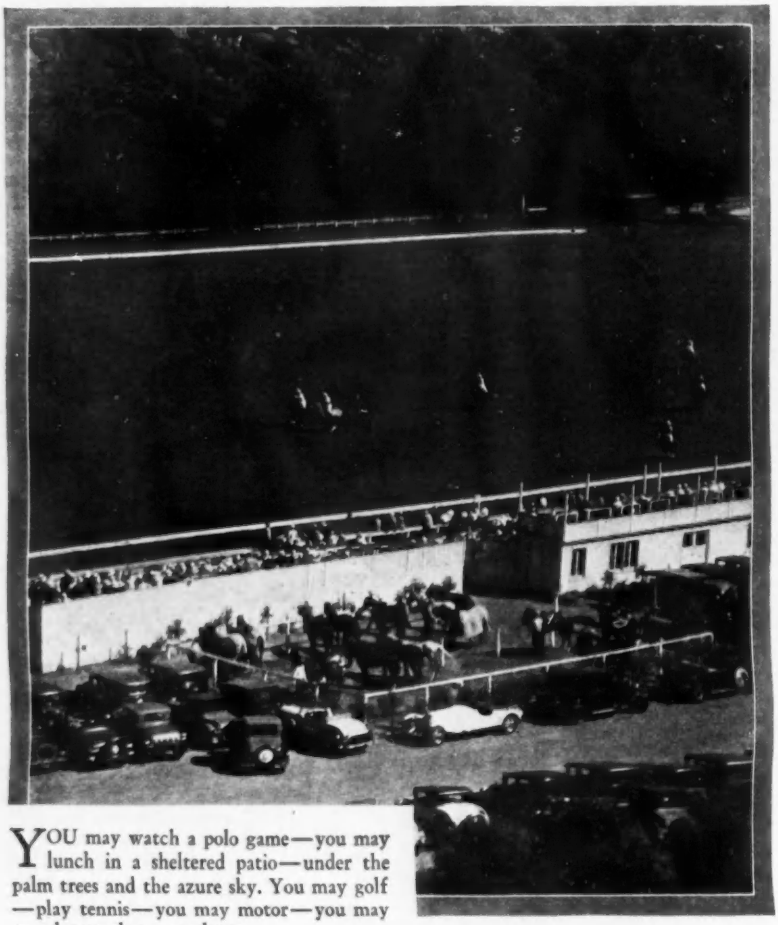
The Christmas answer is **"GIVE THEM EDICRAFT!"**

"SPEED UP THE TOAST!" *is the breakfast cry.....*

New—streamlined in the modern manner—designed to meet today's demand for speed—yes—*speed* is Edicraft's middle name! Double the speed of ordinary toasters, for Edicraft browns *both sides* of two bread slices at once! . . . The Edicraft likes to work alone—without watching or fussing. It just asks for two slices of bread—and to be closed. Then it browns the toast to just the tone of tan you prefer—and almost before you know it opens unobtrusively to display your toast—*finished*. Obligingly, the Edicraft keeps the toast hot for several minutes and never burns it. . . . Give it a tryout Christmas morning—and why not send the Edicraft to your friends, while you're about it? Automatic—fast—you *know* it is just about as perfect as mechanical things can be, when you see stamped on its name plate the name Thomas A. Edison.

TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

Outdoors in the Sun....All Day



YOU may watch a polo game—you may lunch in a sheltered patio—under the palm trees and the azure sky. You may golf—play tennis—you may motor—you may spend your day—outdoors.

Southern California's winter—is like the days of spring "back East." Mountains frequently are covered with snow but in the valleys flowers are blooming—birds are singing and golden oranges ripening all winter long.

You'll enjoy the great stores and the many interesting shops of the cities. The great hotels—theatres—the movies—and the people who make them. Even the industry of this Southland is full of interest.

The oil fields of Los Angeles County present a memorable picture. Its agricultural output approximates $95,000,000 yearly.

Come and come early—bring the youngsters. You need spend no more here than you spend at home. While you think of it fill out and mail coupon for de luxe book "Southern California through the Camera." 71 large photographs in gravure show sights you will wish to see.

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"A Trip Abroad in Your Own America"

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Please send me your free book "Southern California through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange
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The Steps That Lead to Peace

During the next century the thoughts and efforts of men turned more definitely to a world court. In 1840 a detailed plan was sent by William Ladd, the founder of the first national peace organization, to the crowned heads and leading men "of Christendom," proposing an international congress to settle the principles of international law and a court "to arbitrate or judge such cases as should be brought before it by the mutual consent of two or more nations."

Ladd's suggestion was closely followed by John Hay when he instructed the American delegates to the Hague conferences to recommend the establishment of a Court. At the first Hague Conference the idea of a court of law was rejected and a court of arbitration created instead. By the time of the second conference in 1907, ideas had advanced to a point where all the provisions of the plan were agreed upon, except that no method for the election of judges could be found satisfactory to both the small and large nations.

Before the World War these plans for world organization had been the proposals of far-sighted leaders who recognized a coming need before it had been definitely demonstrated. The war revealed to the people of all nations the fact that the world was a unit, and when Wilson again brought forward a plan for a league of nations and a world court, the people of the world were ready to support it.

The years since the war have marked a steady growth in the power and influence of both these organizations. If the League has not achieved "international peace and security," which was one of the two stated reasons for its organization, it has held the attention of the world upon the necessity of solving the problems involved; and by "promoting international cooperation," its other purpose, it has increased both the need and possibility of peace. Above all, it has provided the world with a meeting place where the affairs of the world can be continually talked over.

Arbitration

Arbitration has also made a notable advance both in the number and the scope of treaties negotiated since the war. The practise of arbitration was, of course, well developed among the Grecian states and frequently followed during the Middle Ages. But George Washington was responsible for its re-introduction into modern history, for it was under his administration and in accordance with his wishes that John Jay negotiated with England the first arbitration treaty of modern times. It was not, however, until the arbitration of the Alabama Claims case between England and the United States, following the Civil War, that the idea attracted any degree of attention in Europe. Before the World War no treaties, except as between Latin American countries and Spain, agreed to submit any and all disputes to this method of peaceful settlement. The United States habitually exempted all questions concerning "vital interests, independence or national honor." Since the war nearly one hundred treaties have been signed by European nations admitting "all questions whatsoever" to peaceful settlement, and the United States has more clearly defined the questions which it exempts in the phrase, "the Monroe Doctrine, domestic issues or questions affecting a third nation." With Latin-American nations it has negotiated conciliation treaties by which it agrees to submit any dispute to the procedure of conciliation, which is to say to investigation and consideration by disinterested third parties without any commitment as to the acceptance of their recommendation.

In the field of disarmament, whatever progress has been made has been made since the war. In accordance with the provisions of the Covenant, and of the Treaty of Versailles which declared that the disarmament of Germany was for the purpose "of rendering possible a general

The Steinway *ebonized baby grand in a Colonial interior designed by Allen Saalburg. A Steinway of this size and power—at $1475—is an extraordinary value. Calculated on the basis of cost per year it is the most economical of all pianos. It is the ideal instrument for the home. Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any interior, and its size is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.*

"Prelude in C Sharp Minor," *painted for the Steinway Collection by Boris Anisfeld. In this familiar Prelude Rachmaninoff has brought a stirring Russian theme to vivid realization. Its sombre chromatic progressions and its vivid moments of dramatic intensity distinguish it as one of the most brilliant and original of modern compositions. . . . In commenting on his interpretive painting Mr. Anisfeld writes: "I saw in my imagination the four horsemen, famine, sickness, war and death. . . . After the havoc that they had wrought, comes peace, and life is started anew. I interpreted this as maternity, which never ends, but goes on forever."*

In a recent letter sent to Steinway and Sons, Sergei Rachmaninoff said: "I am very happy to have the opportunity of using your pianos for my concerts because I consider them to be perfect in every way."

The preferred piano among musicians everywhere . . . yet well within your means

IT IS SURELY significant that amid the countless musical issues, upon which scarcely two artists or critics seem to agree, the pre-eminence of the Steinway not only stands undisputed, but actually gains in authority.

More than a day was needed to achieve such an enviable standing all over the world. It has been built up by four generations of the Steinway family on a foundation of fine craftsmanship and constant technical improvement. Almost every major advance in piano design and construction since 1853 has been originated by Steinway.

To have produced an instrument so technically perfect—so eminently gratifying in tone, sonority and power that it has won virtually every noted musician from Liszt to Rachmaninoff—that is the achievement of the house of Steinway.

The reputation born of this achievement has led too many people to believe that such an instrument must of necessity be beyond the reach of moderate means. As a matter of fact a Steinway may be purchased on unusually convenient terms. Being an instrument that assures *a whole lifetime of perfect service* it is obviously the wisest choice from the standpoint of economy.

A first payment of so little as $147.50 will place a Steinway Grand in your home *at once* and the balance may be distributed over a period of two years. Such conditions place "The Instrument of the Immortals" within the means of almost every one.

There are many sizes and models from which you may make your selection. But there is only one quality of Steinway.

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A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for **$875**

GRANDS **$1475** *and up*

plus transportation

10% down *balance in two years*

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to

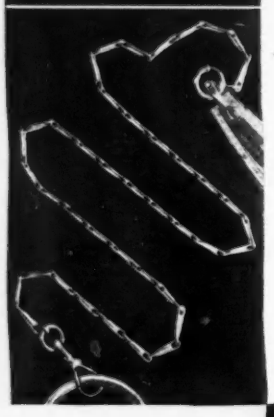
STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY *THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS*

In using advertisements see page 6

GIVE

THESE PLEASANT THINGS, OR KEEP THEM . . . YOU'LL HAVE TO DECIDE THAT!

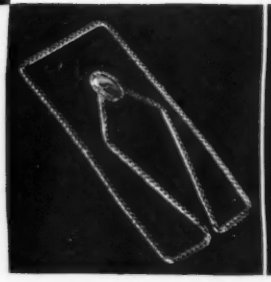


IT WILL be an easy matter, you'll discover, to select such very charming gifts. A visit to the jeweler, and there you are! But you'll find yourself wishing, as you wrap them up nicely in tissue and ribbon and a pretty box, that you might keep at least one of them for your own self. And perhaps you will!

The watch-chain at the lower left (19302) will make a very smart gift for a young man—for *any* man. It is one of the designs that has met with much favor recently; yet the modest price (yellow gold-filled) is but $5. The design, as you see, is simple and in excellent taste. . . . He would also appreciate the bill-holder (5374) below, which costs $1.50, English finish.

Loose-fitting and graceful on the wrist, the delightful FRIENDSHIP bracelet illustrated (30317) has a smart padlock catching both ends. It's the sort of bracelet a young girl feels she just must have; the price is $6.75. . . . And there is the necklace, too (29952), interesting in design, and pleasingly set with simulated crystals on a gold-filled chain. It may be had for $9.

Almost all the better jewelry stores can show these and many other Simmons gifts to you . . . gifts that you can give, or keep!
R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.



SIMMONS CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

The Steps That Lead to Peace

limitation of armaments," repeated disarmament conferences have been held under the auspices of the League of Nations, but the only agreements so far reached and put into effect have been those of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments.

This conference on the Limitation of Armaments was the first triumph of the organized peace movement following the war. The original suggestion made by Senator Borah that such a conference be called had apparently been allowed by the government to be forgotten, when the women of Washington organized the Women's World Disarmament Committee and arranged a public mass meeting in order that the suggestion might be renewed. The churches vigorously expressed their support, and the women's groups, in response to a stirring appeal by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt that women devote their energies to work for peace, urged that the plan be carried out.

When the conference was assembled, President Harding recognized the force of public opinion behind it:

"The world's hundreds of millions," he said, "wish their statesmen to turn the expenditures of destruction into means of construction."

Once called, this conference became the rallying point for the public opinion in support of peace which had been inactive during the war. Old organizations were revived and new organizations were formed to "support the government" in its move for peace. Since then peace measures have been continually supported, and measures believed contrary to the interests of peace have been opposed with increasing courage in the case, for instance, of threatened war with Mexico, of large navy increases, of military training and conscription bills.

Peace and Politics

Most dramatic of all recent peace measures is the Kellogg Pact outlawing war. Nothing could better demonstrate the change that has come over the mind of the world in regard to peace than the rapidity with which the suggestion of the outlawry of war has been accepted and embodied in legislation, as compared with the reluctance with which the idea of a world court, for instance, was taken up before the war. There is, perhaps, in this difference an illustration of the fact that the peace movement has entered upon a new phase—the political.

In its early years (the first peace organization in the world was formed in this country in 1815) the peace movement was largely inspirational. It was led by those sensitive enough to feel the conflict between Christianity and war, and who preached peace as a duty of Christians. The practical and economic motive was not, however, entirely absent. Benjamin Franklin indeed went up and down the world insisting that wars were a waste of money. Other founders of this government looked upon war as a menace to democratic institutions. Washington declared his "first wish" was to see "this plague to mankind banished from the earth." Jefferson wrote that he was "anxious that we should give the world still another useful lesson by showing them other modes of punishing injuries than by war." Samuel Adams sent a letter for the General Court of Massachusetts to the state delegates in Congress instructing them "to urge Congress to take into its most serious consideration" measures by which "national differences may be settled without the necessity of war." By their religious and national leaders alike, peace was held before the early citizens of this country as a great ideal for which they had a special responsibility.

Some explanation is needed of why the peace movement has been so slow to assume a political aspect, for since any action determining war or peace must be action by government officials, peace is inherently a political question.

The Steps That Lead to Peace

Human nature, however, has been made the scapegoat for governments, and the religious character of the peace movement itself has been cause as well as effect in this misconception of where the responsibility for war belongs.

The current peace movement is, of course, still strongly motivated, as it always will be, by the spiritual conviction that you can not have Christianity and war; it continues to be educational, for the people of the world must be brought to understand the new facts of world life which recently led President Hoover to declare "Confidence that there will be peace is the first necessity of human progress." Effective political action depends upon public conviction based on facts.

Peace is inevitable. The question is not whether we shall have peace, but whether the forces which are converging to eliminate war can be so quickened and guided that the waste of one more last war can be avoided, and the life and wealth of the world conserved for the years that lie beyond war, for the development of the earth's resources for human welfare and happiness, for cooperation on a world scale, for world "friendship in action."

Fireplaces

(*Continued from page 47*)

Eagle, Chamberlain, and so on. To him we owe most of our practical rules for fireplace design, and on his observations have been developed modern mechanical parts used in the construction of fireplaces intended for real use. In his essay, published in 1797, he boasts of having cured over five hundred fireplaces of the nuisance of smoking, and improved their heat-giving powers.

The form of the fireplaces with which he had dealings was inherited from the most primitive type—a back, two sides at right angles to it, a large chimney flue rising directly over the niche thus formed, and a lintel of wood or stone across the top of the big opening at the front. The big flue permitted the chimney sweep to crawl up into it, but it also allowed most of the heat of the fire to go up the chimney. Down drafts also blew smoke back into the room, and upward currents of air rushing from the room caused eddies in the back, disturbing the smoke in its natural progress up the chimney.

Count Rumford's methods of correcting these troubles are now the rules for designing new fireplaces today, used by every intelligent architect, in most cases without realizing where these principles originated. By filling in the big, smoky fireplaces with bricks and mortar, so that their form was changed to more scientific lines, the Count never failed to correct the most obstinate cases. His principles of design were based upon observations which were extraordinarily keen for his day.

"The whole mystery," he wrote, "of curing smoking chimneys, is comprised in this simple direction—find out and remove those local hindrances which forcibly prevent the smoke from following its natural tendency to go up the chimney; or rather, to speak more accurately, which prevent its being forced up the chimney by the pressure of the heavier air of the room."

One of the critical points of the fireplace where interference of this kind may develop is just under the lintel over the opening or the breast. He stated: "The current of air which, passing under the mantel, gets into the chimney, should be made gradually to bend its course upward, by which means it will unite quietly with the ascending current of smoke, and will be less likely to check it, or force it back into the room. Now this may be effected with the greatest care and certainty, merely by rounding off the breast of the chimney or back part of the mantel instead of leaving it flat . . ."

Call in the Health Squad

to protect your child against disease

WHERE are the mother and father who do not look at their children through rose-colored glasses? It seems incredible that those little replicas of your flesh and blood could have any faults. Yet if parents only could see through neighbors' eyes. . . .

If your child is becoming habitually cross, if other youngsters in the neighborhood constantly outstrip him in games, look to his health. A deficiency of any one of the four vitamins may cover up that happy disposition so characteristic of the healthy child.

The vitamins act as policemen who protect your child against disease. Vitamins prevent rickets, soft teeth, scurvy, stunted growth. They guard against the frequent colds, sore throats, and other winter ailments which find the run-down child an easy prey.

Often it is not possible to make sure that your child is getting the four necessary vitamins in the foods he eats. But medical science has provided a food-combination which eliminates this danger. A leading biological chemist has demonstrated, through laboratory tests, that "Maltine With Cod Liver Oil"—added to orange juice in adequate dosage—*provides a sufficient quantity of all four vitamins to promote health.* *

In the past, mothers have contented themselves with simply giving their children plain cod liver oil. Yet, cod liver oil *alone* lacks Vitamins B and C. Seventy per cent of "Maltine With Cod Liver Oil" is Maltine, a concentrated extract of malted barley, wheat and oats, rich in Vitamin B. The remainder is made up of pure vitamin tested cod liver oil (rich in Vitamins A and D). When "Maltine With Cod Liver Oil" is taken in orange juice (Vitamin C), you furnish the child with vitamin protection simply and effectively.

Clinical tests prove that this preparation is far more palatable than plain cod liver oil. Keep a bottle of "Maltine With Cod Liver Oil" conveniently in the kitchen cabinet. Stir it in with the child's morning glass of orange juice.

Read "The Doctor Talks About Vitamins"

In plain, every-day English, this interesting booklet explains the tremendous part that vitamins play in our health. It is free. Every mother should have a copy. Write to The Maltine Company, 20 Vesey Street, New York. Established 1875.

The A B C's of Vitamins

A "OFFICER A" *is essential to normal growth and helps protect against certain infections, especially those that attack the respiratory system. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is a recognized rich source of Vitamin A.*

B "OFFICER B" *is most essential. Lack of Vitamin B results in loss of appetite, a cessation of growth, and the appearance of certain nervous disorders. Vitamin B (the Maltine vitamin) is found in abundance in Maltine With Cod Liver Oil.*

C "OFFICER C" *prevents scurvy. Orange juice is everywhere recognized as very rich in Vitamin C. That's why we recommend this policeman.*

D "OFFICER D" *is also necessary. A deficiency of Vitamin D causes rickets, that weakener of child bones. Sound teeth depend upon it. It is meager or lacking in all our ordinary foods. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is rich in Vitamin D.*

Maltine ★

WITH COD LIVER OIL

Accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association

In using advertisements see page 6

SOUNDLESS as a glowing cigarette

Electrolux is the only automatic refrigerator that has no moving parts to vibrate or make noise

IF ELECTROLUX had come along three centuries ago, the inventor would probably have been shunned as someone who dealt in black magic.

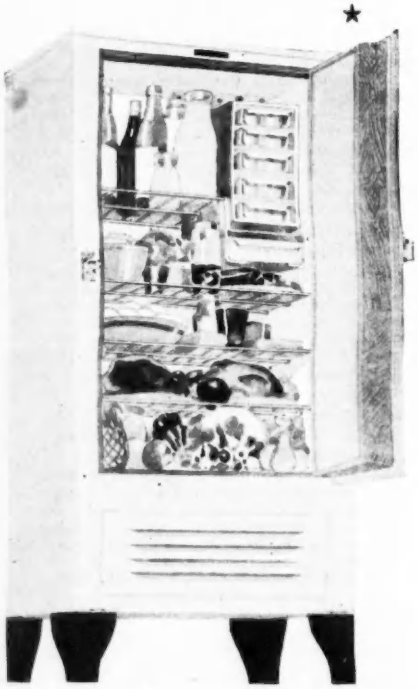
Imagine an automatic refrigerator that makes no sound, has no moving parts—not a speck of machinery, needs no attention, yet endlessly produces constant, steady cold. It certainly sounds magical. But it's true.

Once you light the tiny flame, you have plenty of pure sparkling ice cubes, a constant, evenly low food temperature, the rest of your life. Science can find no good reason why this refrigerator should ever wear out. It's so simple. Nothing to it but a tiny gas flame and a liquid refrigerant that is circulated by heat. The refrigerant cannot leak and it never needs replacement, for it is sealed forever inside a rigid one-piece steel unit.

And all this convenience, all these advantages, are yours at less than the cost of old-fashioned refrigeration. 25 to 55 cents a week, depending upon your gas and water rates. That's the entire operating cost. Electrolux is not a luxury. It's a means of saving money. It's the only really economical kind of refrigeration to have.

Before you think of buying any automatic refrigerator, see Electrolux. Many sizes and models. Prices from $210 to $430 at the factory. Liberal purchase terms. A post card will bring complete illustrated information. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts



Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 5 cu. ft. of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes. Price, $245 at factory.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

Fireplaces

Today, in building a fireplace, these instructions can be followed to the dot by using a ready-made lintel and throat of cast iron, the under side of which is rounded off in the manner recommended by the Count.

To prevent a rapid loss of heat up the chimney, this fireplace doctor brought the back forward at a slope to the front, leaving a slot or throat just behind the mantel the full width of the fireplace opening, but only four inches deep. He found by experiment that this was just large enough to allow the smoke to go out easily. Anything smaller checked it, anything larger permitted hot air to be lost. He wrote:

"Now as the smoke and hot vapor which rise from a fire naturally tend upward, the proper place for the throat of the chimney is evidently perpendicularly over the fire." And also: "It is clear that the nearer the throat of the chimney is to the fire, the stronger will be what is commonly called, its draught, and the less danger there will be of its smoking. If the chimney is apt to smoke, it will sometimes be necessary to lower the mantel—by building a wall of brick supported by a flat bar immediately under the mantel."

Following these same rules today, cast-iron throats are made four inches wide, and the wise designer, when using them, is careful not to get the height of his opening too great. From three to three and a half feet is about the practical limit. You will notice that fireplaces having openings higher than this usually show blackened lintels where the smoke has rolled outward and upward into the room.

Now the Count wanted to get all the heat he could from the fire, so, having taken care of the smoke, he turned his attention to the fireplace itself. He observed that the square sides of the old fireplaces not only caused eddies in the rear corners which disturbed the rising smoke, but that as they became hot they failed to deflect heat into the room. It occurred to him that chamfered or beveled sides, placed at an angle to the back, would throw more heat out into the room. Experimenting with many angles, he found that when the sides or "covings" made an angle of 135 degrees to the back, the best results followed.

To secure such proportions, he made the width of the back one-third the width of the front and placed it to the rear the same distance. Then, when the sides ran from the back to the front, the proper angle was formed.

Very few modern fireplaces are designed on these proportions, because we seem to enjoy more the appearance of a deeper fireplace than these rules permit. Usually we make the depth 18″ to 20″ and slope the sides at an angle of 120 degrees to the back.

Besides chamfering the sides, the back should be sloped forward gently toward the throat, usually beginning at about eight inches above the hearth.

"When it [the sloping back] is very near the fire," wrote the Count, "the heat of the fire will enable the current of rising smoke to overcome the obstacle which this slope will oppose to its ascent, which it could not do so easily were the slope situated at a greater distance from the burning fuel." This suggests a method of correcting those fireplaces that smoke because the back is vertical and then suddenly at the top bends forward to the throat.

Forms of Sheet Metal

It is a curious fact that the construction of a so-called "smoke chamber" above the throat of modern fireplaces is but an imitation of the form which resulted after the Count remodeled the older types. A sort of a shelf was formed at the rear and base of the flue after he had filled in the back and sides. This turned out to be useful to deflect upward and backward the down drafts in the chimney, and prevent them from blowing smoke back into the room. It is now a recognized feature of a good fireplace and is often called the "wind-shelf."

Sheet metal forms for smoke chambers, made today, can be placed above the "wind-shelf" to

Intimate glimpses of Laura LaPlante, screen beauty, using her Princess Pat Cold Cream and Rouge

MAKE THIS YOUR WINTER OF SUPREME LOVELINESS THROUGH

PRINCESS PAT

MAKE-UP AND SKIN CARE ARE SO IMPORTANT

Winter . . . cold, nipping winds, pastimes that take you in and out of doors . . . zestful, brimful days of shopping, of dances, of pleasure, but *so* hard upon your skin . . . so disastrous to the very beauty upon which your social success and keenest enjoyment depends.

And winter brings your beauty to closest inspection . . . places you under the brilliant lights of the ballroom . . . the contacts of your bridge game . . . all the countless hours of indoor pleasure. Yet notice how different are the complexions you see—some beautifully soft and velvety, some roughened and hardly smoothed to a semblance of beauty. Just chance? Not likely, for the smart, sophisticated woman of today leaves nothing to chance.

Princess Pat Beauty Aids Guard Your Skin and give You Supreme Loveliness

Just the soothing caress of Princess Pat powder *helps wonderfully*. Its famous almond base, of course, protects against winter's winds and cold. Not a bit like the usual powders of *starch base*. Instead of harshness—when the skin is drawn with cold—Princess Pat almond base powder gives smoothness and pliancy. It protects the pores. And when you go out of doors—go from hot to cold—there is not the same shock to your skin.

Then there is Princess Pat Rouge. It, too, has a base of precious almond. 'Tis a further protection to your skin to use this most fashionable—and most flattering—of all rouges. You'll love Princess Pat Rouge, for no other rouge can possibly glorify your natural beauty as does Princess Pat. Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret "duo-tone" process. Consequently—where old fashioned rouges are dull, flat and artificial, Princess Pat Rouge is alive and glowing with *more than natural beauty*. Seven significant shades, including *Summer*tan and Nite.

Princess Pat ★

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Another (and very important) beautifying touch is Princess Pat Lip Rouge. It colors the inside surface of the lips, too, and is of such perfect consistency and such ideal color that the true Cupid bow lip is yours without fail. You cannot imagine—but must *experience*—the effect to know how beautiful your lips can be made.

And, of course, creams! There are the three Princess Pat creams to keep your skin smooth and pliant during the most severe trials of winter weather.

Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, and lip rouge. The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base powder, rouge and lip rouge. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 89-C Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print) .....
Street .....
City and State .....

In using advertisements see page 6

"Exceptional Gifts!"

says MRS. GRAY *after testing the*

Sunbeam

Toaster, Iron and Percolator

in her efficiency kitchen

All tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

GRACE Viall Gray, Ph.D., Ed. B., is a prominent writer, club leader, radio lecturer, and former associate professor of Home Economics at Iowa State College, the largest institution of its kind.

Having been selected to test a number of different makes of electric irons and toasters in her efficiency kitchen, she reports:

"By timing with a stop-watch, I found that the Sunbeam Flat Toaster toasts 50% quicker. It's the only one I know that opens wide enough to take halved rolls and ready-filled sandwiches. It also holds in the filling, even when sandwiches are turned, and lets one serve them hot from the toaster. As for irons—

"The new Master Automatic Sunbeam cannot cool or overheat. By setting the finger-tip control, it maintains automatically any heat desired. Extra heat comes on when set at HIGH for damp, heavy pieces. When set at LOW for sheer fabrics, this iron can get no hotter, so lovely garments won't be scorched.

"These practical Sunbeam appliances will make exceptional Christmas gifts. They'll lighten housework for any woman who gets them."

You can obtain these and other Sunbeam appliances at your Public Service Company or dealer's. If not found readily, send direct to us.

New this Christmas—Sunbeam's exquisite Sheraton Percolator, beautiful, embossed handles and panels. Nickel plated on durable copper. Makes 8 cups in less than 8 minutes. Only $13.50.

Master Automatic Sunbeam, tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, keeps any heat evenly, HIGH, MEDIUM or LOW. All-over Heating Unit. Air-cooled Handle. Only 45 cents more than some of the non-automatic irons, $7.95.

Sunbeam Toaster with Level Turnover Rack. Toasts 50% quicker. Toasts filled sandwiches, canapes, and turns them without spilling the filling. Sanitary snap-open Crumb Tray cleans Toaster instantly. $8.00.

Sunbeam Toaster and Table Stove is like the Sunbeam Flat Toaster with the simple addition of an oven pan below. Makes 49 dishes—cooks below while toasting above. Complete with cord $10.50.

Sunbeam Wet-proof Pad; safe over wet dressings to keep them hot. Three heat controls; sanitary elderdown cover, wet-proofed inside, removable for cleaning. Lavender, buff or tan, $9.50. Directions for nursing 22 ailments in "Home Nursing Guide," by Wynona Blackburn, R.N. Write for free copy.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., *40 Years Making Quality Products*, 5640 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago; 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

★ Sunbeam

THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

Fireplaces

converge the throat upward gradually to the square or round terra-cotta flue in the chimney. They form a smoother-walled smoke chamber above the fireplace than can possibly be built by the mason with bricks, and as smooth surfaces leave the rising column of smoke undisturbed, give excellent results.

Of course, the old flues were always made ample in size, but the tendency today is to be stingy in the matter. A safe rule is to make the area of the flue at least one-tenth that of the area of the fireplace opening.

There is now on the market a sheet metal fireplace designed along scientific lines, which can be set in place and the masonry piled around it. The sloping back of this fireplace warms a duct behind it. The heated air in this duct then rises up and out into the room through a register imbedded in the brickwork of the mantel. Thus a great deal of heat, commonly lost up the chimney, is distributed to the room.

Another fine modern invention is a cast iron and steel hearth in which is a dumping door operated by a slight pull on a poker. When the hearth is tipped, a curved metal shield automatically seals the opening against dust and marks. A passage built in the chimney under the hearth and leading down to the cellar permits the ashes to drop into an ash pit.

The Heavenly House

(*Continued from page 49*)

said you liked to read," murmured Mary.

"I said I liked books," said the McGurn child.

The McGurn children leaned to locomotion. They made wagons out of almost anything and ran them up and down the stairs. An old wash-boiler did good service, also small dry-goods boxes, retired chairs, and stove-lids.

But one evening, when Lucy came home, the stairs were strangely becalmed.

"The McGurns have gone," she said to Mary. "I looked into their front room. It seems so large."

For several evenings after that, Lucy always stepped in there on her way up, because it seemed so large. She would pace to and fro in the twilight, enjoying the sense of space. She kept her eyes half-closed, for she was pretending it was a spacious room in a country house with a bay window, a lawn, a garden and trees outside. She felt very small in it, but that was all the better.

There was a good deal of trash about on the floor, but one needn't think of that. The place being so large was the important thing—with the garden and trees outside in the twilight. Just what Amelia would have liked. She could almost hear her singing faintly in the garden.

Lucy did not mention to Mary that she had been again and again in the McGurns' empty room, until that momentous evening when she explored there a little and opened the closet door. The gleam of the street lamp fell straight into the closet. There was a heap of rags, of bottles and sundries, an old shoe, on the floor inside. But there was something else. She crouched to look.

A little house with green blinds, a red chimney and a bay window; vines growing up the porch and a lawn and garden outside. Three little girls were lying on the grass.

Lucy bent lower rather breathlessly. She closed her eyes a moment, then opened them. There it was. The heavenly house and the three little girls lying on the lawn. She could see their little shadows distinctly beside them.

"They say that if they have shadows, it's true," said Lucy smiling to herself.

For she was a philosopher and noticed it when she was more ridiculous than usual.

The little house made a little, brave shadow, too, chimney and all, against the wall of the closet. The house was not more than a foot and a half high, and the little girls were not three inches—but they were *there*.

The Heavenly House

"It's large enough for *us*," said Lucy to herself, adding with a sort of chuckle, "Anybody'd think I was dotty."

Then she went up the two flights of stairs and chatted a moment with Mary, who sat sewing and reaching over at intervals to stir the soup. She reached with some difficulty, for the Phlegmatic Type was asleep on her lap. The Intellectual Type was visiting, too, and diligently tearing up a paper flower in the middle of the floor.

Lucy surreptitiously took the limping lamp and some matches and, murmuring that she would be back in a minute, again descended the stairs to the McGurns' room. She closed the door behind her; the twilight had turned into dark. The street-lamp made a path straight to the closet.

"Seems as if you can smell the wood-fire smoke from the little chimney," Lucy added firmly to herself, "but I won't look till I've lit this lamp. No use getting *too* batty."

She was firm, but not too firm. She smiled and waited with the unlighted lamp in her hand. Then she set it down on the floor.

"Look *once* first without it. No use getting unbattified too quick."

This quaintly constructed word sounded like "unbeatified." She tiptoed to the closet door and looked. In the pale direct light from the street, *it was there*. She knelt and bent over, careful not to let her shadow fall on it.

"There certainly is a wood fire."

Then, after a long moment, she got up with determination, lit the lamp, and returned. It was there.

It was a cardboard play-house with three little worsted dolls lying on its green cardboard lawn. She gave a long sigh.

"Well, that's that."

After an interval she said; "I suppose it was too slow for the McGurn children. What they want is a swizzling torpedo, not a house."

SHE went slowly up the stairs. But after supper she brought Mary down to see. She showed her the house and the little girls first without the lamp, then starkly with it.

Mary at last broke a long silence. "But we mustn't take it. The McGurn children might come back for it."

"Oops, my dear!" said Lucy. "Not unless it was tin and on wheels."

Still they conscientiously left it. Mary went down once or twice a day to see if it was still there. She stood two of the little girls up against the porch so they could look in the windows, and Lucy was startled to find them so when she opened the closet at evening. The next day, Mary's conscience went under entirely, and Lucy coming home from work found the house complete with chimney, lawn, and little girls established on the sacred chair of the departed Amelia.

The house was of cardboard gaily painted in its youth, and of the kind that is attended by unfathomable directions for setting up, with hypothetical tabs to put through problematical slots. Only a child could have tracked the dotted line that led to these pitfalls and gins.

But some McGurn offspring in a lighter moment had hewed to the dotted line, tabbed the red chimney firmly into the slots, done as much for the bay window and the porch, and pasted the whole upon its lawn and garden. There were even some firm, little, green trees standing on the lawn.

But the McGurn child's fervor had been appeased with construction. He had not played with the house. He had gone forth to rattle something awful up and down the stairs. The almost unsullied aspect of the edifice attested this.

As for the three little girls, they had evidently been disdained. No little girl that had not been disdained could ever be so tidy. They were very young, and crochetted entirely of wool over some firmer substance, so they could stand up when supported. It

7 AM *to* 7 PM—*On Duty*

After that she plays . . . Nurses whose long and busy hours are filled with endless steps taken in cheerful service find they can conserve their energy by providing proper support for their arches. They therefore wear for work and play the same type of shoes that they recommend to their patients who lead active lives . . . Walk-Over shoes with the built-in Main Spring® Arch. These shoes strengthen your own arches by controlled exercise. Illustrated booklet of styles sent on request. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

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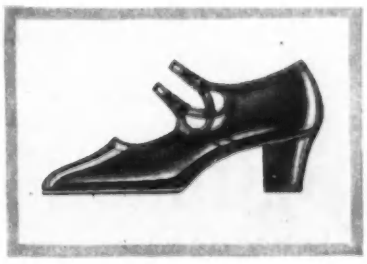
WALK-OVER

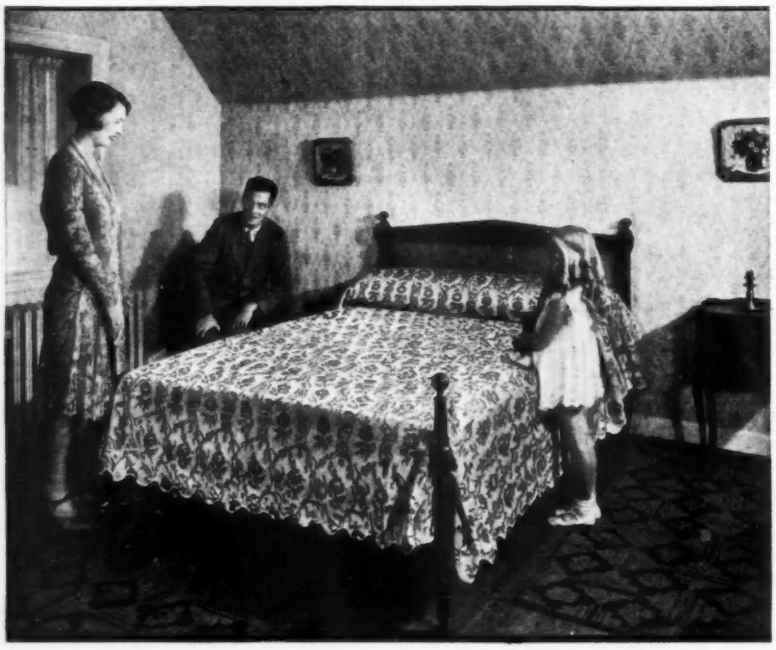
Shoes with the Main Spring Arch



SWAN Buckle Strap. Black Mat Kid. Black Lizard Strap

DUETTE Two-Strap. Black Kidskin with rubber heel-lift

In using advertisements see page 6



There is.. a Santa Claus

What a wonderful surprise it would be, for any woman, to find her bedroom glowing with a brand new Dolly Madison Bedspread on Christmas morning! What a wonderful satisfaction to know that the loveliness of this gift will endure for years!

While you are shopping for Christmas, be sure to look at the display of Dolly Madison Bedspreads in your favorite store. You will find patterns to delight the most fastidious person, colors to harmonize with the scheme of the daintiest room, prices within the limits of any purse.

Dolly Madison Bedspreads are as well known for wearing quality as they are for beauty. They are washable and the colors are *fast*. Sample swatches showing colors and patterns will be sent on request.

A real Dolly Madison Doll's Bedspread will be sent to any child for 25 cents.

GEORGE ROYLE & CO., *Mfrs.*
Dept. 128, Torresdale & Frankford Aves., Phila., Pa.

DOLLY MADISON
Bed Spreads

The Heavenly House

is difficult to make a great refinement of feature in this medium. Their tiny eyes were represented by simple knots of black wool, their equally tiny noses and mouths by pink knots. The little aprons and hats were knitted on and permanent.

Because of this slight lack of refinement of feature, they were best from the back view, when the little permanent hats appeared to advantage. For this reason, too, Mary and Lucy usually leaned them against the porch, as if they were looking into and gloating upon their house. But they were also very successful turned slightly sideways and gloating upon their garden.

"Can you see the bay-window from where you sit?" Lucy would inquire.

"Perfectly," replied Mary with a blissful glance. "I suppose there are bird-houses in the trees too small to see."

"The nasturtiums are growing nicely."

The little girls could be put into the porch, but not into the house, for the doors and windows were only painted on. But Mary and Lucy developed that they had just been in, or were just about to go in. Perhaps they were watering the pansies first, or merely waiting for a thrush to stop singing in one of the trees. They gave the little girls no names, simply pointing to one or the other. Mary would say, pointing:

"She is going into the parlor now. It is the prettiest parlor you ever saw, with roses on the carpet."

"*She* likes the liberry so much," Lucy would rejoin, indicating another little girl. "It has so many Complete Works."

"And the dining-room has such nice fruit-pieces on the walls, all framed in curly gold."

They became elaborate in describing the contents of the house and the preferences of the little girls. Their tastes were not particularly modern.

"There is a dear little organ," said Mary.

WEEKS passed, and they played every morning and evening. It is impossible to know just how much Mary played when she was alone with her sewing and her unconfined visiting cats.

It had become a rule for Lucy at her evening return to inquire, "Well, what have they been doing?"

Then Mary would give an account of them, pointing to this one and that. *She* had been to the village, *she* had sewed all day, the other had "done out" her bedroom.

The sisters always twinkled at each other when they played, though their faces were not primarily designed for twinkling. But there was a strong undercurrent of intensity. They still gave their little friends no names, and they did not bother about parents. They were just three little girls living gloriously in a heavenly house.

As they improvised upon their subject, Lucy and Mary gave each other the "battified" or beatified looks. Then one portentous evening Mary glanced over her shoulder from the supper-cooking and said suddenly,

"*Amelia* has fallen down!"

Lucy did not turn round. She was about to fill the limping lamp. She stood motionless with the oil-can in her hand, her little narrow back toward Mary. Then she turned slowly and gave her sister an odd, sidelong look. It was a confession that they had been playing the same thing.

After that they openly called the little girls by the three names. The tallest was Lucy; the fattest, Mary; the prettiest, Amelia. They made no scruple to hide Amelia and then tell each other that she was singing and playing the organ in the house. Mary had generously endowed the doll Amelia with her own musical attainment.

"Lucy stands up best," Mary would say.

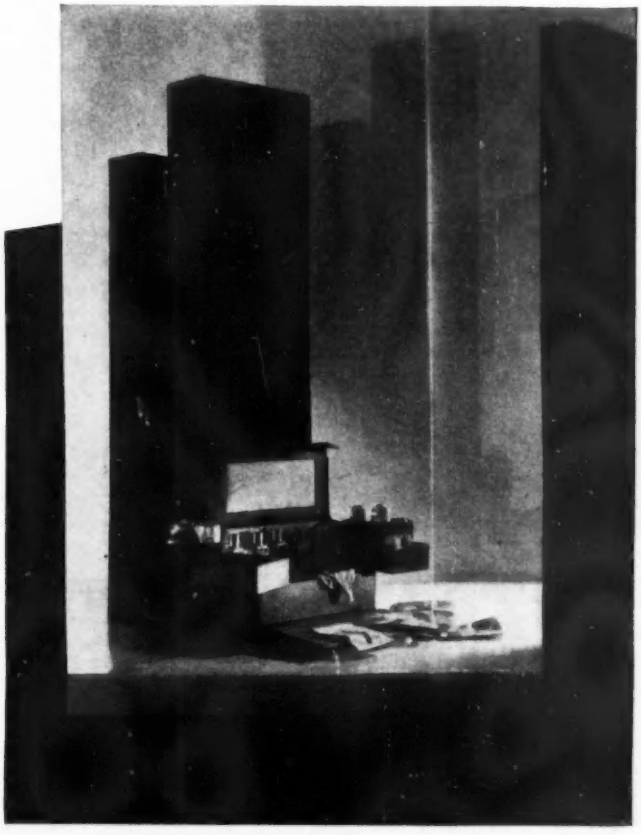
"But Mary leans out of the porch so nicely."

"Little Lucy has quite an air," said Mary.

"Yes, but she looks a little shrimp-like,"

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

the world ever knew were perfumes
borne across the desert by three wise men



WITHOUT beauty, life would be a desert, trackless, and empty of meaning. Beyond the famous red doorway of the new Elizabeth Arden Salon are gifts of beauty, for beauty. Perfumes which challenge in their fragrant loveliness and symbolize the most beautiful of human relationships and moods . . . Delightful imported gifts personally selected by Miss Arden, with the same warmth of interest she would use in choosing them for her own friends... And the Beauty Box—filled with the loveliness which every woman longs for!

Who could resist one of these perfect gifts from Elizabeth Arden! Could You?

POUDRE D'ILLUSION—Elizabeth Arden's most exquisite Powder in a satin-lined box. *Illusion, Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana,* and *White,* $3. Two favorite shades of Illusion Powder—*Mat Foncé,* for daytime and *Poudre de Lilas,* for evening—have been packed in an original silver box that is charming enough to be a gift in itself. $3

BATH SALTS—Rose, or Pine, or Nirvana, as you prefer. Invigorating crystals, in transparent jars with satin bows that give a real holiday air. $1.75, $3.00, $5.00

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S VENETIAN DUSTING POWDER — A delightful luxury: a smooth powder, pure, soft and lightly perfumed, in a large box gaily flowered, with a big puff. $3.00

BEAUTY BOXES AND TRAVEL CASES—Miss Arden's Newest fitted box is as lovely as you would expect. It is made of rose lacquered metal with clever compartments that hold everything for the perfect grooming of the skin, including a full size box of powder. And it is only $9. There is a whole range of other enchanting boxes, from a tiny one for week-ends at $3.85 to a gorgeous treasure-chest of loveliness (in leather) at $125

ARDENETTE — Just in time for Christmas, Miss Arden created her new octagonal powder case. The gold case is smartly engine-turned, and the compartment within holds a generous supply of your favorite powder—loose, according to the newest fashion. A separate compartment contains the puff. $3

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In using advertisements see page 6

"A VOSS VANITY—OH, YOU DARLING!"

Ironing Attachment Available with Voss Washers

The only washer with a Floating Agitator

YOU WASH IN THE SUDS AT THE TOP

Three distinct improvements, all of prime importance, are offered in the new Voss Vanity.

First—And MOST IMPORTANT of all, the Voss Vanity, by means of the exclusive Floating Agitator, cleans by the *hand washing method.* The Agitator rests lightly on top of the clothes and swishes them through the clean, sudsy water, away from the dirt which settles to the bottom. Dainty silks, fine linen and woolens are washed safely, and the heaviest, dirtiest garments, cleanly and quickly.

THE VOSS AGITATOR WASHES IN THE SUDS AT THE TOP

Second—It is a more beautiful washer. Its trim graceful lines meet the modern demand for beauty, as well as efficiency in household appliances.

DIRT FALLS TO THE BOTTOM

Third—It may be changed in one minute's time, from washer to an efficient Electric Rotary Ironer, by means of a special ironing attachment, optional with each Voss washer.

ONLY THE *VOSS* OFFERS ALL THESE DESIRABLE FEATURES

VOSS FLOATING AGITATOR—which makes it the outstandingly different washing machine, cleaning fast, white and without wear.

BALLOON WRINGER ROLLERS—will not break buttons.

LIFE-TIME COPPER TUB—nickeled inside to make cleaning easy.

SEALED MECHANISM—running in oil bath.

4 TIMKEN ROLLER BEARINGS—and 5 Moraine oil retaining bearings.

G. E. MOTOR

See the VOSS VANITY in action at your local dealer.

"Washing Machine Builders Since 1876"

VOSS

VOSS BROS. MFG. CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

The Heavenly House

returned the real Lucy somewhat thoughtfully.

"Well, a *little*," admitted Mary, all unwitting of the young grocer's criticism. "But pleasantly so."

She leaned little Lucy against the bay-window, where she could look in at Amelia, who was supposed to be sweetly sitting on the organ stool inside.

The sisters had got so now that they would continue the "play" till bedtime. They did not bother to twinkle any more, thereby implying that it was only a joke. They played the game seriously for all it was worth.

Even after they had "retired" (each carefully deposited on her own side of the unluxurious bed, in her vigorously high-necked and long-sleeved flannel nightie), they would murmur about "them" in the dark.

"Lucy and Mary have gone in, but Amelia is sitting out in the moonlight," one would say.

"They have such sweet little bedrooms, each one all to herself."

There was always something *special* about the goings-on of Amelia. It was always she who did the prettiest things. She had the best view from her bedroom and the fluffiest long *low-necked* nightgowns. The real Amelia had worn the short and simple flannels of the poor.

When there was a knock at the door, a ragged Japanese screen (gift of the second-hand man,) was quickly drawn across the little house.

"People would think we've got the joo-joos," said Lucy.

"I guess we have," Mary twinkled.

And they pretended that the dead Amelia was playing too, sitting in her evening dress and waiting for the carriage to take her to a ball.

Little Johnny Dugan from the floor below, peeped in once and caught them at it. Mary was beside the play-house with The Phlegmatic Type in her lap. The Intellectual Type was bouncing about and tearing up a feather.

Lucy by the stove was smiling oddly at the toys. She always wore her hat in the house because she was the business-like one and might be going out to the corner for something.

The sisters looked very strange.

THE next day Johnny came in with only the slightest preliminary warning and caught Mary alone in the act.

"What you doin' with that play-house?"

Mary had no reply.

"Bum dolls," said the youthful Dugan.

"Not so *very* bum," stammered Mary, perturbed but loyal.

Something in her poor little face made Johnny relent.

"Middlin' bum."

He then borrowed the coffee-grinder for his mother and, not looking again at the toys out of delicacy, withdrew.

But this was to be a still more dreadful day. In a moment Johnny Dugan came dashing back with the horrid news that "slum-ladies" were coming up. These were philanthropic ladies from up-town, who had to do with model tenements. Their visits were a source of great agitation. Johnny's mother was just behind him, accompanied by a panting little sister.

Mrs. Dugan put her head in the door and whispered hoarsely: "The slum-ladies is here. *And we ain't model!*"

It was a friendly warning, with which she rushed downstairs again to make the beds and hide the improprieties of her ménage as best she might.

"They're jumping on Mrs. McGuffy's hen perfectly horrible!" cried Johnny. "Pulled her out from under the bed and give her a black eye."

"Mrs. McGuffy's hen!" gasped Mary.

"Bawled her out."

As he uttered this, two beautiful ladies swept past him into the room.

"May we come in?" they said sweetly.

The Heavenly House

"What a dear, neat little place you have here!"

Mary still sat beside the doll-house, steadying Amelia against the porch. She began to collect herself to rise.

"What are you doing with those dear little dolls?" said one of the beautiful ladies.

"She's playin' with 'em. And you let her alone!" roared out Johnny Dugan and ran down the stairs.

"You're going to give them to some child, of course. How sweet of you!" said one lady.

"Perhaps she has a child of her own," said the other.

"How vague you are, my dear," rejoined the first. "She's Miss Lucy or Miss Mary Jones. I have my list correct. Are you Miss Lucy?"

"Mary."

"I'm so glad to meet you. I've heard of you and your sister from Mrs.—— somebody. But do tell us what child you're going to give the doll-house and dolls to."

"I ain't going to give them to any child."

The ladies had hurried away to see Mrs. Ferraro about the fearful mass of objects exposed on her fire-escape. Mary thought afterward that they had stared at her almost aghast. She was rather aghast herself. She had been so much firmer than usual.

She did not tell Lucy about the visit, nor of Johnny Dugan's finding her at play. She felt that he had somehow repented of having said the dolls were "bum." He had certainly had some gallant idea of defending her weakness from the visiting ladies.

THE play continued. One night, when it was nearly Christmas, the sisters had gone to bed and were just about to put out the light, chatting sleepily of Lucy, Mary, Amelia, and the heavenly house, when there was a tapping on the pane.

"It's the Intellectual Type," said Mary. "We must let him in out of the cold."

She rose, and the brindle cat came in. Then, scuttling across the roof with a few phrases of song, the Phlegmatic Type followed him, cuddled immediately at the foot of the bed, and set up an industrious purr. The Intellectual Type also purred with energetic gratitude, as he skirmished about the warm, shadowy room.

"He'll soon come on to the coverlet, too," said Mary cosily . . . "Little Amelia always has a kitten on her bed. She has a special little silk pillow for it."

"We must think up all their presents tomorrow . . . I wonder just what they're going to give each other for Christmas." Lucy's voice was very sleepy.

"Probably play-houses—and little woolen dolls," murmured Mary, as she was sinking off to slumber.

When she woke in the morning, she saw Lucy with a shawl over her night-gown shivering as she gathered up something from the floor. It seemed to be the smallest shreds of something.

Mary sat up and stared at Lucy's little back with its little shoulderblades bent over as she gathered. Then Lucy lifted herself with the shreds in her hands.

"Amelia is gone."

It was the same phrase that had announced the going of the real Amelia years ago. And Lucy was wearing the same shawl.

"The Intellectual Type."

Lucy went to the gas stove and put on the kettle. There was a silence.

Mary lay perfectly quiet a long time; then began to get herself carefully out of bed, not to disturb the two cats asleep at the foot, the Intellectual Type looking as innocent as the Phlegmatic.

"He didn't know," she murmured, and went over to Amelia's chair where Lucy had laid the shreds of the doll Amelia with the other dolls and the little house.

"Well," said Mary, "I suppose we might as well give the rest to some child."

An always-welcomed GIFT to those you love

YOU COULD, of course, give many things more expensive. But will they be more appreciated than the gift of happy occasions re-lived over and over again? The occasions quickly jotted down at the time, that spring to life in minute detail, years later, when you see them in a diary?

Standard Diaries offer a choice of diaries for every different person you know. Beautiful five-year diaries with lock and key, like the one illustrated; for the memories of happy school days and the first precious years of marriage, where each day may be compared with its counterpart of the year before, and before that. Annual diaries, as beautiful, with space for more lengthy notes—for friends like clubwomen who must always be "jotting things down" for future reference. Handy, but very smart, vest-pocket-size diaries for business men.

Stationers everywhere have them, in a choice of exquisite leather bindings in the newest colors, at prices from $1 to $5. The coupon will bring you our illustrated booklet of the complete assortment. Should the dealer you regularly patronize not have the diary illustrated, "Mile Stones," No. 1453, enclose your check or money-order for $5 with the coupon. "Get your shopping done early."

STANDARD DIARIES

To your dealer or
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26 Blackstone St., Cambridge, Mass.

☐ (1) Enclosed find $5 (check) (money-order) for Standard Diary, "Mile Stones," No. 1453 (rose) (green) (blue).

☐ (2) Send booklet of Standard Diary line.

Name_____

Address_____

In using advertisements see page 6

Sons and Daughters at school . . . talk to them often *by* Telephone

A Bell System Advertisement

When sons and daughters go away to school there's one sure way to keep in touch with them—

By telephone!

What could be better than to hear their voices once a week or oftener all through the year. To talk things over with them just as you do when they're home. To *know* that they are well and happy.

A telephone conversation is so satisfactory a means of communication. It is so direct, so quick, so personal. Out of town calls are as easy to make nowadays as local ones. And they are inexpensive. A weekly call costs less than almost any other little gift you could make. Yet it pays such big returns in affection and personal satisfaction.

Have a telephone understanding with your boy and girl throughout the school year. "Voice visit" with them at least once a week for a little heart-to-heart chat. . . . A telephone call is a round trip for both of you.

And bear in mind that, at but slight extra cost, you can have quick, convenient telephone service throughout your house. The extra comfort is amazing.

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Women! Extra Money Quick

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Send me Free Book. This does not put me under any obligation.
Name.....
Address.....

Three Times a Bridesmaid

(*Continued from page 25*)

smoothed out when he saw her. He grinned and said,

"Hello, beautiful."

"Hello," said Phyllis. "And why the rude peasant stare?"

For he was standing still, simply gawking at her.

"Because," said Howard, "you're so particularly knock-out tonight."

A flowery pink colored her cheeks. She never could get used to compliments. As well as she knew by this time that her dark eyes, her thick brown hair, her straight-cut features, her oval chin seemed to be what people thought were beautiful, she was always embarrassed when the topic was mentioned in public.

"It's the new creation," she said. "A hand-me-down from big sister."

Howard eyed the rosy frock indifferently. "You'd look like an angel in a Mother Hubbard . . . What do you want to do tonight? Dance, or ride, or make whoopee or what?"

"I thought this was merely a gentleman calling on a lady."

"Thanks for the ad," replied Howard. "But of all living women, I think I like your stepping—"

SO THEY drove to the country club and danced. Their friends were conspicuously absent—Rosamund, Hildegarde, Nancy, Ruth, and their respective fiancés were none of them to be seen.

"They're home holding hands," thought Phyllis. "Howard didn't want to stay at home alone with me."

But she danced lightly, quite as if her heart were not weighing her down, and Howard's arms became significant and thrilling; his voice in her hair made her tingle with a warm, sweet, lively fire. Familiar, too, that tingling warmth.

"Gee whiz, I'm crazy about him. I thought it was Tod. And it's Howard."

Her cheeks blossomed; her young lips curved happily.

"Gosh, you're sweet," murmured Howard, fox-trotting the while. "I'm all of a heap, Phyl."

She laughed softly; raised soft, impudent eyes. "*All?*"

"*All.*"

"*That's* nice."

He laughed exasperatedly. "You don't care a hang. You've got so many. I'm just—one of the boys."

"But such a one, darling," she murmured lightly.

"I'd like to shake you," he burst out. "Indeed I think I will."

Gently he shook her slim shoulders, in the middle of the dance floor.

Phyllis only laughed, but her heart was turning over.

And for the rest of the evening, she forgot that she was a spinster, doomed and fated. Howard's brown eyes, Howard's urgent voice, Howard's white linen grace and litheness—these were enough, more than enough, for her excited senses. She danced once or twice with other men, old Major Fenwick, and a skinny, homely chap that Eunice had fetched up proudly—for Eunice was there as big as life, glasses, low-heeled slippers, dowdy dress, and all. Mostly, however, she and Howard danced together, hour after hour, until at one o'clock the orchestra suddenly went into the heart-breaking strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

"Oh, dear," sighed Phyllis, "I hate to have it over, Howard."

"It's been heaven, Phyllis," said Howard soberly. "Will you—will you come with me Saturday night?"

"I'm awfully sorry. Tod asked me."

"Oh, curse Tod!" spoke Howard viciously.

She loved that viciousness. He really cared then. It wasn't just the music, the dancing, and Mary's sweet pink frock. He wanted her again; he was sore because Tod—

"But I'll dance with you a lot if you're here,"

O Glorious Day of Feasting and Good Cheer!

HALF-PAST ONE, ANYWHERE, CHRISTMAS DAY

CHRISTMAS beneath a winter's sky . . . Christmas where beats a tropic sun . . . on land . . . at sea . . . any place in this world so wide . . . any place, but always *Christmas!* And in countless homes throughout this country and Canada . . . with the turkey . . . or afterwards as healths are given . . . you'll find "Canada Dry," the Champagne of Ginger Ales.

When "Canada Dry" lends its marvelous flavor to the day—

Refreshing as a brisk sleigh ride over the snowy hills . . . keen as the winter wind whipping across your face . . . mellow as the greetings of old friends . . . such is the quality of this fine old ginger ale. Here is a marvelous beverage.

Because of its wonderful flavor, "Canada Dry" has won the approving nod of connoisseurs. Because of its high quality it is served from one end of this country to the other . . . in famous hotels and clubs . . . on transatlantic liners . . . in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa.

Purest ingredients contribute to its distinction and prestige

But all these things are so for just one reason—basic excellence. Only the purest ingredients, only the highest quality of Jamaica ginger, are used in this fine old beverage.

An exact process of blending and balancing helps produce its distinction. Hourly check-ups prevent variation from carefully determined standards.

Daily tests under laboratory methods assure purity. Its delightful and delicate sparkle is achieved by a secret process.

"Canada Dry" and Christmas—the two just go together! Serve it in your household.

"CANADA DRY" ★
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1929

BETTY BELDON
Accomplished Hostess
suggests for Christmas

A BOWL OF PUNCH on the sideboard . . . green mint, cherries, pungent orange and lemon in slices . . . how well it adds that final touch of festivity and bounteous hospitality to the dining-room!

"CANADA DRY" SHANDYGAFF

1 quart hot freshly made tea
10 lemons
3 cups sugar
4 bottles "Canada Dry"

When making the tea, allow one teaspoon to a cup of boiling water. Strain and stir in sugar; when dissolved, add the lemon juice. Set aside to cool. At serving time, pour over a block of ice and add the "Canada Dry." Pour into a shallow punch bowl and garnish with thin slices of lemon, orange, and red and green cherries with sprigs of fresh mint.

"CANADA DRY" CUP DE LUXE

4 tablespoons Grenadine Syrup
½ cup grapefruit juice
½ cup orange juice
½ cup pineapple juice
1 bottle "Canada Dry"
6 tablespoons grape juice
Cracked ice

Shake well and serve

In using advertisements see page 6

A Gift She'll Treasure Always

for Mother Sister Sweetheart Friend

The Settlement Cook Book

by Mrs. Simon Kander

WILL give happiness on Christmas and every day throughout the years. This practical helpful book covering the entire field of cookery is a storehouse of ideas for the seasoned housekeeper, the novice, the bachelor girl, the tea-room manager or the up-to-date hostess.

2675 RECIPES

Tested in a Home Kitchen

assure the perfectly cooked and deliciously flavored food of the expert. There are hundreds of holiday dishes. Crispy, crunchy cookies, Christmas sweets, old-fashioned and new, Torten, puddings, desserts, appetizers, salads—everything which makes a meal a triumph.

Correct Menus

for formal occasions, as well as home dinners are included. Also authoritative diet lists for children and suggestions for school lunches.

The Entire Family

will enjoy the wholesome and temptingly delicious meals prepared according to the simple directions in this famous cook book. Washable white oil-cloth cover. Festive green and red jacket makes it an attractive gift.

PRICE **$2.50**

Postage 10c

Wherever books are sold, or send check or money order direct.

The Settlement Cook Book Co.
474 Bradford Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

For BREAKFAST or BAKING

ROMAN MEAL

ROMAN MEAL is the "many use" cereal. A most pleasing addition to the pantry shelf. It offers variety in baking and is most delicious as a cereal. Solves the "what to serve" problem in thousands of homes. Recipes on package.

ROMAN MEAL COMPANY, Tacoma, Washington

FREE! *Please send me sample package of Roman Meal. (United States only.)*

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Address _____

Three Times a Bridesmaid

she said. "Tod doesn't really like to dance, you know. He'll be delighted to sit in a corner and glare."

"Then every other one," stated Howard.

"Well, every other two, anyway. Oh, gee, Howard, I've got to get home. Mother does rage like a heathen when I come staggering in at dawn."

On the way home he stopped the car.

"What—" began Phyllis.

"I want to kiss you," said Howard quietly.

Her head swooned. She wanted him to kiss her. She had been thinking all evening how much she wanted him to, wishing he wanted to, too. She had wanted many a boy to kiss her in the past three years. But always something held her back, something that stiffened and resisted, something that made her merely laugh and shake her head in spite of all that ache of longing.

"May I?" said Howard humbly. "Oh, Phyllis—"

"Howard," she said, gently firm, "turn on that switch and step on that gas."

"But, Phyllis, there's no harm in it when I'm so crazy about you. Why, everybody does it. *You* know it's all right. Please, Phyllis."

"No, Howard."

He sat motionless a moment, then turned the key in the switch. "I'm sorry," he said. "You see, I thought you liked me a little tonight. I didn't mean to—I know you're not the kind—well, like most girls, necking with every man they see. But I felt somehow tonight that you liked me and—"

"I do like you, Howard, heaps," she said quietly.

"Oh, Phyllis," he groaned.

Then he jammed a foot on the starter.

ROSAMUND'S announcement party was given the next week, a large garden party to which all of that section of Long Island was invited.

Phyllis went with her mother. It was all very fluttery and gay, laughter, music, filmy dresses, floppy hats, white flannels, and Rosamund and Fritz looking dazzled and blinded with happiness. Howard was there, Beany was there, Muddy was there. But Tod was not there. Tod was sulking. Phyllis had danced once too often with Howard, that Saturday night at the club.

Phyllis stayed loyally by Rosamund. Not that Rosamund cared as long as Fritz was near, but one had to preserve appearances.

Muddy and Beany and Howard were all fiercely attentive. Three plates of salad were brought to Phyllis, three plates of ice-cream, three cups of coffee, innumerable cups of punch. Phyllis did not see the smiles that went around at the sight of the three truculent young men fighting for her attention.

She was watching Miss Figgins, the bright-eyed, sharp-nosed, staunch Miss Figgins, these forty years unwed.

For it had been two weeks now since Howard had so suddenly become devoted, two weeks of dancing, of riding, of swimming, and the word "marriage" had never been said. Opportunities had been embarrassingly plentiful. There was the morning she and Howard had ridden at sunrise and had stopped on a hilltop and watched the glory of the bursting sun. If that wasn't a moment to propose— There had been one momentous afternoon when they had been caught in a lashing rainstorm miles from home in Howard's open car. She had been drenched. He had carried her, swathed in his raincoat, to a farmhouse, and there they had dried off and had supper by a kerosene lamp, as the rain dashed darkly against the windows and the farmer's wife had discreetly retired to her shadowy kitchen. *There* was a moment. And Howard had been only anxious about her wet clothes and concerned lest she catch a cold. There had been the evening— Oh, well, no use counting them up. There had been hundreds of times when Howard could have asked her. And he hadn't. So he didn't want to marry her.

FREE
New Ways to Wrap Your Gifts

What a satisfaction to send, how thrilling to receive, a really beautiful Christmas package. This year there are new ways to wrap your gifts more attractively than ever before. One is with Cellophane—smooth and shiny as tinted glass. It comes in three wonderful jewel-like colors—ruby, emerald, amethyst, and in gold and frosty crystal.

But this is only one of Dennison's many materials for gift wrappings. There are new decorative papers, tags, seals, stars, cards, gummed corners. You can get them all at stationery and department stores and many drug stores.

Send for Instruction Folder

To help you wrap all your gifts attractively, Dennison has prepared a special instruction folder, containing dozens of suggestions, and illustrated directions for each one. It is free. Just mail the coupon below. And why not let us send you at the same time some of the Dennison-craft folders and books filled with plans and instructions for gifts to make at home, also the Christmas issue of the Party Magazine. Simply check what you want and enclose proper amount to cover all.

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Please send me Free the folder of Instructions on Wrapping Christmas Gifts. Also folders and books checked. I enclose proper amount to cover all.

- ____ Party Magazine—Christmas Issue (25c)
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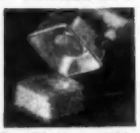

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A Tantalizing Flavor All America Loves!

Gives new zest and savor to the most familiar foods. A complete, wholesome seasoning for poultry dressing, meat loaf, roasts, sausage, gravies, etc. Brings to your kitchen the delicious tang of southern cooking. Try it!

At your grocer Or send 10 cents for household package and book of tempting recipes.

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A. C. LEGG PACKING CO. INC.
BIRMINGHAM ALA. U.S.A.

For your very own....or as gifts

this alluring new Heisey design enhances the art of gracious living

EXQUISITE . . . Adorable . . . A goblet and plate of sheer, beauteous delight! Etched with gossamer tracery like rare old lace, in a chrysanthemum motif.

Raising the vogue of fine glassware to a new plane, here is hand-wrought, blown stemware . . . sherbets, parfaits, goblets, cocktail glasses. Here are plates for salads, for desserts and place plates.

And a wealth of other pieces to enrich your hospitality with gleaming splendor. How festive on the holiday table, how magnificent throughout the year, this royal new Empress Pattern by Heisey! A complete service in glassware for those who treasure lovely things.

Alluring are its colors: Dainty rose of Flamingo . . . restful green of Moon Gleam . . . golden gleam of Marigold, or stately crystal if you prefer.

Aristocratic, yes, this Empress Pattern . . . but still moderately priced. The superb touch in gifts that will be long remembered and affectionately cherished. The ◊H◊ *on every piece* identifies the genuine, at leading stores.

A. H. HEISEY & COMPANY
301 Oakwood Avenue
NEWARK, OHIO

Glass Perfected Through the Secrets of 4000 Years

A few drops of acid splashed on Henry Schwanhard's spectacles as they lay on the laboratory bench where he was working. Schwanhard, a famous seventeenth century glassmaker of Bohemia, apparently gave no heed to the incident . . . But when later he picked up the spectacles, a look of surprise came over him. The acid had eaten into the lenses. This was remarkable! An acid that attacked glass! It was that hydrofluoric!...Schwanhard set out on a new tangent of experiments. He developed a method for embellishing glass with exquisite etchings, using as a medium the only acid which has any effect on glass. And so a pair of ruined spectacles has brought new adornment to the table.

Give Beautiful Glassware

In giving fine glassware by Heisey you know that it will be received with keen delight and happily treasured. For what could be more expressive, more charming? There is a wealth of gift suggestions in the booklet, "Gifts of Glassware." Write for your copy.

Heisey's

GLASSWARE ◊H◊ *for your table*

In using advertisements see page 6

Let Us Send Your Child

A 3-Day Supply of This Delicious Swiss Creation

An Utterly NEW-TYPE Food-Drink That's Both an Adventure in Deliciousness and an Education in Child-Building

Watch the Eyes Brighten; New Energy Come; Weight Increase a Pound a Week, and Nervousness Disappear!

THIS new way comes from Switzerland, the nation whose scientists have done so many remarkable things in child development.

From one end of the world to the other, mothers are adopting it. Results have been so remarkable that its use has spread over some 54 different nations.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically *every vital food element necessary to child health.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in easily digested form so that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine such as iron, lime and phosphorus, build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight—as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases. Others foster richer blood and thus combat conditions of anemia. Important vitamins are supplied also to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

"Now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad"

My little boy, three years old, had rickets. I tried to build him up with vegetables, fruit juices and medicine, but he got no better. A year ago I started to give him Ovaltine. From the first he started to pick up and is now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad. He takes Ovaltine twice a day and shall continue to do so.

MRS. R. H. WESSEL,
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Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the *power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.*

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but actually increases the effectiveness of all starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store, or send coupon for three-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you. Delicious as a cold shake-up drink.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER CO.
180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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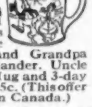
Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

SPECIAL OFFER



Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

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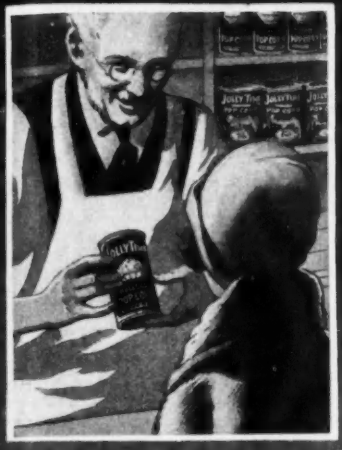
OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink



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Skookum *Apples*

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"The Sweetest Story Ever Told" is the title. A neatly-made natural wood "book" box of eight 2-ounce cakes choicest Vermont Maple Sugar. New, novel—and delightfully in keeping with the Xmas spirit. We mail promptly direct to your list. $1 postpaid. (Add 25c West of Rockies, foreign or U. S. Possessions). Write addresses plainly.

MT. MANSFIELD MAPLE MERCHANTS
Dept. A. Stowe, Vt.
Largest direct-to-consumer shippers of maple products. Send for price list.

MOTHERS-TO-BE
Send for free Style Book One

Clothes specially designed to allow for changing figure without loss of smart lines. Special corselette, $5.
Complete layettes of unusual loveliness, $35.00.
MISS CREED, 234 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Three Times a Bridesmaid

She thought: "Poor Miss Figgins. Most people wouldn't understand how she feels. But *I* know. She's smiling and talking, just as I am, to keep up a good front."

Hildegarde, the happily affianced, came up and whispered, "My dear, I'm thrilled about Howard."

Phyllis frowned. "What do you mean?"

Hildegarde laughed archly. "All right. Have it your own way."

Howard came up again to mutter: "Can't we get out from under? Or have Beany and Muddy got some special kind of glue that keeps them—"

"Well—"

"We might take a look at the hollyhocks or something. That would make a hit with Mrs. Carpenter."

"All right."

They went down toward the garden, and Phyllis was thinking:

"Maybe he'll propose now. Maybe he's seen how happy Ros and Fritz are."

But Howard only said: "Did you see old Fritz? Simply gaga."

Phyllis preserved a dignified silence.

THE plans for the wedding were well afoot now. Rosamund had selected her bridesmaids. There were daily and weighty conferences about frocks, hats, flowers, shoes. And the parties began. Hildegarde gave a luncheon. Nancy had a supper dance. Phyllis had a swimming party with supper on the beach, great hampers of lobster and chicken, glowing fires, grilled beefsteaks, enormous boilers of coffee.

It was a good party. In the general gay confusion and merriment Phyllis forgot that she was an unwanted woman, and dived and swam and frolicked and kicked up her heels as abandonedly as Tony. "The four horsemen," as Mary called them, Beany, Tod, Muddy, and Howard, were always at her side, and she laughed impartially with them all, as befits a tactful hostess.

But the next morning Eunice Hibbard came over early and, with many blushes and stammerings, told Phyllis her great news. She was engaged. The skinny, homely chap, who had been hanging about the past few weeks, had proposed last night out on the dock just before supper. He was an instructor at Columbia in the psychology department.

"And I want to thank you, Phyllis. Because maybe if you hadn't had the party—well, anyway, it did happen at your party, so you really were in a way responsible. And I'm so happy," she finished, her dull cheeks burning.

Phyllis was cordial, and Eunice stayed for three hours, talking about Hubert, his genius, his nobility of character, his weighty brain.

In a trance Phyllis went about that day.

"I just don't understand it. If Eunice—Why, Eunice is really appalling. She hasn't *anything*."

It was Dick who finally brought the whole thing to a climax.

"Three times a bridesmaid, ha, ha!" he chortled. "Phyl's gonna be an old maid, mom. Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride."

"*Shut up!*" shouted Phyllis.

Dick, stunned, looked at his sister.

"Gee, she's sore. She's touchy, mom.

"Dick, don't be so ridiculous," said Mrs. Hunter.

But Dick was immensely amused. Old Phyl getting on her uppers. Phyl worried about being an old maid. He laughed raucously whenever the idea returned to him—as it did frequently.

The wedding was drawing near. Rosamund was deep in shopping, in lists, in menus, in dressmaking. Phyllis went into town with her and Mrs. Carpenter to order the linen, massive piles of it, all for Rosamund's little Cambridge apartment, her monogram to be stitched finely into every piece. Phyllis spent a day hunting a present for Rosamund; two months' allowance went into the delicately etched

I Am a NONE SUCH Pie

"Don't often get the chance to sit for my picture! Yet I'm about the oldest national dessert in America—been made this way by good home-makers for the past 43 years, and always of None Such. Still, I've been welcomed to more family dinner tables this year than ever!"

WISE home-makers know what an all-the-family treat a None Such pie is. What delicious goodness in fruits and spices hides under its flaky, golden crust. How wholesome and digestible it is. And how easily and quickly made—with None Such, the standby of three generations of good cooks.

Have *you* baked a None Such Pie—lately? These crisp fall days were made for this delightful dessert! There's a tested recipe on the tin or package. Just 'phone your grocer.

Merrell-Soule has compiled a new recipe book that tells how to make 49 other appetizing None Such delicacies. There's a copy waiting for *you*. Send for it to-day.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Inc.
350 Madison Avenue
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NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

$450.00?—or $9.85 for this exact reproduction!

The old Chippendale; hand-made and hand-rubbed by New England craftsmen in our own shop. Over-all size 26" x 11½"; size of ½" plate glass 16" x 10". The ideal Christmas gift.

In solid mahogany, red or brown finish, $9.85

Securely packed in wood box for safe delivery, *express charges prepaid.* Ask for folder.

ARMSTRONG & SONS
Little Bldg. Boston

In using advertisements see page 6

Do Your Arches make You a Style Outcast?

With the Advent of "Miss Betty" . . . a New Stetson Creation . . . You can correct Arch Weaknesses without Advertising It.

Smartly dressed for the street . . . but only to the ankle.

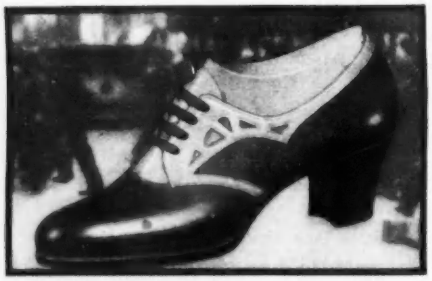
Are you not a bit sensitive to those inquisitive eyes that admire your taste in clothes but not in footwear?

Is there no way to rectify weakened arches without proclaiming the treatment to the public?

Yes. With "Miss Betty" . . . an utterly new Stetson Shoe model!

"Miss Betty" works a miracle of foot comfort and arch correction behind a decided flair for fashion. Your arch rests on a firm, rigid support . . . your eyes (and others) on lines conservatively smart. The four-eyelet tie avows the vogue . . . for it is the style to tie. The soft twinkling brown or black kidskin proclaims "Miss Betty" light and soothing . . . for these are the virtues of kid.

Where can you get this amiable "Miss Betty"? At Stetson Shoe merchants everywhere. In widths from AAAA to EE.



New Stetson Tailored four-eyelet cut-out Tie in Brown Kid, trimmed with Beechwood Kid. Leather heel, ideal for walking and with rubber top-lift. The Stetson Arch feature assures firm support. Available also in Black Kid.

Stetson

fine tailored shoes for Women

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South Weymouth, Mass.

Three Times a Bridesmaid

sapphire goblets which Rosamund all but wept over because they were so beautiful.

Otherwise, life for Phyllis went on about as usual. The four horsemen came and went in rapid succession. There were parties and more parties, riding, swimming, picnicking. The sun rose and set and rose again. September began to feel like October; summer was nearly over.

And still Howard had not proposed. Now he never would. Phyllis had long since given up hoping. He was still ardent and pursuing. His long legs came up the hill nearly every day; his car was at her door hours at a time. Everybody knew that Howard Kenyon was crazy about Phyllis Hunter. But it was just a crush. Phyllis knew that, whether anybody else did or not.

THE day of the wedding was windy and cool and bright. Rosamund was to be married at four. Phyllis rode with Howard in the morning. She was tired and listless. The dress rehearsal had been riotous one minute, solemn the next; it had all been fatiguing and wearing.

After the ride she washed her thick, curly hair. After that she pottered around, manicuring, laying out clothes.

The green and silver dress lay waiting on the bed. The little green slippers twinkled side by side; the cool, thin stockings, the wide hat, the tiny undergarments were all there, marshaled and ready. Somebody telephoned every five minutes, Nancy or Hilda or Ruth. Mrs. Hunter was trying to corral Tony and Dick and muster them into proper wedding clothes, no light task. Fritz telephoned frantically to ask if Beany were there. Beany was to be best man.

Pretty soon, in two or three hours, it would all be over. Three times a bridesmaid.

Then at two o'clock a hoarse squawk sounded in the driveway. Phyllis heard the grinding of brakes, a door slammed. Jennie appeared hurriedly.

"It's Mr. Morris."

Beany? What was he doing here?

She went down.

"Hello, Beany. They're looking for you. Fritz telephoned—Why, what's the matter?"

For Beany was panting, wild-eyed, his blunt, honest face behind the motorcycle goggles working violently. For a moment he was speechless. He looked at Phyllis dumbly, squinting. Beany always squinted when he was excited.

"Uh—"

"What's the matter, Beany?"

"Listen," began Beany then. "Is it true that you're engaged to Howard Kenyon?"

"Wh-what?" she stammered.

"You heard me. Are you engaged to that big stiff Howard Kenyon?"

"Who wants to know?"

"I do. Are you?"

"Who says I am?"

"Jake told me just now. Hildegarde told him. He says she says everybody says so. I mean—well—are you? Answer me!"

He was stepping toward her swiftly, his goggles glittering and menacing.

"Good gracious, Beany!" she gasped. "Are you crazy?"

"Yes, I am. I been crazy ever since Jake—are you engaged to Howard Kenyon? *Tell me. Are you?*" he shouted then.

"No, I'm not, if it's any of your business. Beany, run along. Fritz is wild. He telephoned half an hour ago."

She started to turn away. Beany was a nut. He was always appearing suddenly like this, then disappearing. He was rude, he was disgusting. Crashing in, demanding to know if she and Howard—

She felt a hand on her wrist, a hand that gripped her like a steel trap.

"You listen to me."

"What is it, Beany?" she asked impatiently.

"What *is* it?" he repeated wrathfully. "I'm proposing to you, that's what it is. Haven't

you any sense? Don't you know I've been nuts about you ever since I laid eyes on you six years ago?"

"Gracious!" breathed Phyllis.

"And that I've always thought I was going to marry you some day when I got enough jack and you were through flirting around with everything that wears pants?"

"*Beany!*"

"Didn't you? Well, if you didn't know it, you're deaf and dumb and blind, that's what you are. What do you think I gave you my frat pin *for*, anyway? Certainly not for decoration, since you never wear it. I'm not good at saying things—"

"You're not doing so badly," put in Phyllis smoothly.

"I'm not good at saying things, and I wanted you to have your fun running your legs off with other fellahs if it made you any happier, as it certainly seemed to, so I didn't ever just *say* anything, but gosh, I thought you understood, Phyllis."

His voice dropped; his goggles grew gentle and sad. "Gee whiz, you did understand, didn't you, Phyl?"

"No, I didn't quite," said Phyllis soothingly. But her heart was beating exultingly.

"Well," said Beany, planting his stocky legs firmly. "Will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you marry me, of course. What do you think?"

A proposal! A queer, rude, almost unpleasant one, to be sure, but a proposal, none the less, a real, honest offer of marriage. Her throat grew thick.

"Why—Beany—"

A SIREN sounded from the driveway; a car was sizzling through the gravel. The siren shrilled again, wailed and shrieked.

"Why—that sounds like Tod."

Beany did not move. "Before that halfwit comes in here, answer my question."

"Beany, I can't! It's awfully sweet of you—you know I like you—I'm terribly fond—"

"Hey there!" Tod appeared at the door, his blond hair upstanding. "Oh! You here?" he asked witheringly of Beany.

"Looks like it," grunted Beany.

"Well, get out. I've got a message for Phyllis. From Rosamund. And you ought to be getting dressed. *I'm* not best man. I don't have to dress up pretty."

Beany went, grunting and muttering.

"Tod! What does Rosamund want?" cried Phyllis when he had gone.

Tod grinned. "Not a thing. Ros is shipshape as far as I know." (Tod was Rosamund's cousin.) "Listen, Phyllis, are you engaged to How—"

Phyllis screamed.

"Hey, what's the matter? Can't I ask a question?"

"No, you can't. It's none of your business. Why does everybody think I'm engaged to Howard Kenyon?"

"Then you're not?" A great illumination spread over Tod's face. "Oh, Phyl, that sounds like a million dollars to me. Because I'm so insane about you. Of course, you knew it. But somehow I never quite dared tell you. You've got so many sheiks hanging around all the time. And I didn't really think I had a Chinaman's chance. Only just now, when Jake told me—"

"Has Jake started a newspaper or something?"

"Huh?"

"Never mind."

"Well, what I mean is, Phyl, that of course I couldn't get married for ages yet. I've got a rotten time ahead of me, one more year at college and three at medicine, and God knows what after that, but—"

"Miss Phyllis, the telephone." Jennie stood hesitatingly at the door.

"Oh! Who is it, Jennie?"

"Mr. Waters, I think, miss. He said 'Just tell her it's Muddy.' "

"I'm bringing Edith home.. has daddy done anything about the bathroom?"

You can understand how daughter feels. Here she is about to bring her dearest college friend to meet her mother and father, to see her home. How eager she is to have it make a good impression. In swift mental review she sees every room. Okay, okay, okay . . . until she comes to the bathroom. One detail stops her. Decidedly not in good taste. She has often urged it. Now it *must* be changed.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Three Times a Bridesmaid

"Oh, for gosh sake," said Tod disgustedly.

"And Mrs. Hunter says it's time to get dressed, Miss Phyllis. It's nearly three."

"Whee!" Phyllis flew up. "I've got to run, Tod, I'll see you later." She paused to smile at the discomfited youth. "At the reception."

"Can't you even wait to tell me—"

"Tod, I can't wait for *anything*."

Flinging a farewell smile at him over her shoulder, she ran out of the room.

"This is Muddy, Phyllis," came a voice deep and sepulchral.

"Yes, Muddy? Anything important? I've got to dress. I haven't even started."

"Phyllis," went on the voice deliberately, "I just wanted to ask you if it is true that you and Howard Kenyon are en—"

"*No!*" shouted Phyllis.

"Because if you aren't, there is something very important I want to say to you, Phyllis." The slow, deep voice went on ponderously. "I want to see you alone tonight and tell you something very important."

"Muddy, goodby. All right, I will. I'll see you tonight for a minute somehow."

"Because," droned the voice, "Jake told me just a little while ago—"

"Goodby!" said Phyllis firmly and hung up the receiver.

Singing like a lark, she bathed, she dressed, and scrambled into the car with her mother and the boys.

"Gee whiz, *you* act like the bride," complained Dick. "Stop flouncing about, will you? You make me nervous."

IN THE little vestryroom of the country chapel they all waited—the six green-and-silver, flushed, excited girls; the silver-tissue, beaming matron of honor; Rosamund, pale and still for the first time in her life; Mrs. Carpenter calm and practical.

Phyllis went over to Rosamund, whispered, "Hold everything, Ros."

"Oh, Phyl!" Rosamund raised awe-struck eyes. "I'm afraid. Supposing I don't make Fritz happy. He's so wonderful. Supposing—"

"Oh, *that!*" scoffed Phyllis. "That's nothing to worry about. I thought you were afraid of parading up the aisle with everybody ogling. You look divine, Ros. Gee, Fritz is doing something today when he marries you."

The young rector came in, smiling.

"Is Phyllis here?" he asked looking around. "No, five more minutes yet, Mrs. Carpenter. Phyllis, there's a young man outside the vestry door, a Mr. Muddy Waters. He gave me this note for you. He said it was very important."

The girls were getting in line now. Phyllis, taking her place by Hildegarde, read:

"DEAR PHYLLIS:

The important thing I had to say to you is that I hereby ask you to be my wife.

Yours in life and death,

MUDDY."

The vestry door was opened. They were walking now through the Sunday-school room. Boom, boom came the organ.

"Next year," whispered Hildegarde, "I'll be doing this with Jake."

"I know," whispered Phyllis. "Jake is a peach, Hilda. He's such a good friend," she added rather bewilderingly. "I like Jake."

So Rosamund was married.

Very young and lovely she looked there by the bank of pink-freckled lilies. Very responsible and mature looked Fritz in his new morning coat. Phyllis, who never cried any more than Dick did, gulped at the sight of them, hand in hand, kneeling together before the altar of God.

"Gosh," she thought. "It's awful, really, getting married. I don't know that I want to."

But she stood proudly, her head high, her breast serene. Three men she could marry if she wanted to, three proposals of marriage she had had in the past two hours. Stupendous! Gorgeous! Three times a bridesmaid, three times a bride. She almost giggled at that. Then she sobered. Did she want to marry

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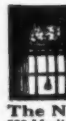

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Three Times a Bridesmaid

any one of them? Tod was sweet. Maybe—

"Amen."

La da dee da da da—sang out the organ suddenly.

Just as they started back up the aisle, Beany, who with Kate was immediately in front of Rosamund and Jake's red-headed cousin from Detroit, jerked around and glowered at Phyllis. He would, she thought, blazing a dazzling smile at him. Funny Beany, so fierce with love!

They were marching up now.

She caught a glimpse of Muddy, sitting with his mother and father, watching her with deep gloom. She smiled at him radiantly. Muddy jumped so noticeably in his seat that his mother jumped, too, with a nervous glance at her offspring. Muddy subsided and smiled sorrily. Dear old Muddy!

Farther back she saw Tod. He raised a waggish finger, beaming heartily. Nice Tod.

Then in the last row, she saw a pair of dark eyes dwelling on her gravely. She smiled slowly, mysteriously. Darling Howard!

And suddenly she felt sorry for Rosamund and Maud and Hildegarde and all the engaged and married women in the world, each with only one man to smile at and tease and love. That was no fun. Maybe when you got old, twenty-four or so, it was all right to settle down with just one prosy male, but now this was the fun, having a whole lot of them, liking them all terribly.

IN THE break-up of the wedding party at the back of the church, the red-headed cousin whispered. "Will you go over to the house with me in my car?"

"I'd love to," said Phyllis starrily.

He *was* a nice boy. Indeed, she wasn't sure she wasn't crazy about him, although it hadn't occurred to her until that moment. Happily she jumped into his car.

"And I want the first dance tonight, too," said he firmly, as they started off.

"Do you? Well, we'll take that matter up."

"Because you may not know it, but you're my weakness now."

She laughed. "Am I? *That's* nice."

She settled back in the car, drawing her cape about her. She *was* crazy about him. He was a peach.

Fences

(*Continued from page 45*)

prototype of most of the simple fences in the neighborhood. Many of them are almost similar to it, but few of them look as nearly right as this old fence about the cemetery. I had measurements taken of this old fence the other day and was interested to find a real and subtle design in its simple construction.

The fence consists of a top board, supported by posts, and four horizontal boards fastened to the side of the post. The subtlety of the design consists in the size and varying dimensions of the boards and in the spaces between them. The lowest horizontal is the widest, being 7¾ inches wide; the next, 6 inches wide, the third, 4¾, and the fourth, placed directly below the top board is 3¾ inches wide. The spaces between the boards are also graduated proportionately, being narrower at the bottom and increasing toward the top of the fence. How interesting it would be to know whose thought and artistic judgment dictated that design!

The fence in front of the Folger homestead at Nantucket has a somewhat similar interesting variation in the spacing of its horizontals. In some parts of the country fences of a somewhat similar type are built with a horizontal top member with two other members crossing diagonally from post to post.

It is a far cry from these simple board fences to the stately, wrought-iron fences of the more elaborate estates. For great institutions and elaborate mansions, fences of this type are usually most appropriate. In the catalogues of

Fences

several manufacturers are well-designed examples of iron fences which are most suggestive. One company makes a base for the iron post which, when set into the ground, anchors the post firmly into position.

An early and simple type of American fence is made of pickets fastened against horizontal stringers and used with a plain or simply molded base about a foot in height. The posts are practically invisible at the front, except at the gateways and angles where the rough structural support is enclosed in a rectangular, built-up pier with molded cap and base. Fences of this sort are scattered widely throughout New England and the South. The pickets usually terminate in a point of equal sides, though occasionally the end of the picket is cut off with a single cut at an angle with the sides, in which latter case, probably owing to the unconventionality of the shape, it has more style and interest. The pickets, too, are often cut to a leaf shape or spearhead termination. With few exceptions the palings are uniform in height, but they are sometimes varied with considerable success, as in the rear fence of the Creamer House on Essex Street, Salem.

At the entrance front at Mount Vernon there is a somewhat similar and very effective fence made of pickets with spear-shaped heads varied in length to the reverse of the curve adopted in the Creamer fence. The wooden fence itself rests upon a dwarf wall of brick and stone, and the whole composition approximates—as do most of the Southern fences—the combination brick and iron enclosures at the entrances to the great English estates.

The fences of Nantucket and of Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard are characteristic. Here the pickets are flat but narrow, and are capped by a delicately molded horizontal member, the whole fence ranging from 2 feet 6 inches to a maximum of 3 feet 6 inches in height.

Samuel McIntire's Fences

A search for the most pleasing examples of Colonial fences leads one to Salem, Massachusetts, as directly as the needle seeks the pole. In this home of early American wealth and culture there lived, toward the end of the eighteenth century and in the early part of that following, a wood-carver, builder, and architect —Samuel McIntire by name—who has left us in that town and neighboring settlements the best wooden fences that have ever been designed. In his own day he was recognized as a man of genius, and many important commissions were placed in his hands. His fame was so well established that he was one of the six architects invited to compete for the design of the national capitol in Washington.

A study of his work develops two points of good taste that are of more than passing interest. In the first place, he seemed to realize that the type of fence which he most used (which appears to be an adaptation in wood of the classic iron fence, with panels of slim, vertical spindles either rectangular or circular in section, interrupted by decorative piers surmounted with carved urns or other appropriate form) would be too rich if extended to enclose a considerable domain; and where the property to be enclosed was greater than the modest house lot, the type of fence was changed, usually in the direction of a more running or horizontal design. In the second place, almost without exception—though there are one or two exceptions which prove the rule—he seemed to feel that a wooden house demanded a wooden fence, and a brick house a stone and iron fence, and that neither with the house of brick would a wooden fence be appropriate, nor with the wooden house an iron one.

McIntire and the other architects who gave such distinction to the houses of Salem, Massachusetts, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, were past masters of fence design. The detail of their fences were as carefully studied as their cornices and doorways; the rails were delicately molded; the balusters usually rounded in section with softly rounded ends; the posts

HEADACHE
The warning Signal!

SO MANY of us struggle along day after day and year after year handicapped by headaches yet seeking only temporary relief with never a thought of permanently removing the cause.

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The best medical authorities agree that Acidosis is common and may be serious. If your condition is aggravated or of long standing see your physician.

Acidosis is discussed in a popular booklet "Telling Fortunes with Foods," mailed free. This booklet contains normal anti-acidosis diet menus as well as a chapter devoted to Safe Reducing (with menus) prepared by an eminent diet authority. Send the coupon today.

California Sunkist Oranges have the richest juice and finest flavor. Look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and on wrapper of Oranges and on the wrapper of Lemons. "Sunkist" assures uniform quality. © 1929 C.F.G.E.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 312, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods.*

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

THESE apples look alike, but there may be a great difference between them in juiciness, sweetness and flavor.

There may also be great differences between lamps that look alike. But you need never make any mistake about the quality of the lamps you buy.

The name MAZDA on the bulb means *tested quality*. Because of their high quality, Edison MAZDA Lamps give you the *full value of the current consumed.*

For your convenience, Edison MAZDA Lamps are safely packed in cartons of six... to prevent breakage and to assure you an extra supply on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Where there are *empty sockets,* there is likely to be *dangerous eyestrain.*

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

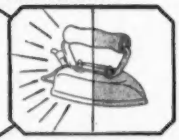
GENERAL ELECTRIC

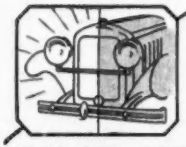
This MAGIC POWDER REPLATES with STERLING SILVER

Sprinkle a little SILVERFILL on a wet cloth and apply to the article to be replated. SILVERFILL plates as it polishes. Adds a new coat of pure silver with each application.

Your table silver, toilet articles, jewel boxes, etc., will shine like new with SILVERFILL. Builds up worn and scratched surfaces with a gleaming coat of silver. Removes tarnish.

For restoring the finish on electric irons, toasters, percolators, etc., use SILVERFILL. It will keep them like new—shining with the lustre of pure silver.





Headlights, bumpers and nickel trimmings of your motor car can be kept lustrous with SILVERFILL. Dull, tarnished, or scratched surfaces disappear under a plating of new silver.

SILVERFILL

IT PLATES AS IT POLISHES

Sold at all Liggett Drug Stores, Owl Drug Stores, Department and Hardware Stores, and Grocery Chain Stores. 50c

If you cannot obtain SILVERFILL *use coupon below*

SILVERFILL MFG. CO., Dept. H, 80 Federal St., Boston, Mass. { Cable Address { SILFIL, BOSTON }

Enclosed find 50c. Please send me one-ounce can of SILVERFILL.

Name_____

Address _____ City _____ State_____

My dealer's name is _____

My dealer's address is _____

New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

An *automatic*, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special, introductory advertising offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept. W-1033, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS

Men and women make big money, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for SALES OUTFIT and SPECIAL TEST Offers.

BANISHES EMBARRASSING ODORS FROM BATHROOM, KITCHEN AND SICKROOM—

Careful people no longer endure unpleasant odors in the home. They use FAX. A pyramid deodorizes any room for weeks. At stores, or send $1 for 3 (refund guarantee).

FAX

Fax Laboratories, Inc., Dayton, O. (*Sales Reps. Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison at 34th, New York City.*)

Fences

molded, paneled, and sometimes carved and surmounted by urns or flambeaux which were masterpieces of design.

The Nichols house at No. 80 Federal Street, Salem, has about it some of the most beautiful examples of Colonial fences that exist. It is interesting to note the two entirely dissimilar types of fences which are used to enclose the front of this plot. In front of the house plot proper is the formal, vertical-spindle fence with its beautiful and appropriate urn-crowned posts; while the garden plot is enclosed on the front with a most interesting geometrical grill, somewhat in the manner of the Chinese Chippendale designs, and the rear boundaries are set by a spindle fence without unusual architectural interest.

It is not too much to say that these fences go a long way to give this house its place as one of the most distinguished examples of early American architecture.

With few exceptions, all the Salem fences obtain their delightful effect by the contrast of panels of simple and carefully proportioned moldings, and vertical spindles with graceful and considerably ornamented posts.

In front of the Cook-Oliver house there is a typical example in which McIntire's taste for Adam detail is markedly expressed. The vertical garland in the panel of the post, while beautifully carved, seems to add little to its distinction, and the post itself does not appeal to me as being as fine as many which he designed and of which the detail is more completely his own.

McIntire did not confine himself to vertical pickets. In one most successful design the detail of the post is more restrained and greater elaboration put into the designs of the palings themselves. In this fence a combination of vertical uprights and diamond panels is most successful and offers interesting suggestions for latter day development. Much of the charm of its design is due to the difference in section of members forming the diamonds and that of the vertical uprights, and the placing of the greatest vertical dimension at right angles to the line of the fence.

Of entirely different type from the Salem fences was a fence that once stood about the Common at Saugatuck, Connecticut. It was a board fence, but one of the most interesting I have ever seen. It was entirely appropriate for the enclosure of a considerable space, and some years ago, when I was building my own house at New Canaan, I decided upon it as most suitable for the road boundary of my house lot. Since then both the Common and the fence at Saugatuck have disappeared. I should like to know who was responsible for this fence design, for the man who made it created a fence of real beauty. Its quaintly designed posts seem to fit very properly in place, though I do not know from what precedent their silhouette could have been taken unless it was from the footposts of the American four-poster bed.

Modern Fences

There are a number of practical and sightly modern fences which are made of woven wire with posts and stringers of iron pipe. Some of these consist only of a frame supporting a chicken wire mesh, others are made with much heavier wire; and in some cases these have a distinct architectural quality.

Among the wooden fences now commercially upon the market, which have a most interesting quality and which can be obtained at a very reasonable cost, are the wooden "sheep-hurdle" fences, referred to earlier in this article, and the French fence of palings woven together with wire. The latter fence is particularly interesting and valuable in certain localities, as it serves as a very practical screen without being in the least unsightly. The palings are just far enough apart to permit some idea of what is behind them and yet give a considerable and desirable privacy to the space enclosed. These fences are particularly appropriate where the privacy of a walled garden is desired next to a much-traveled highway.

Soft-strong-pure absorbent

A cloth-like tissue—sterilized—each roll dust-proof wrapped to keep the tissue spotless white. In every Texlin roll a thousand full-size sheets that strip off quickly and easily. Try it in your home.

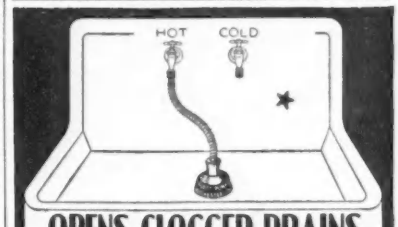
Also on sale in color—blue, green, lavender, pink.

Sold at most

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO
5 and 10c Stores

Texlin

REGAL PAPER CO., Inc., Pulaski, N. Y.



OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS

SCOTT
WATER PRESSURE FORCE PUMP

Saves costly overflows, muss, work, trouble, plumber's bills. Works simply, automatically. When drain clogs, attach to faucet, place center of cup over drain. Force of running water removes accumulation in trap or drain. Special grade rubber that withstands scalding water. Heavy flexible wire protection. Be prepared for the next emergency. If your hardware, plumbing, or Department store is not yet stocked, order direct from—

$2 Plain Faucet Adapter included

Locking cover plates for laundry tubs, if desired, 25c each.

SCOTT PUMP COMPANY
Manufacturers of the Scott Filler and Drainer
654 Atlantic Avenue — Rochester, N. Y.

Brilliantly Colored Decorative Moore Push-Pins

To Fasten Up Things

3 Sizes 6 Colors

10c a Block All Dealers

In using advertisements see page 6

Bodies that cry "HANDS OFF" to Old Winter

Abundant Vitamins in Iceberg Lettuce *Preserve Youthful Vigor*

ANY woman would envy the radiant vitality of these girls—snowballing in their bathing suits "just for fun"—skins aglow, eyes flashing, every fibre tingling.

Such health comes from the right frame of mind, from exercise and from proper foods—what we call a "balanced diet." Many foods go into such a diet, but fruits and vegetables play a most important part. Lettuce, in particular, according to physicians and dietitians, has many virtues unsuspected by the average person. Those who *know* call it the "Sun Food."

Holiday Iceberg Salad

Cut a head of Iceberg lettuce crosswise into inch slices and place each round on a salad plate. Cut pimento into narrow strips and arrange on the lettuce as the outline of a poinsettia. Use a little mayonnaise for the center with bits of green pepper dotting it; make a poinsettia stem of green pepper also. Serve with French dressing.

It contains all the vitamins and many mineral salts, without which, from some source, life would perish. These vitamins, which are truly mystery substances, play a vital part in preserving youthful vigor—a universal yearning of mankind, and exemplified dramatically by Ponce de Leon's search for the mythical Fountain of Youth. That they do this has been proved by animal experimentation by many scientists.

Wanted—A Slender Figure!

You would be surprised at the number of graceful, beautiful women who eat a generous portion of Iceberg head lettuce every day. Many of them—matrons with the suppleness of a girl—confess to eating nothing for luncheon save half a head of lettuce, sprinkled with salt or savored with a thin French dressing. It satisfies and adds scarcely a grain of fat.

But if you wish to reduce, go slowly—do not starve yourself. If you confine yourself to half a head of lettuce at lunch, you will not go hungry. And let us suggest a test of successful reduction: Throw your charts and scales away. Forget the twaddle about "boyish" figures. Every day stand undraped before your bedroom mirror and take a good look at yourself to observe progress. You need no other guide.

A Protective Food

Lettuce is known to scientists as a protective food, like milk. It promotes the assimilation of all your other foods. This is because lettuce abounds in vitamins. It also contains a liberal supply of another important element in the building of perfect men and women—the mineral salts. If you eat half a head of lettuce a day, along with staple foods, you need never worry about a shortage of vitamins or mineral salts in your body.

The food which is good for you is equally good for your family. Write for the booklet "*Charging the Human Battery.*" It will tell you much about foods that you do not know but should know, and it contains many new and unique recipes for lettuce salads.

ICEBERG HEAD LETTUCE
Nature's Concentrated Sunshine
from ARIZONA *and* CALIFORNIA

WESTERN GROWERS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION:
Department B-1
Los Angeles, California

Send me, free, your booklet entitled "Charging the Human Battery," revealing the role played by foods in health and happiness, and containing many new and unique recipes for lettuce salads.

Name..... *Address*.....

City..... *State*.....

Books With a Christmas Message

(*Continued from page 59*)

this book is to send the Christian back to his Bible determined to apprehend the Truth there revealed.

"The Recovery of Truth" by the same author (Harper & Brothers, $5.00), is a companion volume to "Creative Understanding." The reader is urged by the author to read them consecutively. "Creative Understanding" aims to interpret eternal problems in terms of the present age; to get a better mental grasp of these problems; to make this theoretic knowledge available for practical life. Count Keyserling is no mere theorist. He is intensely practical in his application of his truths to actual life, every-day life. Freedom, death, psycho-analysis, love, and religion are the subjects he discusses, subjects on which every practical man and woman ponders. Count Keyserling is no hermit. He lives in the world. He believes the world important. And equally important that man should understand his world and master it. He has felt himself called to devote himself to helping them master it, not by telling them what to do, but by helping them to realize their own possibilities in that direction.

To Stir Your Curiosity

So great is the need of such philosophy of hope and youth today that Count Keyserling is bound to have a profound influence on the thought of our day, and for this reason, whether one needs his philosophy or not, his is a personality and a work that should stir the curiosity of every man and woman who desire to keep in touch with their world.

I happened to be one who felt this need, and so I followed these books with a reading of his book "Europe" (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00), which, whether one agrees with it or not, gives the reader a new viewpoint on nationalities and history, taking up as it does each nation in Europe and striving with the inner eye of revelation to discover the meaning of races and their contribution to civilization. After that I read "The Book of Marriage" (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00), which he edited and to which he wrote an introduction, made up of contributions from many men, each from the viewpoint of his own specialty.

What I gained from all these books was not facts or even the author's ideals, but a new viewpoint from which to look at the world, a new impulse for my own life; not exactly new values, but a return to those I had been forgetting, what I suppose was once called a "rebirth," or, by some, a "conversion." So what more natural than that I should consider it desirable to discuss them at the Christmas season which should, if anything, mean for us a time when we commit our thoughts to those values by which Our Lord lived and to establish which He died.

Especially important do Keyserling's books seem, appearing so soon after those books of despair which are as startling in their conclusions as Darwin's "Origin of Man" was in the days of our grandfathers—those two volumes by Oswald Spengler, "The Decline of the West" (Knopf, $7.50 each; $13.50 the set). These volumes, written as they are by a mathematician and logician, are much harder to read than Count Keyserling's volumes. But that does not mean that their influence will be limited. Comparatively few have read Jung's and Freud's books on their discoveries in the realms of psychology, and yet today what they proclaimed about the subconscious mind is understood by every one; the words they used to express certain mental phenomena—"the inferiority complex," "repression," "libido"—have become commonplace phrases of the day, and hardly a novel is written that is not based on their findings, even if the author carefully conceals the fact. Our whole attitude toward "personal responsibility" has been affected by them, even our measurement of our friends and neighbors, though

Books With a Christmas Message

we may not know it. They are affecting methods of treating criminals, and the diagnoses of doctors are based on them. They have changed our lives whether we know it or not. So books like Spengler's, even though presenting mathematical proofs that the lay mind can not follow, read by students, discussed in colleges, in the hands of all writers and thinkers, may affect us in our daily lives. It behooves us, then, whether we wish to read them ourselves or not, at least to know what the conclusions this German philosopher, mathematician, scientist, and historian has published in a work that has reached 100,000 circulation in Germany, has been discussed in print by 400 critics, and is being widely read today in America in a translation by Charles Francis Atkinson.

A History of Cultures

What Dr. Spengler says to us, after an exhaustive study of the backgrounds and origins of our civilization, is no less than that cultures are organisms like human bodies that are born, reach their maturity, and die, and that our particular culture, which he calls the Western, covering some 1500 years, is in its third phase, the winter of decline. He exhibits the four cultures history reports to us—the Indian, the Antique, the Arabian, and our own—as recurring cycles, and deduces from their study a law of history. No wonder it has been called "The book of Fate of our Entire Age." Whatever one thinks of his conclusions, the amount of scholarship that has gone into this work is evident. Perhaps never has so much of fact and history been packed into so few pages. Reading it, the reader can not fail to appreciate that he is touching a stupendous mind.

Ernest Boyd refers to his "encyclopedic knowledge," Lewis Mumford to his "profundity." And Henry Mann in the *Vale Review* says, "Truly it stimulates one to think anew on practically every subject within the pale of human knowledge." Nor is it altogether difficult reading.

For myself, I felt while reading it so carried along by the compulsion of his argument that I could not resist it. Then suddenly I would seem to strike an obstacle which stopped me, a reasoning I could not follow, a proof that I could not understand. Marking it for further reference, I would go on to the next paragraph, only to find myself once more following easily his thought. The book therefore to me is divided into two parts: the conclusions which are easily followed, the proofs which are unintelligible. They are arranged in alternate paragraphs so that one can read the book without much difficulty. What I got from it was only his conclusions. Whether he altogether proved them I was not able to say.

The question it left with me was this, "Can man save himself?" Keyserling, it seems to me, may have the answer. That is why I put these two books together in a Christmas article, for surely never is a time more fitted for asking and answering that question than the one devoted to the Man who gave his life to answer it.

Few, alas! are the books that strive to answer the question, although many that pose it. Christmas is a season for appraising them, for it is a season when every Christian at least should be asking it and wondering how far he or she can answer it by his or her own life.

A book that will answer it for many people is "What Do We Mean by God?" by Cyril H. Valentine (Macmillan, $2.00), answering the question, "Can the object of religious faith be allowed to have ultimate reality?" The author argues that it can and concludes that God is personal. For those who have already reached this conclusion and are more interested in an approach to Him, there are two books, one for the Catholic and one for the Protestant, that would make good Christmas reading. The first is "The Spirit of Catholicism" by Professor Karl Adams (Macmillan, $2.00), and the second, a persuasive statement of the Protestant

Such *good* cooking!

Above all, aluminum is the master *heat-conductor*, far excelling all other materials of common kitchen use. No wonder that it does such excellent cooking!—even, thorough cooking; less nervously watchful cooking.

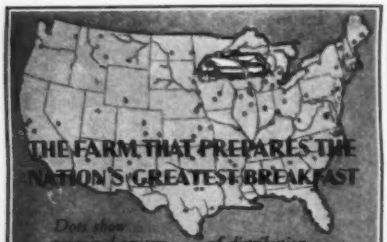
Heat spreads like electricity in an aluminum vessel, speeding away from the bottom, up the sides and into the cover. There is less burning of food on the bottom; less wearisome stirring to do. For modern top-stove "waterless cooking," aluminum utensils are wonderfully efficient. . . . Aluminum's good cooking qualities, and its economy, safety, and beauty, have made it the very first choice in the best-equipped homes, hotels, and hospitals. *The best cooks use aluminum.*

Clip Here and Mail for Booklet

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION
Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:

In using advertisements see page 6



When Milo and "Aunt Sally" Jones started making Sausage on the Farm in 1834 they laid the foundation of a business recognized today as one of the unique institutions of America.

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

Made on the same Farm — just as it has always been made — from choice young pork and pure spices. Shipped fresh daily to over 2000 dealers from coast to coast. If you do not know the JONES DEALER in your locality we shall be glad to introduce him.

Modern refrigeration makes it possible for you to enjoy this famous breakfast dish fresh from the farm.

JONES DAIRY FARM
Fort Atkinson, Wis.
In the heart of Wisconsin's great dairy country — owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834.

Are you a born cook?

You need not be one to produce a masterpiece of flavor with our new "Doubly Delicious Desserts of a Born Cook." Every single recipe gives exactly the correct tested amount of flavor the born cook uses. Send 10c for your copy, to Joseph Burnett Co., 2 D Street, Boston, Mass.

Name .....
Address .....

BURNETT'S VANILLA

The Fast Slicing and Grating

use the Rapid; for all fruits and vegetables; indispensable for salads. Grater is a valuable feature. The Rapid is made of steel, light weight, agreeable to use, easy to clean, guaranteed for ten years.

At your dealers or mailed for 50¢

Rapid Slaw and Vegetable Cutters
Special offer to Agents and Church Societies

Send to BLUFFTON SLAW CUTTER CO., 103 Jay St., Bluffton, O.

Books With a Christmas Message

position, is "Catholicism and Christianity" by Cecil John Cadoux (Dial, $6.00). There is also a new story of the life of Jesus, "The Man Who Dared to be God" by Robert Norwood, Rector of St. Bartholomew's (Scribner, $2.50), which helps one to an answer.

Sometimes the question as to the meaning of life is answered where we least expect it, or if not exactly answered is presented in such a way that its readers find themselves nearer the answer if only because it has helped them to peer through some of the trappings with which civilization hides the answer. In Fannie Hurst's new book, "Five and Ten" (Harper & Brothers, $2.50), Miss Hurst goes back to the simpler style of her first novels and achieves thereby, I think, the greater appeal as well as the greater clarity. It is a simple story, directly told, of the John G. Rarick who was the thirteenth richest man in the world, all because of his chain of five-and-ten-cent stores, yet who never succeeded because he never got from life what meant anything to him. Ruthlessly the author depicts the little man with his money piling up, alone, shut up inside an ungracious personality, wanting always something real in life and never able to reach after it, even when it was almost under his hand. It is a tragic story because John Rarick is so real. Miss Hurst has a positively uncanny way of getting under the skin of her characters.

Miss Hurst is a competent writer. She can compose a good story. She has a gift of phrase. But I think "Five and Ten" is something more than a good story—a good book. Miss Hurst is a serious writer. She has something to say about life and people. She digs under appearances. She is not deceived by things. What she seems to want to tell us in this book is that the life is more than raiment, the soul more than the body, that all this piling up of goods on goods never made any one happy. This surely is a Christmas message, even though Miss Hurst can not go further and tell us what is life, what it is the soul needs, and what a good civilization would be. She is, I fancy, too much a part of this very civilization, at least intellectually, to risk that. But at least she has the perspicuity to see the limitations of the material and the courage to show them to us.

A Novel with a Message

Ellen Glasgow, like Fannie Hurst, would be surprised to see her book listed as one having a message. For she is an artist through and through. She writes of life as she sees it, leaving messages to propagandists. But just because she sees clearly and reveals what she sees distinctly, her books, like life itself, have something more to tell us than a story of who loved whom, and what happened to this one and that. Her "They Stooped to Folly" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) deals with three women of three generations who offended the social conventions of their days as to what a woman should do, and of how they fared at the hands of their families, friends and neighbors. It, too, is a good story, compelling, causing the reader to hasten to the end.

Although as an artist Ellen Glasgow takes no sides, merely presenting this slice of life as she saw it, one can not escape the conclusion that the honesty and courage of the young stenographer seem to her worthier than the hypocrisy of the other two. The message that she suggests, even if she would be aghast at the idea of giving one, is based on the old text of the Pharisee who thanked God he was not as other men. Miss Glasgow, too, is earnest. She looks beneath appearances or, it would be truer to say, straight through them. Life is more than convention, this writer seems to say; the soul is more important than any code, honesty is preferable to pride, and courage to conformity.

And she says it with such wit, with such sound workmanship, she is so rugged and fearless, that "They Stooped to Folly" stands out

Reduce with

College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail

BEAUTY experts endorse the 3-day liquid diet. College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail fills the bill! Rich in vitamins but no fattening calories, adds important health qualities to the diet. Several glasses of Tomato Juice Cocktail at meal times—plenty of water throughout the day. Results are amazing. College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail is sold at all food shops. College Inn Food Products Company, Chicago, Ill.

College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail

Chicken a la King
Welsh Rarebit . Lobster a la Newburg
Chop Suey . . Cream of Tomato Soup

The Rainbow Club Helps Busy People To Add Real Money To Their Incomes

----------Mail Coupon----------

Helen Willard, Director Rainbow Club
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57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please let me know without obligation to me how I may earn extra money through your Rainbow Club.

Name .....
Street .....
City..... State.....

RC-1229

Out Come Seeds and Core in a jiffy! Makes a messy job, clean; a hard job, easy and quick, and the fruit *looks* better to serve. Ask your dealer. Write for circular. —and— good proposition for agents.

BOYLE GRAPEFRUIT CORER

BOYLE PRODUCTS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pant-ease Side Pinning DIAPER

Soft, knitted, cotton material. Neat, comfy, easily put on. Especially convenient when training the baby. Sold at Dept. Stores & Shops or direct from us when not found at store. Small $2.50, Large $3.00, Extra Large $3.50 per doz. Free booklet. Infant Wear Co., Dept. 111, Perry, N. Y.

WEDDING ETIQUETTE BOOK FREE

Brides, Bridesmaids, Guests—don't be embarrassed! Correct wedding procedure covered complete in special book mailed free without obligation. Write Anne Kiernan, Engraving Specialist, 414 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

SILVER
IN THE SPIRIT OF TODAY

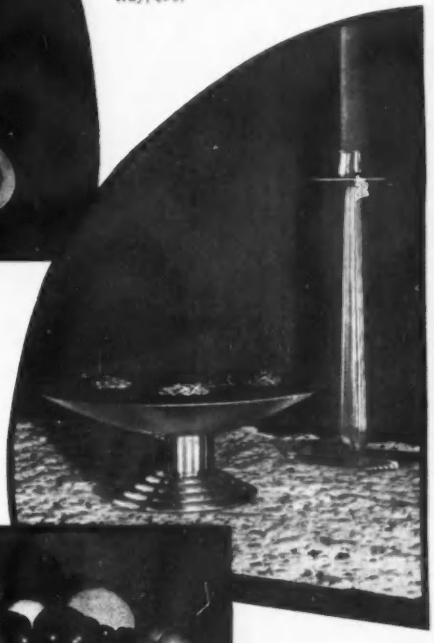
No. 1010—Meat dish, 14 inches long, $60. Open vegetable dish, 10 inches long, $35. Gravy boat and tray, $32.

No. 1020—Platter, 12¾ x 12 inches, $100. Open vegetable dish, 10¾ inches long, $50. Gravy boat and tray, $75.

Above: No. 1030—Combination candlestick and candy and nut tray, 10 inches long, $30.

Left: No. 1345—Fruit bowl, 9½ inches diameter, $37.50. No. 1000—Candlestick, 10 inches high, $38 a pair. No. 1000—Candy or mayonnaise bowl, 5½ inches diameter, $15.

Right: No. 1024—Candlestick, 10¾ inches high, $60 a pair. No. 983—Compotier, 8¼ inches diameter, $35.



No. 505—Child's Porridge Service, "pin-point" decoration. Bowl, 5¼ inches diameter, $18; cup, $15; plate, 7 inches diameter, $15. It comes without decoration — bowl, $15; cup, $12; plate, $13.

No. 1000 — Centerpiece, 12 inches in oval, $75.

The design forms of today, in sterling silver by Reed & Barton, are suited to tables of smartly modern character . . . They reflect a feeling of elegance without ostentation—of service-value and substantial worth . . .

REED & BARTON
STERLING — ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS — SILVER PLATE
TAUNTON, MASS. NEW YORK, N. Y.

To the hostess of discriminating taste, no Christmas remembrance could be more welcome than a selection from Reed & Barton sterling silver . . . See it at your jeweler's.

In using advertisements see page 6

HORSMAN DOLLS

BUY HER ONE — Baby Dimples or Dolly Rosebud. To her it won't be a season's toy, but a cuddly, kissable playmate to take for a ride or a walk — and to tea with childfolk talk — then to bed to answer lisping dreams with an understanding "Ma-ma." Because it's a Horsman she'll have it when she's too big to play with it. But she'll never be too big to remember you bought it.

On Sale Wherever Fine Dolls are Sold

E. I. Horsman Co., Inc. 200 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

for Christmas . . . a
STEEL BUILT
SCHOOL CASE

Built on a steel frame, can not curl or become limp. Retains its shape, always looks new. Gives three times the service of ordinary school case. Comes in latest waterproof cloth and leathertex. Either handle or shoulder strap. Model 9032 shown-$2. Others at $1.00, $1.50 and up. If your dealer can not supply you send order direct, with money order. Illustrated folder on request.

Standard Brief Case Co., Inc.
552 Broadway, New York

GIFTS *of Love for Baby*

Delightful, Charming and Practical With Thought for Mother, Too!

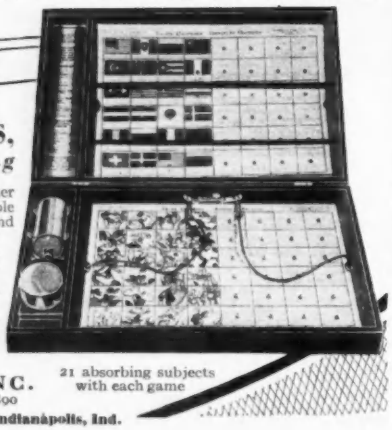
"Little Toidey" with Foot Rest ($5)—without ($3)
"Toidey" Steps ($6), Sentry Bunny Costumer ($7)
Sentry Bunny Lamp ($5)—in every lovely color!
"Comfy-Safe" AutoSeat ($5.50)

Write for folder and ask at leading stores

Juvenile Wood Products, Inc., Box 3, Fort Wayne, Indiana

KNAPP ELECTRIC QUESTIONER

TEACHES, *By Playing*



Give any child a Knapp Electric Questioner —the chances are that you will not be able to take it away from him for two hours. And the absorbing interest in the Questioner lasts for months and years. You can keep it up to date indefinitely. The mysterious buzzing answer thrills and puzzles, indelibly impressing the correct answer on their minds. Operates from a flash light battery (furnished). The perfect Christmas gift.

If your dealer is sold out, send us $3.50 ($3.75 Denver and West) and we will send the Questioner postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Ask for circular No. 15.

21 absorbing subjects with each game

KNAPP ELECTRIC, INC.
ESTABLISHED 1890
Division of P. R. Mallory & Co., Inc. Indianapolis, Ind.

Books With a Christmas Message

as literature. I sometimes think that when the history of the literature of today is written, the name of Ellen Glasgow will lead all the rest. One incomparable novel, "Barren Ground" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), has been ranked by some critics as the best American novel yet written. Not all that she does can equal that. But each book as it comes adds something to our comprehension of life and more to our admiration of the little woman who, apart from all literary cliques, from her old mansion in Richmond looks upon the world, assesses it according to eternal values, and thus reasserts those values.

Our Own History

It may seem strange to place "The Tragic Era" by Claude G. Bowers (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00) on a Christmas list, but if the search for the way, the truth, and the life leads toward honesty and away from hypocrisy, toward a frank facing of what is evil in order to reach what is good, toward charity and generosity in our dealings with our fellow men instead of animosity and selfishness, toward a desire for the general and future good rather than our own preferment and success, then this study of "The Revolution after Lincoln" ought to be on the Christmas reading of every American citizen. For after all, trite and hackneyed as it is, Patrick Henry's immortalized method of judging the future is the only one we have. And to see what happened in the past may be a first step toward preventing its rehappening today. Mr. Bowers has presented the most complete picture that has yet been written of a period in our history that we would fain forget. But if looking upon it without the blue glasses of prejudice, or the rose-colored ones of vanity, would awaken us to a sense of civic responsibility, have we a right to shut our eyes or insist on the glasses? And is not civic righteousness the aggregate of our individual righteousness? At heart men respect honor, and honesty, selfishness, and courage. This is the season devoted to One who preached them. Perhaps then it will be good for us to see how far, as a nation, we have sometimes failed of them, in a desire that we shall not fail again.

Not that many will need urging to read this book. It starts off with a first printing of 100,000. It is dramatic. One can not put it down. Does one love gossip? Here is gossip about men and women in the highest places in the nation. Does one want truth? Here is the truth about a great, historic revolution. Does one want to know how senators and congressmen and cabinet men treat the trust reposed in them? Here it is told. And told in a style brilliant, sharp, incisive.

Mr. Bowers' method is to saturate himself with the literature of the period he writes about. Diaries, memoirs, private unprinted papers and letters, all that has been already written by other historians, the newspaper files of the day, the Congressional Record, the papers of the Presidents and public documents of the departments, all this he has absorbed to reproduce for us a picture of an entire period, in its political, social, sociological, economic phases. Each detail of the picture is documented by a footnote, so that as we read we see that nothing springs from the writer's imagination. He merely reports it brilliantly. The amount of work involved in this method is enormous. He once told me that he had literally thousands of notes ready when he began to write a book. The master of a vivid style, he carries the reader from scene to scene of the mighty drama that he makes of political life.

But after the book is done—quickly done, for it holds one as a novel—what does it say to the reader—what is its message? History, beyond every other kind of book, should have a message, for it reports the actions of many men, reveals their motives and their aims, and the result of these actions and aims on the lives of other men.

Books With a Christmas Message

The words "Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame," quoted in Donn Byrne's beautiful, romantic-political posthumous novel, "Field of Honor (Century, $2.50), occurred to me as I read it, and then the words of St. John, "And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie," and the words written before the Ducal Seat in St. Mark's, "Love Justice, give all men their rights. Be compassionate toward all: let not fear nor hate nor love nor gold betray thee."

These words contain the message in "The Tragic Era," a message for all citizens, for what is the government but our government? It can be no better than its citizens. And so we come back again to Count Keyserling and his message. Only as we ourselves find the true values, only as we ourselves seek righteousness and acclaim it, will our history record us a righteous nation.

Jesus Christ came upon earth to reveal to us those values. What better way to celebrate his birth than to ponder them and commit ourselves anew to their realization?

For advice on books, write Mrs. Blair, at Joplin, Missouri. She will be glad to give you the benefit of her wide reading. Always enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for her reply

Religion On the Air

(*Continued from page 39*)

Seth Parker to its nationally-distributed program.

"I could give you Seth and his neighbors in a Sunday evening setting," proposed Lord, as his memory dug deeper into its New England subsoil.

"A religious program!" exclaimed one of the radio executives in surprise, when the young man explained that he would recreate in the studio the cottage gatherings which were a characteristic feature of village life thirty or forty years ago. "Oh, that is a doubtful attraction—very risky."

"Some might think it sacrilegious," said one.

"It might stir up sectarian feeling," suggested another.

"And," asked still another, "are enough people interested in a religious program?"

"I believe they are," answered Lord, "if it is kept simple and sincere and is made a faithful reproduction of the old-time meetings. Let me do this thing with the understanding of Seth—of his kindly philosophy and good-natured humor, and deep-rooted faith?"

After listening to a presentation through the microphone, the planning board which has charge of radio programs for the national broadcast was persuaded to give the idea a try-out. Perhaps it was Lord's inimitable Yankee twang that got them, for his New England dialect, with its enticing drawl, is not something assumed for the occasion; it comes down to him through five generations. Maybe the sincerity and gusto with which the old-time hymns were sung, or the wholesome naturalness of Seth's little preachment, or the authentic atmosphere of the cottage get-together, with its delightful informality and simplicity, was the touch that won acceptance. Even in giant corporation boards it is the heart rather than the head that sometimes makes such decisions.

"We'll give you one night," granted the board.

That one night has stretched into almost a year now. From eastern Maine to western California, and from Toronto and Detroit to Miami and Galveston, Seth and his closely-knit band of neighbors have become beloved figures, and their simple, reverent, whole-souled meetings a symbol to millions of hearers.

STYLE
dictates
TAILORED CURTAINS

THE Continental patterns for Fall and Winter, in both nets and tailored curtains, are studiedly simple. Moderne designs give them that sophisticated touch—so easy to recognize, so hard to achieve. They are available in ivory, natural and two-tone tints and in the new Sun Tan shade.

Send your name with 10 cents to Dept. 210, Scranton Lace Co., Scranton, Pa., for booklet showing the right designs for each room.

SCRANTON
Drapery Fabrics

One of nine window treatments presented to leading decorators at the Scranton Style Show held in the Hotel Biltmore, New York City.

No. 19045—46 inches wide. Sun Tan and Natural colors. Filet weave.

Candy Making
Home made Pays Big
Our Home Study Method for ladies and men, taught by retired manufacturer.
Turn kitchen into Candy Shop, make money from first day. Many wealthy, started with no capital. Start quick—grow fast. In the Home Made Candy business the "little fellow" has the "big fellow" at a disadvantage. We furnish tools. Free book explains. Capitol Candy School, Dept. AX-403, Washington, D.C.

Liquid Silmerine
★Makes Hair Beautiful

Applied to finger waves, the permanent or marcel, makes natural, perfectly formed waves that remain so for days. Helps remove dandruff and oiliness. Keeps straight hair smooth, sleek, orderly. Good for men, women and children. All drug & dept. stores.
PARKER BELMONT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Through Amazing New Discovery

Wonderful New Cream Does What Many Old-Time Creams Could Never Do—7-Day Treatment FREE If You Send Quick!

PAULINE STARKE looks younger today than she did 10 years ago, due to SEM-PRAY.

Amazing new discovery, Sem-pray Compressed Creme, astounds even beauty experts. New youth and skin beauty SPEEDILY. A 3-*minute* treatment with Sem-pray is better than an *hour's* treatment with many old-time creams. Sem-pray acts to quickly smooth away fine wrinkles and age-lines; prevents sagging muscles. Smoothes out and tones skin tissues *without growing hair*. Cleanses, softens, clears and whitens skin of face, neck and hands. Avoids large pores. Just 3 minutes a day soon takes years away. Sem-pray is the only beauty aid you need.

Sem-pray contains ingredients not found in ordinary creams. It is a closely guarded secret of rare Eastern cosmetic oils and beautifiers, different from anything you ever used. Compressed into dainty, rose-pink, almond-scented cake.

New oval container has "push-up" bottom: you apply Sem-pray without touching with fingers. *As easy to use as a lipstick.* Fits in handbag; give yourself *many* beauty treatments a day. Guaranteed safe, pure. Marvelous powder base too; blends rouge and powder; prevents spottiness. All stores 60c. Or send for FREE 7-day beauty treatment.

FREE
PACKAGE OF SEM-PRAY BEAUTIFIERS

Mme. La Nore, Sem-pray Salons, Suite 293-B, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Send generous 7-day trial package of SEM-PRAY Compressed Creme, SEM-PRAY Face Powder and SEM-PRAY Rouge. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing. ★

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and Energies—With a "New-Joy"

The Farrington
Adjustable Lap Table

Fits you in all positions. While in chair or in bed you can read, write, draw, eat, sew, etc., with the hands free.

The Unusual Gift
For all ages and all occasions
Only 5.75

Prolongs and conserves the life of your eyes—insures correct posture—prevents eyestrain—stops children's stoop—ideal for students. Its many uses have delighted over 100,000 users. Light, sturdy, portable, adjustable to any angle. Size 12 x 18—folds to 1 in.—beautifully finished; lasts a lifetime. Folds into suitcase for traveling.

Indispensable to Invalids
Sick Folks and Shut-Ins
Tell us the finish desired—we will ship postpaid in U.S.A., complete as shown above.
Natural Finish - $5.75
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DeLuxe Walnut 8.75
Money refunded if not delighted after 5 days' trial.

FARRINGTON COMPANY, Dept. G.H.
1116 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

In using advertisements see page 6

Don't Polish *Dirt!*

THAT is exactly what you are doing with ordinary furniture polish. These preparations simply put a film over the dirty surface—seal in the dust and grime—leave your furniture dingy, though polished.

To polish the *original finish* instead of the dirt on top of it, use the New Liquid Veneer. It *removes* the dirt—reveals the *real* surface—renews the *original* beauty—leaves a better polish because there is no *dirty film* under it.

Also use the New Liquid Veneer for your regular dusting, and your furniture will not need polishing so often. No grease—therefore easier to use—does not collect dust—does not soil clothing. 4 oz. 30c; 12 oz. 60c; 12 oz. and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

FREE—Sample bottle and helpful booklet, "The Care of Fine Finishes." Address Liquid Veneer Corporation, Dept. 1022, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIQUID VENEER

Polishes Better *Because it Cleans*

Ice Does Not Stick in a FLEXO TRAY

Pure Rubber Tray *for* **Electric Refrigerators**

Fits in ice-cube pan in place of metal grid. Does away with difficulty of removing ice cubes. No water necessary to loosen cubes. Simply lift out the Flexo-Tray and bend it—every cube will be loose. Take out what you need—no waste of remaining cubes. No meltage whatsoever. Made of pure crepe rubber—does not transmit taste or odor to ice cubes. Buy from your electric refrigerator dealer or direct from us—$2 each, postpaid. In ordering, specify name of refrigerator and number of cubes each tray holds. *An ideal Christmas gift.*

G. M. Dwelley, Inc., 240 Curtis Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

A USEFUL and unusual gift. Opens or closes by one simple movement. Large ironing surface.

Now furnished with nile green duco as well as natural wood. Delivered to you in individual Kraft container.

Our folder G will interest you. Write for it today.

***The* BICKNELL**
Folding Ironing Table
J. F. BICKNELL LUMBER CO.
Worcester, Mass.

Religion On the Air

Perhaps no one was more surprised by the calibre and character of this response than the author himself.

"Dad and I have ten children who wait up for this special service every Sunday night," wrote a mother from a Maryland village; and a father on an isolated farm in Wyoming told how "Seth Parker's meetin' is church meetin' for me and my folks."

An official in a Pennsylvania bank wrote a heart-breaking confession: he was an embezzler, had been pilfering from his bank for months; but now, he vowed, he would confess his wrong to his wife and employers and do his best to make restitution.

A bewildered husband in Brooklyn, broken by the recent death of his wife, wrote, "Nothing has brought me such peace and hope as that service and your hymn."

And this came from a twelve-year-old boy in Bethany, Oklahoma: "We listen to you, and I love you, and it's a long time to wait from Sunday to next Sunday. Are you really what you seem to be over the radio?"

Obviously it can't be just a "program" to these people. The small boy had blurted out a wish that was in the hearts of thousands of his elders—the hope that "you really are what you seem to be." This attitude—this response of the inherent religious instinct to a thing which it sensed as elementally right—has made Sunday evening at Seth Parker's a reality to its millions of hearers, and—I must add—a reality to its author as well.

People Like the Homely Setting

There is no eloquence, no elegance of diction, nor dignity and richness of ritual such as conventional standards associate with worship.

"The purpose of these Sunday evening sings and githerings," explains Seth almost every Sunday night, "is ter git better acquainted with the Lord, so we'll feel he's one with us while we do our daily chores."

The Parker front parlor is as far from the ecclesiastical setting as one can imagine. "But religion ought ter be sort of comfortable and neighborly," says Seth. "Lots of folks just put it on now and then like a spare suit, and they don't seem ter be ter home in it. Yer know, I've met some what are s'prised ter find 'Home, Sweet Home' in the hymn book. But in the Bible they sort of speak of heaven as being home, don't they?"

Seth may be deacon or steward or elder in the town church, but if so he has never mentioned the fact, nor do we know what denomination he favors with his allegiance.

"It don't make no difference what church a feller belongs to, if he needs help, does it?" asked the Captain.

"No," answered Seth, "and I've found yer can sing about's loud in the Methodist church as in the Baptist, and I ain't noticed a whole lot of difference at church suppers betwixt coffee in the Congregationalists' and the Presbyterian. When yer poured it out in the saucer, it cools about as quick one place as another."

It is all very informal and natural. Religion is discussed without restraint or apology, as though it were not only pious intentions but actual practise.

"About a tenth of the folks who go to church are hypocrites," one of the neighbors speaks up in meeting.

"I wouldn't say a tenth, but I'd say about a half of them was," figured Seth.

"That don't speak well fer the church," retorts Laith.

"Seems ter me it speaks extrie well, Laith. If you was crooked and started ter counterfeit something, would yer counterfeit wrapping paper? Yer 'd counterfeit something what had the most value, wouldn't yer? It's the same way with religion. I never saw any folks making out they was crooks, but I've seen plenty making out they was Christians."

Doubts are brought forward and aired in meeting.

Doctors urge the use of

PYREX Nursing Bottles

Won't break in boiling water

Won't break in cooling

PHYSICIANS write us enthusiastically about Pyrex Nursing Bottles.

They say it is so important not to have the regular feeding schedule interrupted that this boil-proof bottle is a real step toward higher infant health standards.

Do not risk upsetting your baby's schedule by having his bottles break just when feedings are ready.

Use this boil-proof, easily sterilized, bottle that doctors recommend.

6-sided—Pyrex Nursing Bottles cannot slip from your hand or from baby's. There are no sharp angles on the inside of the bottle, which is rounded off broadly and is very easy to clean.

Flat-bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half-ounces are plainly marked.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

Get enough Pyrex Nursing Bottles for a full day's feeding from your druggist. They are made by the makers of Pyrex ovenware. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For **Roast Turkey** *and other Poultry and Roast Meats*

Use

10c **BELL'S** ★ **SEASONING**

Genuine German Cooking

and **Baking**, by Lina Meier; 416 pp. 5½x8, cloth bound. Retails in English $3.00; German $3.00; English-German (combined) $4.50. **No Kitchen Library complete without it, because it is so different from other good cook books and is in a class of its own.—One of many testimonials received: "My dear Mrs. Meier:—I am more than pleased with your Cook Book; I find your recipes to be excellent and am sure one can not make a mistake, for the book tells one just how to go at it and everything turns out perfectly.—HJW..." Ask your book dealer or Wetzel Bros. Ptg. Co., Dept. 12, 328 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.**

In YOUR *home — are the 1095 meals each year prepared with tools like these?*

WHEN KITCHENAID WILL DO THE SAME WORK BETTER AND MORE EASILY
. . . AT THE SNAP OF A SWITCH

Are your kitchen tools of the same type as those your grandmother used? Wasteful of time and energy? Old-fashioned in that they must be operated "by hand"?

Unless *your* home differs from the average, everything in it is more up-to-date than the utensils used for preparing food. Yet more time is usually spent "getting meals" than is required for sweeping, dusting, washing and ironing combined.

Surely KitchenAid, which can do all the work of food preparation better and in a fraction of the time required with tools like those illustrated, is not a luxury, but a necessity . . . a practical economy.

Results are better when KitchenAid is used, because food ingredients are more thoroughly prepared in the initial stages. New and tempting menus are made possible. There are fewer utensils to wash.

The new model KitchenAid . . . sturdy and compact . . . light in weight and easily handled . . . occupying only one square foot of space . . . brings beauty and modernity to your home. Gracefully designed, and handsomely finished in lacquer, it lends the finishing touch to any kitchen. Plugs into any light socket . . . operates at a cost of but one cent an hour . . . and may be purchased on an unusually liberal Household Budget Plan.

A booklet crammed full of interesting, useful information about how to lighten kitchen labor, is yours for the asking. The coupon brings it—without obligation.

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.
210 Olive Street **Troy, Ohio**

Subsidiary of The Hobart Mfg. Co., builders of food preparing equipment for over 50 years.

Sales Agencies in principal cities—consult telephone directory.

Distributing Agencies: 173 King Street, East, Toronto; 38 Charterhouse Street, E. C. 1, London, England.

A Complete Food Preparer —not a mere "Mixer"— KitchenAid

Beats
eggs (1 or 10), icings, batters for cakes, waffles, etc.
Whips
cream (little or much)
Mixes
dough for bread, rolls, biscuits, pies and pastries
Strains
fruits for butters, jellies, sauces
Sieves
vegetables for soups, and purees; pumpkin, etc.
Slices
potatoes (thick or thin), vegetables, firm fruits
Chops
meats (cooked or raw), nuts, raisins, figs
Freezes
ice cream, sherbets and other frozen dainties
Grinds
coffee and cereals
Shreds and Grates
vegetables, cheese, cocoanut, chocolate, etc.
Extracts
juice from oranges, lemons, grapefruit, limes, etc.
Makes
mayonnaise, candies, fruit whips, applesauce (without paring or coring)
Chips Ice—Shreds Cabbage
Mashes Potatoes—Creams Butter
All these things—and many more

KitchenAid
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Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

(124)

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.,
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I am interested in knowing more about KitchenAid. Please send me complete details without obligation on my part.

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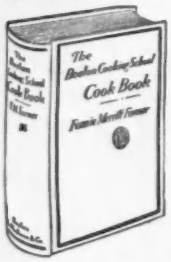
In using advertisements see page 6

An Appreciated Christmas Gift



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THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL COOK BOOK

By

FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

This best seller of all cook books contains 2677 carefully tested recipes; time schedules for cooking by temperatures; tables of weights and measures; and hints for young housekeepers. It is really an encyclopaedia of cookery, for it is filled with information about food composition, calorific values, methods of canning and drying fruits and vegetables. It will be invaluable to the bride, and helpful to the most experienced housewife.

808 Pages. With 122 illustrations. Cloth Binding. Price $2.50

For sale at all Booksellers or of the Publishers:

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WHAT'S FOOD WITHOUT FLAVOR?

from Monte-Carlo to Marseilles *that knowledge of* Food FLAVORING

Those famous French eating places along the Mediterranean excel in good things to eat. There they have a shrewd sense of correct seasoning. But the spices and condiments that season their dishes so cleverly are the very spices and condiments that are blended into A.1. Sauce in just perfect proportion. It is a magic sprinkle of flavor for your foods...in your cooking or at the table. And so inexpensive. *Send for free recipes* "25 WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART," *Heublein & Bro., Dept. 112, Hartford, Conn.*

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A.1. SAUCE

The Sift-Chine
SIFT-ING MA-CHINE

"Just Squeeze the Handle"

Not an ordinary flour sifter, but a sifting machine. Highest quality—built to last for years. One hand operates—quickly—easily. Permits constant stirring while sifting. Double screen—one operation sifts contents twice. Avoids scattering flour. Eliminates lumpy baking. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Modern Priscilla Proving Plant and other Bureaus. Used and endorsed by foremost food authorities, home economic experts and demonstrators. Highly polished finish. Also furnished with handles in Green, Red, Yellow or Blue. Money-back guarantee At dealer's or postpaid for $1.00
MEETS A NEED MFG. CO., 2079 Utah St., Seattle, Washington

LIBERTY PAPER BAKING CUPS

AND PAPER TABLE DECORATIONS
Liberty Baking Cups are made from a specially prepared paper which withstands heat and requires no greasing. Save labor—no greasing or washing of tins. They keep cakes fresh and attractive to serve.

FREE RECIPE BOOK
with your order for this
BIG HOUSEHOLD PACKAGE ★
Now 428 Pieces for only $1, postpaid.
Put up in Holly Boxes for Xmas Gifts. Package contains 200 Liberty Baking Cups, tea cake size; 150 Baking Cups, muffin size; 2 Pie Collars, crowning touch for meat-pies, etc.; 20 Chop Frills for decorating chops, chicken legs, etc.; 20 Croquette Skewers, for adorning roast ham, etc.; 36 Paper Dollies.

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Agents Wanted

A CEREAL YOU'LL ENJOY

Every member of the family will partake with gusto when you serve this wheat★ cereal, so delightfully flavored with caramel malt. It's supremely delicious. Medical authorities endorse it for infants. Cooks in two minutes. For large free sample send us your name and address together with grocer's name.

Malt-o-Meal

CAMPBELL CEREAL COMPANY
NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA.

Religion On the Air

"Yer can argue all yer want ter, and cal'late and analyze," said Seth, "but when yer do these things ter religion the answer don't come out according ter the answer book. Yer can take a rose and pick it apart if yer wanted ter. Yer can pull the petals off one by one and keep busting down ter the stem, but when yer get through all yer have left is a thorn, and I ain't one what gits extrie enjoyment out of thorns. Take Willie Peters. Willie cusses turrible, he's drunk most the time, he steals anything he can lay his hands on, and he's meaner than a sick skunk. Yer take Willie and put him down on paper, and you'd think his Maw wouldn't love him. But she does. I don't know why it is, but, as I said before, religion and love is two things you can't analyze and get a answer according to the answer book."

The intellectual may smile, and the cynic may sneer, but Seth is right. The religious instinct does not analyze; it listens. In countless homes and halls and sick-rooms it listens to these rustic affirmations of faith, hope, and love, and somehow—if we are to judge the millions of listeners by the thousands of letters—it hears the still, small voice.

"Two moderns, college graduates, we are, and criticized because we desire to interpret religion in the light of our knowledge," wrote a young married couple from a Long Island suburb. "Yet without fail we tune in Sunday evenings at the close of the day to be one with you all. We wonder, can you feel the unity and peace that your half-hour brings? In the minutes that you enrich with your program, two moderns become quiet and worshipful."

"And what *hunger* I receive from your Sunday gatherings!" wrote a society woman from New York, describing in her elegantly-penned letter the small village in which as a girl she attended just such meetings. "Now, every Sunday, I am taken back there."

Many letters echo this hunger for the days and customs that are but memories.

From a smelter town in the Rocky Mountains a miner wrote: "When your hymns come on, our picks and shovels become quiet, and down in the mine we worship with you."

There are fifty thousand of these letters. I can quote only here and there, but it is enough to show the wide range and far reach of Seth's appeal—enough to reveal the response which his Sunday devotions awaken in the heart of America.

America Is Still Religious

Do you suppose that you would tune in on this religious service for amusement or curiosity? Perhaps for once, or occasionally; but the persistent coming back to it Sunday after Sunday, the eagerness of so many to hear it, their frank admission that it brings the sense of peace and the feeling of wholesomeness which they crave: all these repeated and ever-increasing evidences can point to but one conclusion—that America at heart is religious.

And that's the answer to our question, Why is Seth Parker? It comes home, you see, to you and me. This innate yearning for religious reality lives deep in the soul of America, buried under the froth of things—our easy prosperity, our soft sensuousness, our glib cynicism, our intellectual pride and complicated materialism. As unerringly as the needle to the pole, our hearts turn from these superficialities to those beliefs which, though we can not prove them in the laboratory, we hold to and live by all the more.

Because Seth Parker stands for these ancient ways and re-creates the atmosphere in which faith lives, we turn our dials toward the little Jonesport cottage each Sunday night. We are wanderers, wayfarers, homesick, and this atmosphere is home.

Is Seth a real person? Again and again that question crops up in the correspondence.

"We supposed the program was broadcast from New York," wrote the rector of a church in Nebraska, "but tonight's service, with the roar of the surf through the open window,

Religion On the Air

seemed to convince us that it really was coming from the coast of Maine."

Jonesport is a real town on the coast of Maine, about halfway between Bangor and Calais. In one week last August 1100 letters arrived at the postoffice there addressed to Seth Parker, and during the summer of 1929 several hundred tourists visited the town in their automobiles and asked to be shown Seth Parker's home. Some of them came from as far south as Atlanta and New Orleans, and as far west as Denver. And two years ago the existence of Jonesport was scarcely known south of the Penobscot! Pleased with, and grateful for, the fame which has come to their village, the Jonesport selectmen have erected a large sign on the state road:

> 8 miles to Jonesport
> Home of Seth Parker

But which of the white-painted cottages on its Main Street that winds down to the sea is the house of the Sunday evening githerings? And which one among the rugged salt-tanged, wind-burnt men who stride along the Jonesport streets is the gentle, tolerant, big-hearted Seth?

Well, the truth is, the pilgrims to Jonesport look in vain, and the postmaster can only forward the voluminous mail to Phillips H. Lord, author, of Madison Avenue, New York City.

Seth Parker Is a Composite

"But Seth has his prototype in the flesh," explained Mr. Lord, "though like all the other characters in the Sunday evening gatherings he is a composite of many old-fashioned folk I have known. The name is purely fictitious. I never knew any one of that name, but when I began to write these sketches, the combination, 'Seth Parker,' appealed to me as suggesting the type of character I had in mind.

"And so with the others—Captain Bangs, who loves the sea; Laith, who is a bit sentimental and somewhat clumsy at it; Ma Parker, who mothers everybody as she mothers Seth; the quick and sharp-voiced Lizzie, who never thinks ahead but blurts out what's on her mind; Dr. Tanner, the old country doctor who mixes music with his pills—each is taken from the life, and the character developments, incidents, and anecdotes are all transcribed from actual occurrences back in Maine.

"The Maine town I know best is Ellsworth. My grandfather, Hosea Phillips, was a leading citizen there, a unique character known all over the state for his amazing shrewdness, his quaint ways, and his quiet, unexpected humor. Many incidents in the Seth Parker sketches have been taken literally out of my grandfather's experiences. He had a vast fund of stories, and like the Ancient Mariner insisted on telling them in his own deliberate way. I have seen him in his field, wearing a tall stovepipe hat, pitching hay. And I have seen him on a gusty day aboard his schooner in that same silk hat—he never wore any other headpiece. When he was 90 years old, the town gave him a birthday party in the town hall, and when he died at the age of 97 the newspapers in Portland, Bangor, and all along the coast called him 'the David Harum of Maine.' When I portray Seth Parker, I slip back into grandfather's shoes and ways and assume his voice, his wit, his mannerisms."

Lord chose Jonesport as the setting for Seth Parker because it is a coast village, away from the railroad, an unspoiled small town. Moreover, "I liked its name as I liked the name 'Seth Parker.' Both have a genuine ring to them, and seem close to the people and to the fundamental virtues. The town is one-hundred percent Yankee. I could not have hit on a place more typically American."

An interesting angle of this story is the influence of Seth Parker on his creator. Lord came out of college "in a fog." He didn't

An electrical gift... that's new and different

—A MORE POWERFUL DE LUXE MODEL OF THE FAMOUS *Dormeyer* ELECTRIC FOOD MIXER

This marvelous mixer conveniently stands up by itself.

It's an all-purpose mixer, for everything including liquids, cake batters, mashed potatoes.

This wonderful electrical servant helps to prepare almost every meal; ends the drudgery of aching arms, numbed wrists, bruised hands.

Hard-to-mix foods are prepared in much less time. Good cooks become better cooks, because mixing is so much more thorough and even.

The Dormeyer is beautiful in appearance — body buffed aluminum, all other metal parts chromium plated. The price is but a fraction of what cleaners and washers cost, yet it is built for lasting service and guaranteed electrically and mechanically.

Here's the something new and different you're looking for in a gift. If not at your electrical dealer's, write us quickly.

The New Improved Dormeyer Electric Food Mixer

A. F. DORMEYER MFG. CO., Dept. L, 2640 Greenview Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send folder and prices of the new Dormeyer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Hotels Need Trained Women

High-Salaried Positions Open in Hotels, Clubs, Apartments, Institutions

Managers, assistant managers, floor clerks, hostesses, etc., are wanted in America's Third Largest Industry. Hundreds of new establishments now opening are calling for trained women. Shortage acute. Lewis Students' Employment Bureau receiving daily calls.

You can quickly learn at home with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan the duties of Hotel Hostess or other executive, Coffee Shop Manager, etc. We put you in touch with positions everywhere. A good income and quick advancement are offered those who succeed. The work is fascinating, developing charm and personality. Past experience unnecessary. Many Lewis Students are winning success in this uncrowded field. Mrs. M. F. Miller writes: "Your Course has been of inestimable value to me. Since graduating I have been Housekeeper-Hostess, managing my own cottage 'Annex.'"

Free Book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY," gives full details. Write for it today.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room BU-2411 Washington, D. C.

Member National Home Study Council
The Original and Only School of Its Kind in the World

PLAYING CARDS With Your Monogram

Smartly styled Two Packs for $2.50 Super-fine linen finish quality

Add that mark of distinction to your bridge party by playing with these beautiful gilt-edged linen-finish Congress Cards. Every card with your monogram on the rich, colored back. Specially underpriced—2 packs for $2.50. You may order one deck with monogram for $1.50.

No. 81432

Give these ideal Gifts to your bridge friends. When ordering be sure to print initials plainly.

FREE GIFT BOOK 222 Pages of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, and charming, moderately priced Gifts for every occasion. Do your Christmas shopping in the comfort of your easy chair—*direct by mail*—and save both time and money. Write today for this Free Book.

BAIRD-NORTH CO. Address: DEPT. G.H. at BOSTON, MASS.

Easy to do HOT STARCHING *now*

ELASTIC STARCH

Here is modern simplicity and perfection in starching—simply add boiling water to a cold water paste of ELASTIC STARCH. No mixing, no cooking, nothing to add as with lump starch. Makes beautiful ironing surprisingly easy.

In using advertisements see page 6

ARISTOCRATS OF GIFTS

LUCRETIA VANDERBILT TOILETRIES

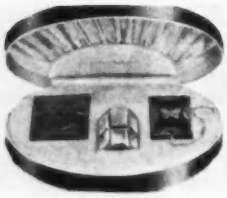
FOR her to whom you would pay tribute, here indeed are gifts superb . . . gifts aristocratic.

Their youthful chic and smartness, their delicacy, their provocative charm . . . and the gaiety of the Paris conceived blue-and-silver receptacles . . . win the unreserved approval of those whose tastes are both cultivated and original.

There is Perfume in three sizes (including our popular Purse Size in leather case), a Face Powder, a Double and Triple Compact, and a Lipstick. As an individual token any of these Aristocrats of Toiletries will be most acceptable. As a more ambitious Holiday offering the complete group will be the happiest of choices.

THE LUCRETIA VANDERBILT GIFT PACKAGE

A veritable treasure-case! Its precious contents include perfume, in a case of rich blue leather; a perfume refill; and a dainty triple compact and three refills. The case is of satin, in Lucretia Vanderbilt blue and silver.



PRICE . . . $10

Lucretia Vanderbilt

GO to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, containing a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

Use this Postscript. Or mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 109 Grassmere Ave., Fairfield, Conn., mentioning dealer's name and address, and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

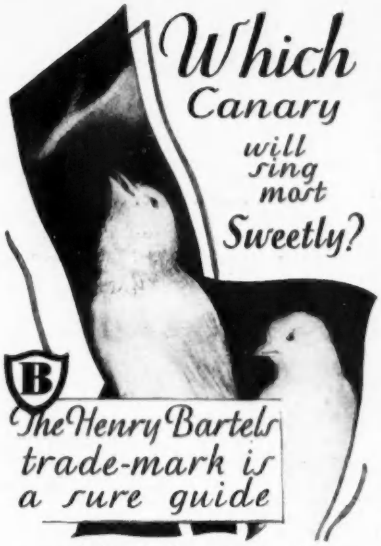
Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

Sincerely yours,

LUCRETIA VANDERBILT

Name.....

Address..... G. H.—DEC.



Which Canary will sing most Sweetly?

The Henry Bartels trade-mark is a sure guide

Now it is a simple matter to select a Canary that will fill your home with beautiful song. Just look under the wing for the Shield "B" trade-mark . . . assurance that the bird has been developed from a long line of ancestors famous for the beauty and variety of their song . . . that it has a finely trained voice . . . that it is a genuine imported Hartz Mountain Canary *Doubly Guaranteed* to sing to *your* complete satisfaction . . . by your dealer and us. Ask your dealer for Henry Bartels' Canaries. Insist on the legally binding Double Guarantee . . . given *only* with Henry Bartels' Canaries . . . that protects against disappointment.

Send 4c for interesting Canary Booklet, and name of Henry Bartels' Canary dealer in your locality. Address Desk 13, 206-208 Fulton Street, New York, N.Y.

Henry Bartels SINGING CANARIES

Save 1/3 to 1/2

New FREE book quotes Reduced Factory Prices. Lower terms . . . year to pay. Choice of 6 colors in New Porcelain Enamel Ranges. New Circulating Heaters—$34.75 up. 200 styles and sizes. Cash or easy terms. 24-hour shipments. 30-day free trial. 360-day test. Satisfaction guaranteed. 29 years in business. 750,000 customers. Write today for FREE book.

Kalamazoo Stove Co.
441 Rochester Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Cabinet Heaters $34.75 Up

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

CORNS and tender toes—relieved in 1 minute by these thin, soothing, healing pads. Safe! At all drug, shoe and dept. stores.

★ Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

The Perfect Gift for Mother and Baby

The Trimble Bathinette—a Tub and Dressing Table combined—the Trimble Bathinette has those exclusive features which satisfy discriminating mothers—Write for a FREE copy of "Nurseryland", a booklet full of helpful suggestions for mothers.

E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. Co.
167 Jay Street Rochester, N. Y.

Religion On the Air

know what to do. It had been suggested that he enter the ministry, but the idea got no encouragement from him, and he went into the teaching profession, and after two years of that into business.

He knew the trials and tribulations of a parson, for his father was a minister. There were aspects which did not appeal to him. He held off and out of it, unsettled, uncertain, troubled.

That was four years ago—and here in 1929 this young man is the unofficial spokesman of religion to millions of people!

"To portray Seth I had to think through my faith and restate it in terms on which I could stand," explained Lord. "Certain ingredients of the old-fashioned religious meetings are absent from the Jonesport gatherings. The harshness, the intolerance, the gloom of the traditional theology—these used to crop up in the cottage prayer-meetings as they cropped up in the churches. I have carefully edited them out. Seth Parker's preachments have the old-fashioned background of simplicity, sincerity, loyalty, and deep-rooted faith, but interpreted with tolerance, humor, sympathy, and love. God is not a gloomy overlord, associated with solemn sermons, long prayers, threatened punishments, and other depressing ideas. The Psalmist's Lord was a shepherd, but down on the coast of Maine we don't have sheep or shepherds, and the figure doesn't mean much. So Seth says to think of God as your friend, your neighbor, who lives next door to you."

Lord wrote a hymn around this theme and in the rôle of Seth sang it one Sunday evening. Within forty-eight hours he received more than six thousand requests for the hymn by letter, a telegram asked that it be sent to Washington for use at a funeral, and a publisher asked permission to print it. He has since written and produced in the same way two other hymns, and each has brought the same quick response.

The Amazing Following

Meanwhile the amazing stream of letters continues to pour into New York, filtered through the twelve radio stations and through Jonesport. There is the man in upstate New York who rode 40 miles to reach a radio so that he would not miss his weekly Jonesport service. There is the Florida invalid who sets the alarm each Sunday night for 10:45 to wake her in time for the gathering. There is the family in South Dakota who lock the door and turn off the lights so that they will not be interrupted during the Seth Parker worship service. There is a group of chronic bridge players on Long Island who tune in regularly for the Jonesport half-hour and "even the most frivolous does not desecrate the sanctity of your moments of silent prayer."

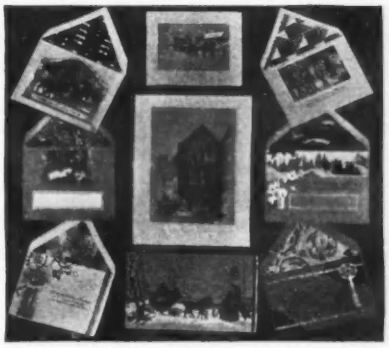
Silent prayer is unique as a radio feature. So far as I know, it is original with the Seth Parker meetings. Here again it was the listeners who took a hand in remolding the service to their liking, for in his first Sunday broadcast Seth prayed aloud. One of the most intelligent reviews came from a newspaper man who said that the spoken prayer was "the only jarring note, the only thing bordering on exaggeration." Other listeners reported the same impression. So on the following Sunday, when the time for prayer came, Seth said:

"Now let's bow our heads fer just a moment of silent prayer, while we all thank the Lord in our own way fer being with us ternight."

Silence has been the rule since then. For fifteen seconds every Sunday the microphones in a dozen powerful stations wait while Seth and his Jonesport neighbors and the millions of listeners throughout America bow in reverence and communion.

"Infinitely more solemn and impressive than the spoken prayer," wrote one of the New York critics.

It is a rare achievement to project this picture of religion and life, and to elicit this nation-wide response.



"McKenzie Greetings" Charming Christmas Cards

YOUR Christmas Cards are your personal messengers,—they speak for you. Isn't it to be expected, then, that they will be closely scrutinized by your friends, and your friends' friends?

It goes without saying that your cards should be in perfect taste, and socially correct, especially when your name is added either by engraving or signature.

"McKenzie Greetings" are just that. They combine appealing sentiments with lovely modern designs of recognized character and thought, including also the latest uses of the delightfully quaint etchings of old-time scenes.

In "McKenzie Greetings" many are genuine engraved too, with all the elegance which this implies.

Now on display by quality dealers everywhere.

Be sure to ask to see samples of

"McKenzie Greetings" PUBLISHED BY The Boston Line OF GREETING CARDS

SOLD ONLY THROUGH ESTABLISHED DEALERS

An Ideal Gift Christmas or anytime

NON-BURN THE HOTTER WATER BOTTLE

Be sure to ask your druggist for NON-BURN. There is no other hot water bottle like it

A gift to be appreciated is a hot water bottle—especially if it is Non-Burn, the hotter water bottle. NON-BURN is the SAFER hot water bottle—its comfortable, velvety rubber studded surface permits the use of much hotter water without danger of burning the skin.

The more intense heat from Non-Burn gives quicker relief and heals faster. Regular size for adults—small size for babies.

SEIBERLING LATEX PRODUCTS CO.
DEPT. C AKRON, OHIO.

In using advertisements see page 6

FLAVOR . . . unforgetable!

THOSE whom the world calls *epicures* are agreed that no cheese compares in flavor with that of Roquefort. For twenty centuries it has maintained its position as "Queen of Cheese." Roquefort's flavor is truly . . . unforgetable.

Piquant without pungency. Delicate but not flat. With character in bouquet as well as taste, it avoids being either strong or insipid.

Roquefort Cheese is made of sheep's milk. The delicate green tracery, the "veins of flavor" of Roquefort are developed as a natural phenomenon during the time the cheese seasons in the famous natural caves in the village of Roquefort, in southern France.

In addition to being delicious, Roquefort Cheese is beneficial to the digestion, and valuable to the maintenance of bodily health.

Digestible

ROQUEFORT

QUEEN OF CHEESE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE EXCLUSIVELY

SYNDICAT DE FROMAGES A ROQUEFORT . . . . (AVEYRON), FRANCE

Are you using

MAPLEINE

in desserts?

Mapleine gives delicate, delightful maple flavor to all desserts—puddings, cake icings, sauces, ice cream, etc. Try it! Folder with every bottle. "Mapleine Cookery" by Alice Bradley, food editor of Woman's Home Companion, on request. Remember that with Mapleine, only half the usual amount of flavoring is required. Its quality and price are the same as before the war. Only 35c for 2 oz. bottle. Nearly every grocer has Mapleine. Or, 1 oz. trial size for 20c. Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 37, Seattle, Washington. ★

MAPLEINE

for Syrup—for Flavoring

Clapp's ORIGINAL APPROVED BABY SOUP AND STRAINED VEGETABLES

The Badge of Health Foods for Baby

FOODS FOR GROWING BABIES

Prescribed by over 5000 specialists to supplement the milk diet, these foods save mothers 24 hours a week in cooking and kitchen time. Cost less than if made at home.

In 4 oz. Glass Jars

Ready to dilute, heat and serve. They keep indefinitely when sealed and are equally convenient to use at home or traveling.

***Clapp's* BABY SOUP**

An appetizing combination of Beef Juice, Vegetables and Cereals. In both 14 and 4 oz. jars.

***Clapp's* WHEATHEART SOUP**

Vegetables, Cereals, and the Wheat Germ which supplies Food Iron and Vitamines.

***Clapp's* LIVER SOUP**

Calves Liver and Vegetables for pale babies.

***Clapp's* STRAINED VEGETABLES**

Spinach, Carrots, Asparagus, String Beans, Peas, Beets, Tomatoes, Prunes and Apricots, are all scientifically prepared from carefully selected materials, especially for growing babies and are immensely liked by them.

★

Ask your Doctor and write for Dealer's Name

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC., 1339 University Ave., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Planning Your House

(*Continued from page 44*)

the general type which produced the work of that time.

For example, our colonial ancestors based their excellent houses on a simple rectangular or square plan two stories in height, while the plan of the English country cottage is broken and narrow—a series of rooms attached together, and usually one or one and one-half stories in height, naturally producing exteriors of picturesque and charming character. The failure to recognize or admit the interrelation between exterior and plan is the cause of much that is worst in modern American architecture. This is exemplified by the present epidemic of English cottagitis in our suburbs, where street after street is lined with square boxes of houses masquerading in gables flat against the walls, and roofs pulled well down over the window-eyes in a desperate attempt to be picturesque. And when this sham design is covered with sham construction—instead of stone, stucco on wire lath, suffering from some serious skin disease in an attempt to produce "texture"—we have about the last word in ugly, pretentious (and expensive) stage scenery, but mighty little real house.

Rooms and Sizes

In laying out the plan, the first element to be considered is the number of rooms required and their sizes. These will determine the cost, and will of course be limited in size or number or both by the sum of money available. It is wise for an intending home builder to look about at those of his neighbor's houses of approximately the same expense as his, and know at the outset about what he can expect to get for his money; and when he finds a room which appears to be of the size he wants, he should find out its dimensions in feet and inches. An exact knowledge of the *minimum* requisite in size is of the utmost importance before plans can be made intelligently, or selected from a plan book. With these in mind the space may be intelligently allocated. A sensible thing to do is to draw up a little table showing the sizes of the rooms desired, to see if they can actually be enclosed within the walls of the house that can be built for the money he has.

Take, for example, a house on the outside 24 feet by 36 feet, which is not far from the size of the average six room house; the total area is 864 square feet; the table might read:

1st floor	*2nd floor*
Living-Room 13′x 23′-269 sq. ft.	Bedroom No. 1—13′x 17′-221 sq. ft.
Dining-Room 13′x15′-195 sq. ft.	Bedroom No. 2—11′x 15′- 165 sq. ft.
Kitchen 8′x15′-120 sq. ft.	Bedroom No. 3—10′x 15′-150 sq. ft.
Total-584 sq. ft.	Total-536 sq. ft.

This leaves on the ground floor 280 square feet, and on the second 328 square feet for walls, halls, stairs, closets and baths—not a bad distribution of space, and one about in line with a genuinely economical plan, since the maximum area actually enclosed within the walls of the principal rooms is rarely in excess of two-thirds the total area, unless halls are dispensed with entirely and rooms are entered from each other.

The most common way in which space is lost is in stairways which take up more room than they need, and in hallways which might be eliminated by more careful study. Nor does giving up valuable space to halls and stairs necessarily mean a house of open, generous feeling. A stairway may be narrow, cramped, and uncomfortable and still use up a lot of good space, and if the rooms can all be made to open from a single small hall, the apparent size of which is increased by the adjacent stairway, the effect is better than when one of the rooms is reached by a subsidiary corridor, reduced to its least proportions.

Space lost through improper allocation to the various rooms is no less truly wasted. If, for example, of three bedrooms of equal size, one is to be occupied by two adults, and the others by a single child each, one can not exactly say

Planning Your House

that space is lost but it is obviously wasted. Likewise in a house of small size and few rooms, the baths should be comfortable but not overlarge, and closets should have plenty of hanging space but no wasted room in the center.

On the ground floor the primary determining factors will be not inside but outside the house. What is the outlook from the house site? What are the points of the compass? How is the house to be entered? In general, the living-room should be toward the south and west, where it will receive the sun in winter and the prevailing breezes in summer, the dining-room toward the east where the morning sun will strike it, and the kitchen should have through or at least cross ventilation, but the condition of the property may require these ideal situations to be modified. The lot may be on the south side of the street, so that south light is impossible unless the living-room is put at the rear of the house. Sometimes this is desirable, since the street may be ugly and the glare from asphalt appalling, while the rear yard may be cool, quiet, and pleasant. The point is that one should consider the surroundings and not accept as an axiom that the living-room should face the street. The problem of entrance to the small house on the small lot is always a difficult one, especially now that every house has its garage, and most visitors arrive by car instead of by foot. In the old days there was a walk from the gate to the front door, and a service road to the kitchen; today the same road must be made to serve both the main and the service entrances, and how to place them so that they are equally convenient and not side by side sometimes presents insuperable difficulties. In general the small house has only two possible basic schemes of which all plans are modifications—one with a corner entrance and one with an entrance near the center of the long side—and if the long side is placed parallel to the street, the lot will be cut all to pieces by a roadway which reaches both this and the rear entrance. In a house planned with the long side to the street, the location of the roadway is of the utmost importance, and it will often be found desirable to make no automobile road to the front door, but to reach it by a path. As a rule, on a small lot, the side entrance gives a much better first floor plan.

Placing the Bedrooms

In the well-planned house the bedrooms will naturally be disposed as are the rooms in the first story, since the owner's bedroom will be over the living-room, the second over the dining-room and the third over the hallway, an arrangement not only logically implied by air, light, and view, but also making for sound and simple construction. The living-room will, of course, have a fireplace, and if the owner's bedroom is placed over it, it is easy to put one there, too; the bathrooms should, in the interest of economy and because of sound, be placed over the kitchen.

There is one other thing which should be checked in every plan; the halls and stairs must be wide enough, or arranged so that furniture can be carried through them. Furniture will go through quite a narrow hall if the door is at the end, but if one has to turn at right angles, big pieces may not go through the door.

Now as to the rooms themselves. Rooms are easier to furnish and in general pleasanter in appearance if they are free from jutting-out closets or jogs in the walls. In some cases alcoves may be desirable, depending upon how the owner wants to live; for example, an ingle nook may be an attractive feature of the living-room, and an alcove in the principal bedroom may be a sort of boudoir dressing-room, but in general the rule holds simple rectangular rooms are the best. It is, however, easy to make a room undesirable by bad placing of the doors and windows. The plan of the dining-room should always include a space in the center of one of the walls big enough to take a sideboard, and a second space near the kitchen or pantry door for a serving table.

This gift applauds *your* judgment

SELECT a Scranton Lustre Spread for every woman on your Christmas list. Its beauty will testify to your good taste; its durability applaud your judgment.

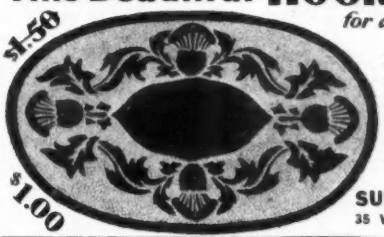
A self-colored pattern in orchid for Grandmother. Something gay and rose for Sister. A dignified design in Mother's favorite shade.

Or . . . your name and address with 10 cents will bring a booklet showing the correct Lustre Spread for every type of room. Dept. 202, the Scranton Lace Co., Scranton, Pa.

Lustre Spread No. 4100. 72 and 90 inches by 108 inches. In blue, rose, green, orchid and ivory.

SCRANTON
Lustre Spreads

This Beautiful HOOKED RUG Pattern $1.00
for a limited time only **Regular Price $1.50**



"THISTLE" design in the popular oval shape, perfect harmony of colors: nile green, leaf green, gold and old blue on a deep blue background. One of the prettiest patterns we have ever presented. This is the first time a pattern of this size has ever been offered at so low a price.

Send in your order, AT ONCE, enclosing $1.00. Pattern will be sent by return mail, POSTAGE PAID.

Everything for hooked rugs.

A complete pattern portfolio will be sent you upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin.

SUPERIOR APPLIANCE & PATTERN CO.
35 West Fourth Avenue — Clearfield, Pa.

A gift to please both mother and baby

THE safe, warm comfort in the dainty wool Snuggle Rug makes it an ideal gift for Christmas that cannot fail to please. It may be had in pink, blue or tan, trimmed in matching satin ribbon and closed with a zip of the Talon slide fastener that keeps the Snuggle Rug closed to any desired point.

The round set-in bottom leaves Baby plenty of room to kick his active little feet. For Baby's comfort and safety and for his Mother's peace of mind, give a Snuggle Rug for Christmas!

Popularly priced at leading department and infants' wear stores. Send for circular and name of nearest store

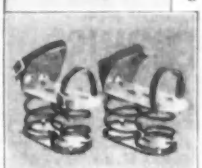
SNUGGLE RUG COMPANY, 221 N. Seventh St., Goshen, Ind.

SNUGGLE RUG - *for Baby*

Kangru-Springshu — the Ideal Christmas Gift for Tiny Tots

The modern "Seven League Boots"—for running, jumping, hopping, or walking. So adaptable and so safe that even tiny tots soon become able to do all kinds of "stunts."

Can be used indoors or outside — just as a child likes to jump on a bed so he gets even more fun out of *Kangru-Springshus.*



Price $3 the pair; add 50c west of Rockies and Canada.

At your dealer or direct, if direct, give age and weight

Littlefield Mfg. Co.
708 N. Halsted Street
Chicago

In using advertisements see page 6

BUDDY SNOW SKATES

A "Falcon" Product

$1.75 per pair

"Just the thing" for the little boy or girl. Buddy Snow Skates can be used wherever there is snow. They keep children off dangerous ice. Made of hard maple with a wide concave steel runner—so safe that even little tots can skate, walk or stand with them on—can be worn over rubbers—no wet feet. One size for children 3 years and up. Snow Skating takes the place of Roller Skating in winter. *It's loads of fun.*

Most toy stores sell Falcon Toys that last. If you have difficulty in getting them

MAIL THE COUPON

American Mfg. Concern, Dept. AC
Falconer, N.Y.

Please send me, postpaid
☐ pair Buddy Snow Skates at $1.75

Enclosed is $_____ for above order; if not satisfactory you are to return the money.

Name_____

Street or R. F. D._____

City_____ State_____

An Ideal Gift

CLIMAX GRATER AND SLICER

MAKE this your Christmas gift to her! It will delight the housekeeper. Hundreds of thousands in daily use. Cheese, stale bread, chocolate, etc., can be flakily grated (not crushed). In a moment it becomes a perfect slicer for fruits, vegetables, etc. No danger to fingers. The glass plunger is an exclusive feature. The Climax is easily kept clean and should last a lifetime.

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Planning Your House

That these spaces should be symmetrical is especially necessary in the dining-room since the very nature of dining-room furniture requires that it be placed symmetrically if it is to be seen at best advantage. In the living-rooms or bedrooms furniture may be so disposed as to restore a sense of balance or order which the openings of windows and doors have destroyed, but many plans otherwise excellent are ruined by so placing the doors and windows that the room will not furnish properly. Before plans are finally accepted, these details should be examined. For example, every bedroom should have bed space and good light wall space for two pieces of furniture, a bureau and a dressing-table. However, in discussing furniture space it should be borne in mind that the general impression created by a house is better if openings are opposite one another, and in the center of spaces. The human mind for some reason likes symmetry, and likes things opposite each other. A room in which everything is a little lopsided may be quaint and picturesque, but people will be uneasy in it.

No attempt has been made in this article to discuss anything but the broad principles of plan in their application to the small private dwelling, since if these are applied, the lesser details may readily be fitted into the general scheme, and if the base of sound plan is lacking, no amount of attention to detail will compensate for it. It is the plan that counts, the plan that is economical of space and simple to construct, fitted to the way we live and to our methods of housekeeping, and light, airy, and spacious as the size will permit.

And one final word of advice: If you are going to build a house, don't base your plan on the one you live in now, just because you are accustomed to it. You don't really like that house or you wouldn't build another.

Budgeting Building Costs

(Continued from page 46)

"Miscellaneous" covered such things as having the house staked out by an engineer and minor changes made during construction, for every owner, even those with the best intentions, makes some changes after the building is under way. I explained that the budget did not include the cost of the land or the finished grading or planting. After a frank statement like this, the owner can prepare for each expense as it arises, and the crises which arise as the result of unforeseen costs can be avoided.

The plan of the house illustrated is rather unusual in one respect—the large bedroom and bath downstairs. It was designed for an elderly lady who does not care to climb stairs many times a day, and who likes a house so arranged that it will save her time and energy. The smaller bedrooms upstairs are used when her grown children visit her or for other guests.

The exterior walls are of white stucco, the chimney of brick, painted white; the windows are steel casement with leaded glass set in oak frames, and the porch is floored with flagstone. The foundations are of cement block, and there are adequate drains around the footings. The cellar is neat and modern. The plastering and painting of these walls and the installation of a gas heating system were among the desirable luxuries that added to the original cost.

The walls of the hall and living-room are plastered with sand finish, the other rooms having the ordinary smooth plaster. The floors and trim are of oak in natural finish. Everything is simple, substantial, and in keeping with the design of the house.

Since the cost of this house has been so frankly stated, I should like to remind readers of this article that it is a mistake to assume that costs in other sections of the country will be the same as in Westchester County, New York. Time also makes a difference. This house was built in 1928. Building costs undoubtedly will vary in the years to come.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1929. [Seal] William J. Sperl, Notary Public, Queens County No. 1749, Reg. No. 6896. Certificate filed in New York County, No. 979, Reg. No. 18682. (My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

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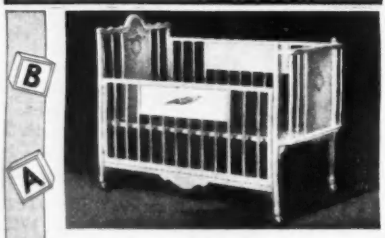

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Reddy

(*Continued from page 83*)

"Couldn't *she* have gone on at the University?"

"Not without me. It took a mashed hand to prove we were half-and-half, you might say. If Cynnie'd been there, I'd have tried to finish the last semester and paid for my room and board when I could; but you got to pay strangers. It was when old Doc Hill said how long it would be till I could use my hand, I thought about coming home. It was almost morning, and Reddy and I got in the car and drove out in the country to cook our breakfast gypsy fashion. Reddy said it would be our last fling. Time my hand was healed, she'd be 'old Miss Simms'—maybe a grandmother."

"Joie!"

"Aw, Maw, that was just fun! It was when she spoke of being married to Bill—I knew—"

"Yes, son?"

"That she was part of me."

Mother's smile grew so sweet the boy was emboldened to add:

"Then, when Reddy asked, What's an old college sheep-skin—two old sheep-skins? If I could farm cotton, so could she; just so we saved our money and got us a real home—it was settled."

"That's how you happened to be married in the clothes you were?"

"Uh-huh. We drove on east to the county seat, and—" Joie paused, his eyes a dazzling blue. "A minister married us," he finally said. "Next, it seemed, we were here—the kitchen full of bacon smoke—Dad hazing Reddy about Bill Simms."

The two worked silently for some time, then Joie burst out:

"Maw, you mad at me because I said I wasn't going to marry Reddy and then did?"

"Mad at you—Joie!"

" 'Scuse me, Maw. I couldn't blame you."

Rachel Nash threaded the last wire. "Maybe we'd better run down now and start things. Shall we have dumplings with the chicken, or noodles?"

"Reddy likes noodles; we used to buy them in cans. Maw, you going to make a cobbler?"

Of course "Maw" was. It was sweet to have Joie there on any terms. Only it wouldn't be "Joie" after a while, but a silent plodder with sunken eyes and stooped shoulders; a spent field-hand who flattened himself on the sun-bleached grass of the dooryard after a day's work—cowering, as from something that prodded him, even as he rested!

IT WAS a hard day with Joie's hand in the shape it was. When the car rattled in at early supper time, Ira Nash at the wheel, there were still the chores. Lots of things a boy can do with only one hand . . . no, Ira insisted, they wouldn't eat a bite till everything was done.

Mother delayed supper for Joie, but he came in from the barn and went right upstairs. Reddy wasn't far behind him. She took the suitcases and easel up, and they heard her moving here and there. It was after Nash had read his journal and slept soundly that the girl came slipping down and ran across the yard to the shed where she had backed her car. In a few minutes she was back with a piece of steel Mother took to be a bed-caster, dangling between her thumb and forefinger. Whatever it was, Reddy had no more than skimmed to the attic with it than she was down again, pajamas tucked under her arm.

"Mind if I scrub my dirty self and put on my night things here?"

Of course Mother didn't mind. "Wait," she said, "I'll get clean towels. Plenty of warm water on the stove."

Reddy backed away. There was a swift splashing; a gush of spring perfume. Like a little new moon going into a cloud, she ducked into her flapping gray silk pants and John Chinaman coat. Pink toes gripping the linoleum, she came whispering.

Reddy

"Rachel—mind if I call you 'Rachel'?—you better come up. Joie hurt his hand on that darned pump-handle—it's killing him."

"Rachel" was all right from Joie's wife. When Mother had shoved her work-basket aside and followed the girl's brisk climb, there was Joie sitting on the edge of the bed, doubled up with misery. His wife had begun chafing his wrist and forearm.

"I'm good at this," she explained. "You wanted to see my bird study. There it is, on the easel."

It was dim in the attic; too much skulking shadow under a sloping gray roof. Rachel Nash took the painting and puzzled over it . . . *that* a painting?

"You're too close," Reddy told her. "Set it by the lamp and step back."

Rachel *had* been too close. At a distance that blue sky was *sky*. The bird-house with its perky gables, the harp-like elm—*were there.* Mother broke into a mischievous laugh. Against the cerulean blue two purple martins slept on their ridge-pole while a mocking-bird swelled its music at them. The broad, glistening backs and grave, bowed heads of the house-owners; the gray palpitation of the singer—it was exactly like two fat, vain old gentlemen bored to extinction by a slim chorister who sang to high heaven. Across the margin was dashed in trig letters, "A Dull Sunday Morning."

"It is too lovely for words," Rachel Nash murmured. "It is too quaint for anything."

Reddy patted the bed-edge, and Mother sat down. They didn't talk much. A low tone, if continued, wakened Nash as if one shouted at him. Sitting there they heard his long, buzzing snore that ended in a snort, a rhythmic vibration that shook the floor and rafters.

Joie bugged his eyes disrespectfully. "That old boy sure can sleep," he said. "I bet a horse he gets us out of bed before daylight."

"Not me," Reddy grinned. "I'll beat him to it."

And she did. In the grim before-dawn, Ira Nash had just reached the stairs and opened his mouth to yell, when Reddy—with Joie—confronted him.

"You going to plant cotton barefooted?" Nash asked his son's wife. "Know anything about sand-burrs?"

Reddy began splashing at the white bench. "Think I'm going to wear my six-dollar pumps on plowed ground?" she scoffed. "You've got your nerve, Big Man."

"You'll have to go to the Corners and buy a pair of brogans."

"And charge them to the town pump?"

Nash haw-hawed. "Eat your breakfast," he ordered, "and I'll take you in the car. What you wear, Red-top—about a nine? Going in them overalls?"

"Sure I am. If they don't like my style, they can look the other way."

IRA NASH *said* they were going in the car, but how was he to know? No use trying to get somewhere in an automobile that suddenly won't run. Reddy said they must have lost a bit of machinery, and they wasted valuable time searching in the mire of the barnyard before giving up and going in the wagon.

Rachel Nash watched Reddy grab the edge of the wagon-box and swing up like a boy; watched her brace herself to ride standing. She surely hated trousers on a girl, though trousers it had to be. Joie's wife didn't really unpack until she moved into her own house. There was one shimmery pale green and brown doll-dress for occasion, worn once when "the bunch" came rollicking over from Stillwater with ukuleles and a dazzling shower of bed and floor cushions; and again, when Cynthia and Field came for a week-end. When old Diana Laughlin—"Aunt Dide," Reddy called her—ran over from the Ozarks, the girl put on clean coveralls and let it go at that.

Aunt Dide thought it all right for Reddy to

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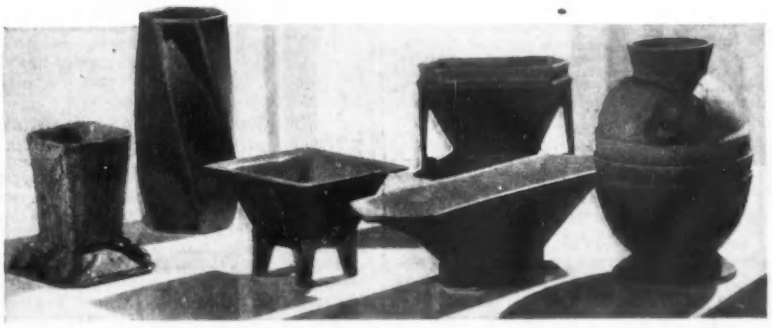

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Reddy

marry an undergraduate and settle down to cotton-farming—if that suited *her*. She had hoped Mary Eleanor—Aunt Dide hated the nickname Stillwater gave her niece—would marry a certain well-to-do home boy and settle down next door, but one can't have everything. Rachel Nash couldn't remember when she had visited with a woman before. She and Ira both liked Diana Laughlin. The only nonsense about this old maid was that she liked to hold her niece on her lap. But she brought Reddy out—things they hadn't guessed.

Joie's wife could cook. Take the time they got to talking and let her get supper alone. Reddy had skipped off to the Corners after canned "weiners"; there had been a brisk flattening of shortened biscuit dough cut in strips; a rolling of little sausages in coverlets—panfuls of these savory things popped into the oven at the right time. Not much else was eaten after the first bite.

"Golly Moses," Joie squeaked absurdly, getting his plate ready, "the nice pigs in a blanket!"

But Joie only pretended to be hungry; he never did eat much during cotton season. Mother told Reddy she had to get used to that, and she did. The girl got used to everything but Joie's father. Nash was a constant nightmare of surprises to her. How could a man who fingered the butter and egg money out of its hiding place to buy nails afford expensive boards to drive the nails into? How could a man build a four-room bungalow he must furnish stingily: no easy chairs—young people didn't need to rock; no library table—one table was enough? In other words, how could a man be no bigger than a pin-point at one time and fill the earth at another? Reddy Nash had hard work to keep from hating Joie's father.

But Nash was strong for her—at this time. Such endurance—laughing through a long day of papering sun-colored walls and painting ivory-shaded woodwork; hanging over a drawing-board half the night! Not that he approved of night-work. He saw to it "the kids" didn't get a wink of sleep after the first rooster yawned in the morning. Before day, and Sunday was no exception, he went whistling tunelessly across the barnyard and yelled them out of bed.

It was a malarial year on Bear Creek, and Joie began having chills—he needed sleep; but Reddy, tough as a pine-knot, could be a regular owl.

JOIE'S wife promised well, but she was, after all, a disappointment to Ira Nash. In the field she proved to be a clean chopper, a swift picker—that was at first. Time came when Nash, stepping over among the bursted cotton, found her sitting in the shade of a jack-oak, painting a picture she wouldn't let him see.

"What do you know about that!" Mother heard him complaining. "First she prances down the cotton row to jazz, then, just as Joseph needs her most, she drops her sack like a hot potato. I never before saw a red-head that didn't stick. It's one on me."

Rachel Nash didn't talk. When she saw the easel being carried back and forth, she did want to ask straight out what picture could be of more importance than Joie. But whatever was thought about it and said about it, the painting—one of those tragedies of frantic, if mistaken, endeavor—went on and on. The late August afternoon Mother ran over to the bungalow between field and chore time and found the boy in his worst chill of the season, the air was thick with suspense—not Joie; the picture!

"Rachel, come here."

Reddy stood up from tucking the shivery one in his blanket; she ran for the palette and brushes that lay beside her covered canvas.

"Lookie!" Under Mother's sober gaze she streaked a ribbon of blue paint. "What does that make you think of?"

Rachel Nash looked till her heart thumped.

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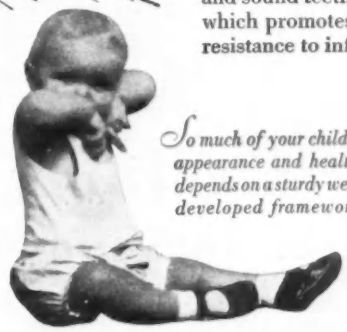

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will they have

1 *sound, even, uncrowded teeth?*

2 *a strong, sturdy framework?*

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In using advertisements see page 6

For the Woman who Summers in Winter –

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permanent waves

Reddy

"A hot sky," she murmured; "no rain—no sign of rain."

"And this?"

With another brush Reddy limned what was none other than earth; clods of red earth on the south slope. Another challenge—that was cotton, silvered by the sun, shaken by the breeze. Reddy took up the brush that had made sky and dabbed black into the blue; a hint of ivory, less than a hint of crimson, all melting into violet, warm, living violet. When she looked sidewise, tears sprang behind the other's lids.

"I've seen it somewhere," Rachel Nash murmured.

"Joie's eyes?"

"Oh, yes!"

"My, but you've been a help to me!"

Unwittingly Mother had been thrilled with mere color. Now she turned anxiously to the sun-flooded space on the floor where Joie cowered in his blanket.

"He won't touch a bite of this blackberry cobbler," she said to Reddy. "Can you think of anything he might like?"

"Maybe a chicken—?"

"I'll run and catch one."

"No. No, you won't." Reddy found a careful place for her palette and brushes. "I'll go with you and get it, myself. Maybe I'd better do the pumping while I'm about it, and milk. Darn that old Jersey, switching her tail in Joie's eyes!"

But Reddy didn't do the chores. She and Mother met Nash coming after Joie.

"If that lazy little whelp thinks because he's married, he can lay around and let me do his work," Ira told his wife later, "he's got another 'think' coming."

He added what he had always wanted to say, "*That boy's plumb Culpepper.*"

OKLAHOMA is an extremist—sometimes all dew and violets; again a smoldering waste, friendly only to coarse wildflowers, iron-trunked jack-oaks—and cotton. When June had one big rain and no more till picking-time, the corn died, gardens went to ashes, the parched lips of the earth gaped. But the cotton—my, the cotton!

There is such a thing as getting one's second wind. After Joie Nash had gone through a course of quinine, he stood up a little better. He even played with Reddy. Sometimes, of a Sunday, the two were seen chasing each other around the house with dippers of water, sparring with ungainly gloves on their hands, or mixed up in a regular rough-and-tumble. Always they were "lovering" till Ira Nash said it made him sick. Nash liked the evenings they cooked up something and came over for supper. Then he and Joie talked matter-of-factly about the boll-weevil in adjoining crops; the lack of that pest in their own cotton. The experiment station at Stillwater did know its business.

"And well it might," Nash grumbled. "A college ought to be good for something—robbing a man of his boy just when he needed him most."

At such time the "women folks," cooling off in the yard, talked about this and that. Once, when they spoke of one-piece bathing-suits, Reddy had to defend what Rachel Nash despised. Why should a girl be ashamed of her body—it was beautiful, wasn't it?

And the other countered gently, "Wasn't there ever a time when you hated to show yourself just the same as naked?"

At that Reddy laughed. "I'll say there was. When the doctor came to lance my knee—I was only seven—Aunt Dide had to whip me. I never would let her give me a bath after I could dress myself."

"How did it happen—?" Rachel paused.

"That I came to wear knit things no bigger than a dishrag? Well, girls do wear them. Maybe such freedom began with the boys' running-togs—just nothing, to speak of. Of course," Reddy grinned, recalling Joie's skinny

Reddy

ribs and lean shanks, "boys aren't much to look at. I tell you, Rachel, the first time you circulate about in next to nothing, you want to crawl into a hole and, as Aunt Dide says, 'pull the hole in after you'; but—you get used to it."

While the question rested briefly, Reddy's nimble attention flitted about the yard. Had Rachel really set those tall-spired junipers? Was that drift of rope in the silver maples Cynthia's swing? *Had* Joie played "Big Injun" behind the ruined stockade and made those dim trails "from here to yonder"? Had he studied his first Latin up there behind the ivied window late sun had just turned to dream gold? But finally the girl came back to the point of difference.

"Honestly," she asked, "don't you think if Cynthia Ann had gone to high school, mixed with the bunch, she would have worn a bathing-suit like mine?"

It was a chance shot, but it told. "Yes," Rachel answered whitely, "I do. But—I should have despised it—most of all, in her."

Reddy looked at her companion's dark, brave eyes, the scarcely-silvered brown hair waving loose from its low coil—neat ankles—trim, polished slippers. Looked, till a reluctantly fascinated gaze flamed admiration.

"Yes," she nodded, "yes. You would hate nakedness in any one. You're that kind."

THAT summer on Bear Creek did have its golden moments. The rest was sheer tragedy. It was understood that "the kids" farmed "half-and-half," but when the first bale of cotton sold, Nash took the hundred dollars and bought a lumber wagon—*for Joie!* They were eating supper together when this was thrashed out.

"You sprouts don't need money," Ira said flat. "Your share can go into the farm for improvements." He added practically, "Remember, when I and Mother are gone, there'll be only yourselves and Cynthia to divide everything between."

It was Reddy got her breath first. "You're off your base, Big Man," she cried heatedly. "Joie and I'd rather have fifty dollars now than fifty thousand after you're dead."

Nash liked to see his son's wife flare up.

"What you want of money, Red-top?" he chuckled. "Need another pair of brogans?"

Reddy ate her wild-plum pie with a relish; she kept her temper down. "You mean to say you got a right to sell our half of the cotton and spend the money?"

"You've said it," Nash declared. "What are you going to do about it?"

More and more it fired Joie, hearing Reddy browbeaten. "Stop talking to her that way, Dad," he now said with sudden daring. "I—I won't have it."

"*You* won't?" Ira looked sharply at his son—at the young chin that had—almost—squared itself. Then he brushed apprehension aside. "I ask you, Red-top," he repeated, "what you going to do about it?"

Reddy finished her pie in two eager bites. "Nothing, Big Man," she then decided; "not a darned thing."

"That being the case," Nash handed her his empty cup, "give me some more coffee."

"Sure," lilted Reddy, jumping up. "Coffee it is!"

That was like her. Joie's wife was a fire that, blown upon roughly, blazed the more. The boy was different. A spurt of flame, then heaped ashes. Just now Joie looked awful—beaten and blue, as he had the day his father sold his colt, Selim. But what could he do? Nothing. Even Reddy saw that. She said so the next day, talking it over with Mother.

"I know what Bear Creek is saying," she fumed, "'See that Nash boy—been to high school and halfway through college, and not pep enough to get up mornings unless his Dad calls him!' But any one who thinks Joie's yellow, has bats in his belfry. I don't want him butting stone walls."

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Reddy

Rachel Nash was canning blackberries, but she could work and talk, too. "Twice in his life," she explained, "Joie has stood up to his father. Once, when he went to Kansas and harvested—he was fifteen then; and when I went blind last year and he made Ira agree to move to Stillwater."

Reddy nodded. "I knew he paid a month's rent on an empty house, and wondered. He had so little money—"

"Mr. Nash backed out," Rachel murmured soberly. "I—I stayed here."

"Of course. But that wasn't square with Joie."

"No, it wasn't. It put him back where he had been, a hushed little boy. Still," Mother added exactly, "there never was a fighting Culpepper."

THE girl laid on the table the big, flat package she held. She wouldn't sit down.

"I'm glad Joie's a Culpepper," she cried. "That's why I worship him; he's so like you. Oh, I know," Reddy stammered, "you don't approve of me. That infernal bathing suit queered what chance I might have had. But just the same, I'm for you. A darned good sport, you are. You don't make a holy show of yourself, fighting back, but you don't let things get you down. Joie wouldn't, either, if this cotton business didn't poison him. Talk about alchemy of the soil: what he gets out of Bear Creek 'bottoms' is miasma."

Mother looked away. Fumblingly she fitted the rubber on a can and screwed down the top.

"Listen, Rachel," the girl's slim fingers gestured dismissal, "I didn't come to say what I have, but to ask a favor. Think you could scrape up some postage money—as much as fifty cents? I'll pay it back. Want to get this picture right off."

"I'll see."

Mother washed her stained hands and went to the dish-cupboard. It didn't seem worth while to look, not with Ira, always out of change, scenting nickels and dimes as a dog does raw meat. But the change she had dropped in a cup was still there. Fine! She slipped fifty cents into Reddy's hand.

"But you can't send anything today," she said. "The carrier's gone."

"I'm going to walk up the railroad track to Fallis."

"Eight miles—there and back?"

"Rats on eight miles!" scoffed Reddy.

She took her package and went to the door, then wheeled. "I won't be so mean," she muttered. "I know you're dying to see this."

Carefully she undid cord, protecting cardboard, and folds of tissue. When she held the picture up, Mother's eyes narrowed. Like the bird-study, seen too close this was all of a flatness, as if colored paper had been cut and pasted there, tint on tint. At a distance the scene blossomed, you might say.

Rachel Nash was seeing blocks of earth shading from umber to coral; shadows, royal purple, deepening to black. And, possessing it like a blithe spirit, was a shimmery green-and-white host—cotton. Such beauty! But suddenly Mother wanted to cover her face and weep. For the rack-a-bones figure with the dragging sack, who had stopped to search the sky for a cloud—the young-old picker with sagging shoulders and waving hair sweated to his forehead—was Joie!

Mother knew little of modern art, but she did know what was real. When she was alone again, her thoughts clung to the pathos of Reddy's masterpiece. This was what life had done to the boy once journeying in his forest of a thousand hopes; her impertinent one who, instead of crying when he was hurt, had bugged his eyes and stepped high behind his father—Joie, who had come to know but one thing—to get his stint done and lie down in something deeper than sleep.

Rachel Nash had filled her last can when the boy whose failure filled her, waking and

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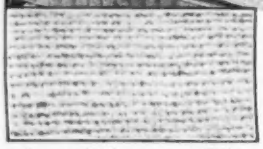
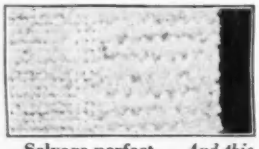


Center fold strong . . *Taken under a microscope, this unretouched photograph shows center fold of Dwight Anchor, firm as new after these tests.*



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Now you can buy these durable sheets in soft, new colors, too. Colors that are unreservedly guaranteed . . . pink, blue, nile, maize, rose, peach, and orchid, or white with hems of these tints. Complete bed sets packed in gay boxes for Christmas gifts.

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SHEETS · PILLOW CASES · SHEETING · TUBING

***Manufactured since* 1840**

Reddy

sleeping, appeared in the doorway. Joie looked as if the August sun had at last "got" him; sort of dazed and blinded. Once, when he was fourteen, Mother had gone to the south slope and found him swooned beside his hoe. It had just missed being that now.

"Maw," Joie said, and glanced anxiously around the kitchen, "Reddy hasn't been to the field, and she isn't at the house."

"Want something special?" Mother drew the coffeepot forward on the stove. "Maybe you're hungry."

"No. No, I just wondered where Reddy was."

Mother hated to say *where* she was, but—yes, she'd have to. "She went to Fallis to mail her painting," this casually. "Come in, son. There's fried chicken; I was going to bring it over for your supper. I saved a bowl of blackberries, too."

Dints that Rachel feared came about the boy's humorous mouth.

"How'd Reddy go?" he asked. "Dad leave the gin and take her in the wagon? Did she wear overalls?"

"Joie, she walked. She didn't like to trust that big canvas with the carrier; it might get jammed. No, not her overalls. She wore gray flannel knickers with a white shirt and green tie. I guess Fallis is used to girls dressing like that."

"Yes," Joie nodded; "yes, it is."

Mother pulled a chair out from the table. "Sit down," she begged. "Maybe a cold drink would taste good. I've got lemons."

"I'd rather have coffee. I'll stand here and drink it, Maw. If Dad comes and catches me loafing, he'll kill me."

Joie reached for the cup. Over it he gave Mother a wistful look.

"You see how it would be if Dad hadn't changed his mind about moving to Stillwater—my mashed hand—every cent all of us made going into this farm?"

"Of course," Mother agreed. She added, "Drink your coffee, son, and I'll go and pick with you."

RACHEL NASH got her own cotton-sack, and they trailed up through the stunted jack-oaks to the south slope. The upper part of this field had been thinned by nimble fingers, crisped a little by the sun, but lower down, where submoisture still lingered, the crop was lushly overgrown. Mother's eye caught the miracle of huge, hibiscus-like blooms, cream-white and shell-pink; the polished jade of unopened bolls—wide-bursting cotton, that stretched and trailed as if already reaching out for the looms of the world.

Mother liked to pick. She had no more than ducked under the barbed-wire fence after Joie than her small, work-scarred hand went surely to an open boll, grasping all five "locks" at once. Dear, that Joie still wanted her with him; that his wife wouldn't mind how chummy they were. Reddy did have sensible ways for the bride of a summer. If Joie went to sleep while she read to him—didn't he need sleep? If he wadded a satin pillow under his sweaty neck—what was a pillow for? If he neglected to shave off his shadow of a beard—wasn't he hers anyway? Maybe she was absorbed in her painting.

Rachel Nash had seen married geniuses living in a charmed world, opening a shining door of their own and closing it behind them. One thing, if Joie were *outside*, he didn't know it yet. He was too harried and ill and, withal, too much in love, to know anything.

It was late August when Reddy begged fifty cents to send away the painting, and she didn't paint any more. Most of the time she was planning with Mother something to tempt a sick boy's appetite, or digging through a doctor book. Joie was kept on his feet. Up to the middle of September he hadn't missed a day in the field, nor a chore at the barn. He was like a machine wound up to certain hours. A lucky thing, for that was a cotton year!

Reddy

When the crop was at its bursting height, Nash did a great stroke of business: he hired Joie a dozen pickers, and, with the cotton-saws buzzing day and night, paid for the tall, gaping gin and the ground it stood on.

"We own a business now," he told his son.

A magic word, "we." Mother thought she saw Joie yield under it, melt into it. Was it possible for her ambitious one, who had studied Latin by a dark lantern, to become, after all, a Nash? Would Bear Creek ever come asking him about long-lint cotton and boll-weevil-less cotton; about terracing and conservation of the spring rains? And if they did —what was beyond that? Right here was a moment of great trembling.

But Rachel Nash hadn't quite given up. Maybe she hoped for a miracle—the *mother* of it. The last day she went soberly eastward across the barnyard, it was Joie's "turning-out" time, hot as a furnace. The low sun had kindled such fires on the bungalow windows, she must shade her eyes with one hand while with the other taking a firm grip on the dish she carried. Thankfully she ducked under the spreading oaks, passed through the shadowed porch, and entered the living-room. Here only whiteness and bareness welcomed her—stiff chairs, prim dining-table; an easel made for use. Left, was the bedroom with one drift of color, Stillwater's gift-pillows. And straight ahead showed the clean kitchen shouldered by another room, now just a room; nothing there but the bookcase Joie had begun and would never finish.

WHEN she turned at a leaping step on the porch, there was Reddy with the mail. Rachel Nash felt a quickening of the pulse—she wondered why. She saw how wind and sun had scattered gold-brown flecks across the girl's audacious nose and under her warm hazel eyes; how like a nimble boy in overlong curls and quenching coveralls she was. And my, she was thin—thinner even than Joie! Maybe she was fasting—a fad of the summer. But this wasn't what riveted Mother's attention—no. It was something unexplainable; a splendor that surely hadn't been there before. Maybe it was triumph.

"Rachel," the girl cried, "you can't guess—"

There was a pause—a regathering of wits.

Reddy's gaze took in the platter Mother held in her hands.

"My gollies," she staggered back, overcome —a gesture borrowed from Joie—"the nice brown chicken!"

"I saw your light later than usual, last night." Mother moved with Reddy toward the kitchen. "Joie must have had a bad chill."

"Yes, he did." The girl's firm, red lips trembled. "The worst one ever. But I can stand his chills," she added, facing her visitor by the almost bare cupboard, "better than the fever. He tells so many things when he's out of his head—little-boy things, like going a long way in the night to shake hands with a pony he raised and trained—Selim, wasn't it? Anyway, the colt he was going to raise school money on, and Big Man sold from under him."

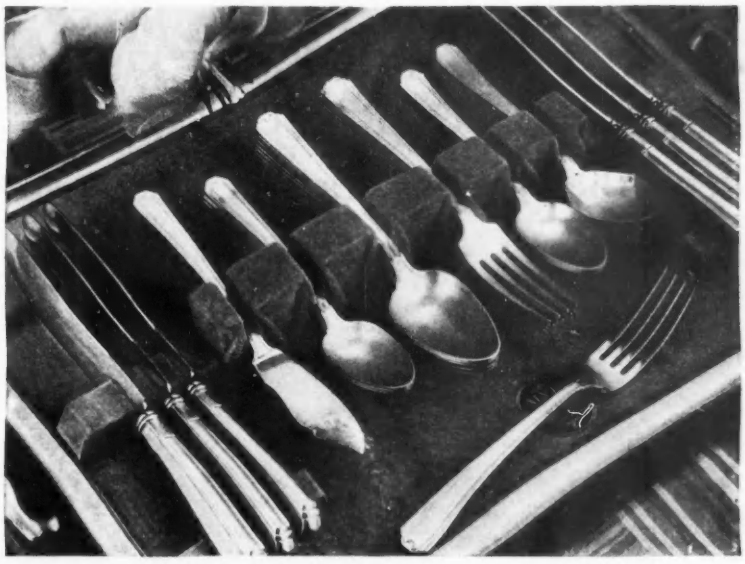
Mother had listened to her boy—out of his head. She was just saying so when the boy, himself stumbled up the steps and pushed open the screen door. When they hurried out of the kitchen, there he was, blue around the mouth, eyes away back in his head.

"'Lo, Maw," Joie mumbled. And, to Reddy: "Wake me in a pair of minutes, Sweetie. Not chore time yet, is it?"

"It is not," his wife said firmly. "Come and lie on the bed. I'll take off your shoes. Here, Rachel," she snatched a folded blanket from a chair—"you tuck him up."

Any kind of chill is bad, and this was a hard one. On the gay-pillowed bed Joie Nash tied himself in a knot and shook till his teeth chattered.

"We need a doctor for this," Reddy muttered, "and we're going to have one."



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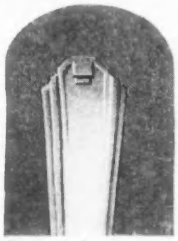

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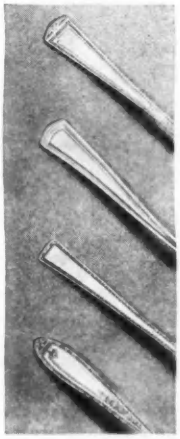

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In using advertisements see page 6

These MODERN OUTDOOR CLOTHES

keep the youngsters warm and snug

Let the wind blow and the snow flurry—youngsters will keep warm and dry in Zip-Ons

ZIP-ONS—the suits that children can put on themselves . . . the fastener is guaranteed never to stick or rust

THESE modern outdoor togs for youngsters are smart, warm, easy-to-get-into. The guaranteed fasteners zip open or close so smoothly and swiftly that even small children can manage their own.

The complete Zip-On Suit — smart sport blouse with leggings to match—will protect your children against abrupt changes in temperature.

Zip-On Outdoor Togs are made of soft, durable cloths. They are smartly cut and finely tailored.

Zip-Ons are long-wearing and economical. They clean beautifully or may be washed.

Made in a full range of lovely colors. Knitted bands of contrasting shades at the wrists and waist add a gay trim. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Blouses and leggings may be purchased separately.

Zip-On Leggings

On or off with three swift zips—these smart little leggings banish all fastener trouble. Made in a variety of colors and a range of durable cloths, sturdily woven to withstand hard wear.

Sold in leading stores throughout the country. Ask your favorite dealer for them. Manufacturer: Howlett & Hockmeyer Co., Inc., New York City.

Zip . . Zip . . On go leggings and smart little blouse. Even small children can manage their own

ZIP-ON

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

This label in every genuine Zip-On garment—insist on seeing it, for Zip-Ons are guaranteed to satisfy.

ZIP-ON

LEGGINGS

BLOUSES • • SETS

Reddy

Then she and Mother listened and looked hard at each other. Ira Nash was there. They heard his heavy step on the porch and in the living-room; it turned their way. Ira's big, fresh, almost-handsome face was red as a beet. Mad all through, he was.

"What you mean, going to bed without pumping water for the stock?" he demanded of Joie.

And when Reddy dodged around and jammed between him and the bed:

"What you got to say about it, Red-head? Get out of my way."

"You let Joie alone." It was a shrill threat. Reddy didn't stir from where she was. "Sweet papa, can't a fellow have a chill in peace? If there's any water pumped, I'll pump it."

"No, you won't; he will. You're spoiling him till salt won't save him."

Nash snatched the blanket and flung it on the floor. "Get up," he ordered loudly, "and do your chores."

"Stay where you are," Reddy cried.

Then, as Joie drew himself up, shaking, and swung stiffly around so his stockinged feet were on the floor, the girl threw back her head and looked at Nash as if she could kill him—glared—clenched her fists—and said something awful for a girl.

"Curse you, Big Man." She said it over and over, her voice rising.

"Now, ain't you a pretty thing," Nash shamed her, "getting off your rough stuff! Why don't you say 'dam' and done with it?"

Joie, himself, answered this. "Wait, Dad, I got something to say— No, no, Sweetie—" he pushed aside Reddy's swift, detaining hand and wabbled upright— "I'll stand up to talk. I got something to say," he repeated, steadying his nervous utterances. "Wait a minute."

"I've waited long enough," Ira threatened. "I want the stock watered—now."

"What I got to say," Joie answered ominously, though his lips were stiff, "is, I'm not going to do the chores, and my wife's not going to do them. If they're done, you'll do them yourself."

"Like Heck I will!" Nash shouted. "You stir your lazy stumps out of here."

"I'll get out, all right. I've been thinking of that very thing," Joie said. "And I'll go to work for some one honest enough to pay me."

Rachel Nash stood at the foot of the bed, her two hands gripped there, holding herself upright. She didn't make a move, a sound. But she looked straight at her son—a wide look that said plainly as words,

"A fighting Culpepper; praise God, a fighting Culpepper!"

Nash was looking, too, his bitterish lips apart. He had not meant to go that far. He swallowed.

"Where you going?" he blustered, studying hard the pinched face of his son. "How you going to get there?"

"I'm going. Don't worry how I get there—I got a way."

WHEN Joie slumped on the edge of the bed and began putting on his shoes, Nash was dumbfounded. He wheeled on Reddy.

"I blame you for this. You're a plumb little bluff, you are. What do you care about Joseph's chills? How much have you helped him?"

"As long as I thought he was making anything for himself," Reddy's set chin tilted higher, "I blistered my hands chopping cotton and unhinged my back picking. I thought he'd have a vacation sometime. When you sprung that new field on him, I chopped there alone, *you* remember, while he cleaned the gin-yard, oiled the machinery, shoveled tons of rotten seed, and after a day of that chored around the barn."

"What did you expect him to do?" Nash interrupted angrily. "Set in the house I made and look pretty? What did you expect to do?"

"My share. But you hogged all the money and made us run up bills."

Safe, Simple and Effective

THIS ORIGINAL ULTRA-VIOLET LAMP

now available for every home!

WHETHER or not you will give yourself the tonic benefits of ultra-violet rays, only you can decide. If you choose to join the thousands who are now enjoying modern indoor sun rays, what equipment will you need? Will you purchase a "sun lamp" that merely produces light—one that merely radiates heat—or one that gives *a scientifically correct and safe concentration of tonic ultra-violet rays?*

Fortunately the world's best medical advisors have already established standards for your choice. Over a period of twenty-five years they have considered and compared all devices designed to produce ultra-violet rays. Their final choice is the Hanovia Alpine Sun Lamp—now used the world over, by more than 163,000 physicians, hospitals and sanitaria.

Only a year ago, the Alpine Sun Lamp was offered for tonic home use in a simplified model as easy to operate as an electric fan. It has the same essentials as the larger model, but sells at a much lower price.

Laboratory tests prove that the Home Model produces the most beneficial type of ultra-violet rays for tonic use. Yet disturbing elements such as excessive heat and light rays are entirely excluded.

Ask your family doctor about the Hanovia Alpine Sun Lamp. He will tell you of the tonic benefits it brings. But he will tell you, also, that regardless of the claims made for any health equipment, self-diagnosis and self-treatment of sickness should be avoided. And there we agree—when you are sick, let the doctor prescribe.

But if you are seeking to maintain and enhance your enjoyment of life through new energy and increased health—sign and mail the coupon TODAY. Promptly you will receive the free, authentic booklet giving the whole story of ultra-violet rays, and full details of the Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp. (Special payment plan offered.)

HANOVIA CHEMICAL & MFG. CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

New York — Chicago — San Francisco — Cleveland — Philadelphia — Atlanta — London — Paris — Hanau — Tokyo — Tientsin — Johannesburg — Rio de Janeiro — Buenos Aires

The outstanding Hanovia features of efficiency, safety and convenience are worth much more than any initial saving made on inferior equipment. Particularly so, when you consider that a mere few minutes' exposure to Hanovia indoor sunlight gives ultra-violet benefits equivalent to those gained from a much longer exposure to outdoor sunlight.

Anyone who follows directions can operate the Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp with absolute safety and efficiency. Never sputters or throws off dangerous fumes and sparks. New safety cut-off switch controls length of exposure.

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The ALPINE SUN LAMP

In using advertisements see page 6

How to Decorate *with* Color Lights.. *for Christmas*

BE sure your lights for this year's Christmas decorating are NOMA Color-Lights. Each NOMA outfit has an *extension connector*, so that it can be strung on to another set, merely by plugging in. Thus you can create attractive and elaborate decorative effects with long, continuous strings of sparkling color lights; and you can add a new set or two each year. . . . NOMA Color-Lights have exclusive little red bead attachments to fasten each tiny lamp to the tree so that it will stand up like a fairy candle. *All Noma Outfits are equipped with Mazda Color Lamps*, for sturdiness, dependability and low current cost. You can see the NOMA name stamped plainly on each patented Bakelite socket—and the MAZDA name stamped on every lamp.

Send for Decorating Booklet

Send 10 cents for the fascinating booklet, "Decorating with Color-Light, 54 Plans for 'Parties They'll Remember'," giving beautiful and unusual ideas for decorating at Christmas and other festive occasions. Your friends will enjoy these novel displays, all so simple to achieve with these radiant NOMA Color-Lights. Noma Electric Corp., Dept. 21, 340 Hudson Street, New York City.

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STRINGS OF COLOR
lights

Noma Electric Corporation, Dept. 21,
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Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send me "Decorating with Color-Light, 54 Plans for 'Parties They'll Remember'."
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LINCOLN LOGS
AMERICA'S NATIONAL TOY

Good Toy Dealers sell them at
$1, $2, $3,
$4 and $5
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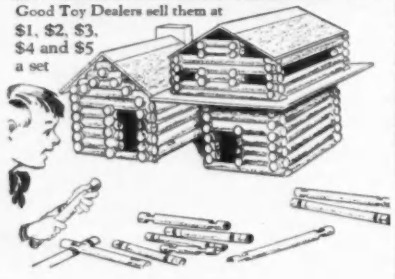

Boys and girls who already have Lincoln Logs always want more—include Lincoln Logs in your "Christmas List"—they provide happy, instructive play hours without the parents' supervision Youngsters become absolutely fascinated in working out building schemes with Lincoln Logs.

Lincoln Logs, 232 E. Erie St., Chicago

Reddy

"So you took it out on me, messing with paints," Nash summed up. "Sat in the shade and painted, while Joseph worked."

"That's exactly what I did," the red-haired one admitted with brazen triumph. "Joie was willing. He took on double duty so I *could* paint."

"Of all the bold-faced—!" Nash began; then paused.

Joie had finished his shoe-lacing. He stood up beside Reddy, his arm around her. Save for the deep, sunken blue of his eyes he was absolutely colorless.

"I got something more to say, Dad. You won't like it, but you listen and kill me afterward."

"I ought to knock your block off," Nash yielded furiously; "but, maybe, if you talk long enough, you'll say something. I hate to find I've raised an idiot."

"Well, you have. I've been an idiot, thinking there was anything for me on this old slope. Dad, you're the bluff. You may be the hard-working man without a bad habit that Bear Creek calls you, but you're not the honest man it calls you. You're a plumb thief. Haven't you taken every cent of Maw's poor little earnings? When she crocheted lace till she had a felon, didn't you sneak the pay and use it for lodge dues? Her hundred-dollar check that comes every year from the Culpepper estate, has she had a chance with it, more than to sign her name on the back?"

It was a showdown now. No man likes to be placed in a bad light before his wife.

"What did your mother want of money," Nash retorted, "here and no place to spend it?"

He turned to the erect figure at the foot of the bed.

"Ain't I and you got along all right, girl?"

"That makes no difference," Joie insisted, "about your not keeping your fingers off money you didn't earn. It isn't just Maw's money. Take the time Cynnie won a prize for the best loaf of bread. I was actually afraid of a man who could see a five-dollar bill through the toe of a slipper. I used to grin behind your back, but I was afraid to face you. You made me a cringing softy who let his mother shoulder his loads, a yellow hound that slunk back when his mate took your kicks."

Over and over Joie Nash had thought these things, and now he was saying them. He was looking his father straight in the eye. He had risen above chills—above everything.

"It isn't in you to give your family a square deal, Dad," he continued after a breath of pause. "A man who treats nice women as you have Maw and Reddy is crooked—crooked as a dog's hind leg. Maw—I can't help what you do to her; I tried that. But Reddy's mine, and from now on I'm going to give her something besides kisses. I'm going to get her back in the university—*and take care of her.* That's why I say I'm done with you. You hear me, Dad—done with you."

JOIE'S father stood blinking. He had the bedazed appearance of one who sees a paralytic shocked into jumping up and carrying the bed out of the house. To be just, he had expected his son to become inured to the cotton business; to be at twenty-five, say, a Nash. The tyrant almost staggered, as he turned his narrowed eyes from the skinny, blue-lipped rebel before him to the red-haired wisp in coveralls. Exceeding bitterness flavored his next remark.

"I've been a fool, Red-top, wanting you in the family. I took you for a sane little cuss that would get Latin out of a boy's skull and fill the cavity with gumption. You ain't what I took you for, by a long shot. You ain't—nothing."

It was something to have the last word. But Ira Nash had received a terrible blow. He talked about it at home, after the chores were done and supper over.

"Of course," he summed up to his wife, "I ain't the only Dad past fifty that's had his hand bit." And, after a brooding pause: "Mebbe my bite won't take. How's them smart Ikies going to get to Stillwater? Margaret Foss is away with her truck. They can't walk and carry their stuff—not with Joseph chilling."

Ira Nash didn't lose any sleep over what had happened or might happen. He turned in, early. There was this difference: before going to bed he kissed his wife's smiling mouth.

"I didn't know you needed money, girl—" (this was the apology of his life)—"or would use it if you had it. You must tell me those things."

HOURS after Bear Creek rested, Rachel Nash pottered about her kitchen, doing little things day had elbowed aside. But tonight she drew her little sewing-chair to the east window and sat watching Joie's light. There were no audible sounds save her husband's snores and an occasional weird laugh from the little red-eyed owl in the ivy; but as thought clamored, a smile wimpled the watcher's face, or a spasm, as of tears, puckered her chin.

It was after ten when she saw something that made her lean in her chair. Against the lamp-lighted oblongs over there under the jack-oaks, a slim figure appeared, running and dodging toward her as the path itself zigzagged. It was Reddy. When Mother turned to the door, there she was, beckoning.

"Is Joie worse?" Mother whispered the minute she was outside. "Shall I phone for a doctor?"

"Fever had him down an hour, but he's up now," Reddy replied, low. "He's shaving. Don't look so sick, Rachel—laugh. Something has happened—something splendid. It happened in the mail today, just before we had the bust-up with Big Man, and I had the sense to keep it under my hat. Not even Joie knows it. Wait till I get the car out, and I'll show you."

Rachel Nash thought she must be dreaming. Dazedly she followed her companion into the shed. The car? Why, the car wouldn't run, or—but wait! The risen moon had found a chink in the loose roof over them; a luminous pencil of it etched the girl's excited face and the odd bit of steel she was fitting under the hood of the machine—the steel Mother had taken for a bed-caster.

"I'd like to see an old Ford run without its timer-roller," Reddy grinned. "Greasy work, though, getting it in place, and Joie and I are putting on our best things." She squeezed behind the car and began heaving.

"What you trying to do?" Mother asked. "Can't I help?"

"You might. Got to get this old boat out of here. Like to get it as far as the lane—all down-grade. Don't hurt yourself; no need. There, that's the ticket. Good!"

Out in the broad moonlight, tough weeds slapping their ankles, they guided the lurching car and listened toward the house. It was not till they had turned out of the barnyard toward the bungalow that Reddy slipped a glossy fold of paper in Mother's hand.

"Lookie, Rachel. It's four figures—and no cents!"

Mother held the slip close and peered. *It was four figures.* Her mind flew to the mark.

"You've sold the painting—'The Cotton Chopper'?"

"I'll say I have—in a magazine-cover contest. Think what it means to Joie and me; a house to ourselves and no odds to any one. How we can study! How we can afford gasoline to come back for the week-end! Think Big Man will keep a gun ready for us?"

"Not when he knows about this check."

"That's why everything he said about me rolled off like water on a duck's back," laughed Reddy. "That's why I'm urging Joie to go while he sleeps. Tomorrow he'd find a way, if he broke a leg, to hinder our going. You get us right off, Rachel."

Reddy

"Of course."

As they entered the bungalow there sounded the rattle of a tin tub kitchenward—Joie at his bath.

"I'll scrub in the bedroom," Reddy told Mother, "while you finish the suitcases."

There followed the splash of water, the running of bare feet; click of high heels; a gush of heady perfume. But Joie was dressed first. When the kitchen door swung back, there he stood in white laundered trousers and wash silk shirt. His hands showed dark and broken-nailed against the white; hot color stained his lean face—excitement, rising above fever.

Mother followed to the bedroom and watched him gloss back his trimmed hair. Reddy knotted his tie. They stood there laughing together—oh, surely not the youngsters in overalls who had dragged cotton-sacks—no! Beings from another, a stranger, and—yes, Rachel Nash admitted it—a dearer world! Reddy, in her bright-buckled pumps and shimmery stockings; doll-dress of green and brown with a rose on the shoulder; hair like polished flame, mouth a bleeding-heart; Joie, his shoulders back, chin up— A pain tugged at Mother's heart—a glorious pain.

It was Reddy who blew out the light, locked the front door, and gave Mother the key.

"We're giving you the house," she laughed, "and everything in it."

Joie carried the suitcases, Reddy her precious easel, and Mother a blanket to protect a boy's and girl's best clothes from a dusty seat. Stepping lightly beside their black shadows, they ducked under the tented oaks and crossed the barnyard, so reaching the lane and the car. Mother's lamp burned on in the kitchen. At certain raucous sounds Joie bugged his eyes in the old absurd way. Then he took his mother against his lean shoulder and smoothed her hair.

"I got him down, Maw," he whispered grimly; "*now you step on him.*"

It was awful, but Mother laughed. She nodded.

"'By, Maw," Joie hugged her hard; "don't forget how to make cobblers."

When he went around and pretended to fix the blanket he couldn't see, it was Reddy's chance. There was a breath-taking silence. Then:

"Mother," the girl murmured awkwardly, "you run back in the house and do whatever you were doing. If this darned car makes too much racket, you cover our get-away best you can."

"*Mother!*"

Standing close, the two leaned to each other, drew closer, and clinched tight.

"I love you, I love you," whispered Reddy.

"And I," said Rachel Nash, "love you—*my girl.*"

Mother felt her way into the house. Beside the kitchen table she found her mending and took a few fumbling stitches. She listened, her heart choking her. Then she smiled. She had heard the rasp of a starter; the clutch of gears; the purr of an old roadster—*going steadily on.*

Sun Substitutes

(*Continued from page 94*)

Sun Lamps: You can buy today lamps that produce more intense ultra-violet rays than the sun ever gives off, even in summer. Very short exposures of skin to these lamps will accomplish vitamin D formation that is attained much more slowly in the out of doors. You can buy other lamps that almost exactly counterfeit the sun's spectrum. You can buy them with filters that reduce intensity and with timing devices that cut them off when further exposure would burn you, and you can buy them without such devices and be your own clock. With them you are independent of weather. On cloudy, sunless days babies can get their sun baths just the same. But remember, when you use them, that even if a short exposure *is* good, more is not!

The greatest drawback to our use of these tools today lies in our lack of knowledge of just how long to use them without turning good into evil. For that reason I'd say let the doctors practise for a while with the high intensity lamps, and content yourself with the lower intensity types. Whichever you buy, follow directions to the letter, and be sure that you get a lamp that is a sun lamp in performance and not simply in name.

Sun therapy today recognizes at least three regions of the sun's spectrum that have definite but distinct values—the ultra-violet region, the visible rays, and the heat rays in the infra-red. The first are essential to lime utilization control (vitamin D formation). The visible rays may have some value in this activity and perhaps other values not yet realized. The infra-red rays are useful in setting up counter-irritation and relieving congestions.

When you buy a lamp, then, know what you want, and be sure you purchase to meet that want. A lamp that gives much heat and visible light, but no ultra-violet, may relieve your cold symptoms, but do not ask it to make vitamin D, for it can not. Similarly, do not get an ultra-violet lamp with little heat effect, if instead of vitamin D formation you want counter-irritation. When you want a good wood working tool, you usually ask the carpenter to recommend. Let your doctor advise you on health lamps and show you how to use them.

Natural Dietary Sources of Vitamin D: Cod-liver oil is getting much exploitation under the name of "bottled sunshine." I have tried to make clear that exercise in the sun is a mixed benefit due to many factors. One of these is the manufacture by our bodies of vitamin D under the stimulation of the ultra-violet rays of the said sunshine. Until we learned what vitamin D was, how to separate its inert chemical substance from certain products, and activate it, cod-liver oil was the richest natural source of this vitamin in active form. One way, then, to insure baby's getting enough vitamin D is to feed him cod-liver oil. It is a means of supplying the vitamin D that he could make himself if his skin had enough ultra-violet rays impinge on it. Its use is good insurance against deficiency in this bone-forming factor, and in addition it contains in great abundance another vitamin which he needs (vitamin A) but which no amount of sunshine would assist him to form.

Just how much vitamin D does he need? If we could answer this question concretely, our handling of babies would be simpler. We know that aside from fish oils, foods in general contain only relatively small traces of this factor. Sun-grown vegetables contain small amounts. Milk has a little. Egg-yolk is a little more concentrated source than milk, but none of these compares in richness with cod-liver oil.

If I could take a baby, expose him to sunlight so many hours per day, and supplement his diet only with egg-yolk, I might devise tests that would prove how much of each was minimal in requirement. Extended, this experimentation would ultimately tell us exact comparative values of natural food sources of this vitamin with or without combination with sunlight exposure. Such experiments are, of course, impossible under controlled conditions. You wouldn't care to have your child serve as the negative control. Our reliance has to be on animal tests, and they are not altogether transferable to human behavior.

The best we can do is to take the sick babies and by utilizing the various sources of vitamin D find out what cures them, but this doesn't tell us minimal amounts with exactitude. I

Most folks prefer Vanilla

OF ALL the tastes that Nature has produced, none has reached such heights of popularity as "Vanilla." Vanilla is preferred for making cakes, cookies, puddings, custards, ice creams and candies deliciously good.

But all is not vanilla that is so called. Vanillin and coumarin are used to produce synthetic imitations of the true extract. Some extracts made from real vanilla beans may be adulterated so that they lose much of their flavoring power.

There is one vanilla that the housewives of America can depend upon—Dr. Price's true Vanilla Extract. The juice is extracted from the finest sun-cured vanilla beans, then stored in wooden casks to permit its delicate flavor, strength and uniformity to reach the peak of goodness. Then it is bottled and sold. One spoonful of Price's Vanilla is equal to two or more of weaker, adulterated flavors, and the results are far more pleasing. Ask for Price's Vanilla Extract and be sure you get it. The picture of Price's Tropikid identifies the genuine.

Write for FREE Recipe Books

We will send out two recipe books, "Delicious Desserts and Candies" and "35 Appetite Helps for Mother," to those mailing us the coupon.

Price Flavoring Extract Co.
Dept. A-10, *Chicago, Ill.*

★

Dr PRICE'S VANILLA

Price Flavoring Extract Company
Dept. A-10, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me the two free recipe books as advertised in the December issue of *Good Housekeeping.*

Name _____
(*PRINT Name and Address*)
St. or R.F.D. _____
City _____ State _____

In using advertisements see page 6

Mothers

Your Vegetable Battle is Over!

No more tears, no more coaxing; science has made it "fun" to eat vegetables . . . as a million American mothers have happily discovered.

Now Children Will Eat Vegetables Eagerly!

VEGETIZED WHOLE WHEAT WAFERS

26 Leading Biscuit Companies

are collaborating to bring you Vegetized Wafers. One of these serves your territory and will supply you if your grocer cannot.

NEW ENGLAND
T. A. Huston & Co., Portland, Me.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC
Keebler-Weyl Baking Co., Phila.
Ontario Biscuit Co., Buffalo and Pittsburgh

CENTRAL
The Felber Biscuit Co., Columbus
Hekman Biscuit Co., Grand Rapids
Junge Baking Co., Joplin, Mo.
Lakeside Biscuit Co., Toledo
Manchester Biscuit Co., Fargo, N. D. and Sioux Falls, S. D.
Quality Biscuit Co., Milwaukee
Sawyer Biscuit Co., Chicago
Striethmann Biscuit Co., Cincinnati
Union Biscuit Co., St. Louis

SOUTH
Martin Biscuit Co., Birmingham
Tennessee Biscuit Co., Nashville
Vories Baking Co., New Orleans

MOUNTAIN STATES
Merchants Biscuit Co., Denver
Purity Biscuit Co., Salt Lake City

PACIFIC
Bishop & Company, Los Angeles
Mutual Biscuit Co., San Francisco
Tru-Blu Biscuit Co., Seattle, Spokane and Portland

CANADA
McCormick Mfg. Co., Ltd., London, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

CHILDREN who don't like vegetables may now be assured a constant and plentiful supply of health-protecting vegetable vitamins, mineral salts and roughage, for every child who likes cookies will like Vegetized Wafers!

Each delicious Vegetized Wafer contains the equivalent of one fourth its weight of fresh carrots, spinach, lettuce, tomatoes and celery.

These five vegetables supply the five vitamins, A, B, C, D and E and fourteen mineral salts, including calcium (the tooth and bone builder), iron and phosphorous. The exclusive Vegetization process removes the water (which is 90% of the vegetables) leaving the vitamins, mineral salts and vegetable roughage. This is then milled to a fine "flour" which, in turn, is baked into delicious Vegetized Wafers by 26 leading Biscuit Companies of America whose names are listed here.

Vegetized Wafers are beneficial to adults as well as to children. They are not fattening — and because of the strong alkaline reaction of the vegetables, these wafers help to correct Acidosis and other digestive disturbances, as your doctor will tell you.

At Your Grocers TODAY!

Good grocers throughout the United States and Canada can now supply you with freshly baked Vegetized Wafers. Buy a package or two today. Serve them with meals and between times — slip them in the school lunch boxes. Note the improvement in the general health of the family, which is sure to follow this increase in the amount of vegetables eaten. ***Genuine Vegetized Wafers are never sold in bulk!*** Be sure you get the box pictured above. Look for the word "VEGETIZED" on the label!

VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc., Union Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles

Mothers:
Send for this Free Book . . .

Vegetized Wafers are approved by Good Housekeeping, Child Life, Modern Priscilla, Delineator and other authorities. Send for this interesting free booklet describing the Vegetization process and giving recipes for using Vegetized Wafers.

VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc. 2GH1229
Union Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
Please send me the free book describing the Vegetization process.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

Sun Substitutes

have seen rats grow up in rooms devoid of ultra-violet rays on a combination of milk and whole wheat with no trace of rickets, but I have also failed to cure induced rickets in rats with this same food combination. When it comes to baby, therefore, I am inclined to say, "Let us use all the possible factors and be sure and give him enough," and then I am in the dilemma of perhaps over-dosing him. With the relative paucity of vitamin D in ordinary foods such as the baby can take, cod-liver oil today represents good insurance, and if of good quality has not yet in dosage determined empirically produced any harm. Ask your doctor how much to give him. Egg preparations, lettuce, milk and spinach, and certain food drinks are being advertised as containing vitamin D and as aids in supplying this factor. While lower in vitamin D content than cod-liver oil, their value as sources of this vitamin in the diet of child or adult is definite.

Irradiated Foods: It is increasingly evident that while the natural distribution of active ergosterol or vitamin D, is very limited, the distribution of inactive ergosterol is much greater both in kinds of foods and in quantities. If foods contain inactive ergosterol, they can be converted to active sources of vitamin D by suitable irradiation with ultra-violet rays. Their content of vitamin D will then obviously be directly proportional to the amounts of inactive ergosterol they held before irradiation. If food manufacturers were free to apply this irradiation treatment, the market would be much richer in these natural food carriers, but owing to a patent situation the actual irradiated foods available to you and me are few in number. One cereal product company and one manufacturer of yeast have to date been licensed under the patent controlled by the University of Wisconsin Alumni Foundation. The irradiation of these products and control tests by the University of Wisconsin insure the reliability of them as vitamin D sources.

Viosterol or Irradiated Ergosterol

The first solution of activated ergosterol marketed by an American manufacturer was put out by Mead Johnson & Co. under the name of "Acterol." They were licensed by the Wisconsin Foundation to make this product. Later four other drug houses also obtained licenses from Wisconsin. The American Medical Association Council then suggested the name Viosterol or Biosterol for such preparations, and that each firm market their product under one name, e.g., Viosterol, Blank Drug Co., etc.

The potency of irradiated ergosterol, however, introduced complications. It was found that over-dosage produced most disturbing effects. The purveyors of these potent sources of vitamin D have therefore paid particular attention to degree of dilution necessary to avoid damage, and to prescription clarity to avoid over-indulgence in these products. Their high potency makes them competitors with cod-liver oil as a source of vitamin D, and they will be valuable preparations if, as in the case of the lamps of high intensity, we remember that the directions for use are to be followed rigorously and not regarded as mere suggestions to be modified at will. Remember also that they are vitamin D preparations and differ from cod-liver oil in not containing any vitamin A.

Vitamin D Concentrates: There remains one other source of vitamin D. Starting with cod-liver oil, it is possible by fractioning methods to remove the oil and retain a concentrate of its vitamins A and D, or to make concentrates containing either A or D. Such concentrates permit tablet or capsule sources of the vitamins. If the concentrates are dissolved in liquid foods or blended uniformly with solid foods, they offer means of incorporating the vitamin in natural products. Such products are in the experimental stage today but will probably soon be market realities.

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IS EYESTRAIN ROBBING YOUR EYES OF YOUTH?

PERHAPS you think your eyes don't need glasses. But are you sure? It is never safe or wise to decide for yourself. You may be suffering from eyestrain and not know it. Have your eyes examined at least once a year to guard against possible trouble.

If you need glasses you will want the most modern of lenses —Tillyer Lenses. These crystal clear lenses are accurate to the very edge. They are the latest development of optical science to help eyes see clearly, restfully, without fatigue. They'll help to prevent and banish age lines, puckers and crows'-feet due to eyestrain.

Have your new modern Tillyer Lenses fitted in one of the many new modern frames of precious metals. The frame in the illustration is the Berkeley, engraved in solid white gold.

Write for a free booklet. Dept. 14, American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Accurate to the very edge

An AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY *product*

TILLYER LENSES

In using advertisements see page 6

BEAUTY depends on SKIN HEALTH

—more than ever in Winter

A lovely, clear complexion is a delicate treasure, needing especial care at this time of year. Krank's Beauty Teachers have shown thousands of women how Krank's Beauty Aids, noted for their purity, assist nature's work in keeping the skin vividly alive and healthy . . . so that a beautiful complexion can be kept unblemished in the most trying weather. Give your skin the care it needs for natural loveliness by using Krank's Products, . . . obtainable wherever quality beauty preparations are sold. The coupon and 10c will bring you a trial jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream and a book you will prize, "Beauty and Health".

KRANK'S LEMON CLEANSING CREAM—the original lemon cream. Cleanses your skin thoroughly.

KRANK'S LEMON FACIAL PACK—absorbs impurities dissolved by cleansing cream.

KRANK'S MENTHO-LEMON VANISHING CREAM—soothes and protects the skin.

KRANK'S SKIN-HEALTH FACE POWDER—Pure, and beneficial to the skin.

KRANK'S, St. Paul, Minn.
Enclosed is 10c for a trial jar of KRANK'S LEMON CLEANSING CREAM and your book, "Beauty and Health."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

KRANK'S

New York London Barcelona

"Rolling Down to Rio"

(Continued from page 33)

drowned again in the louder music. Forward and forward and forward it came, increasing in volume as it advanced, until, at the entrance of the grounds again, it swelled to a pæan of rejoicing; while to the light of the torches was added a brilliant shower of crimson stars that rose in fountains and fell in cascades from the Roman candles suddenly illuminated on every side. The colors, the sound, the symbolism of the festival were all indescribably exciting; and it was here, at the gate, that they seemed to reach their glowing and pulsating climax. For though we went afterward to the house and saw the two little brides prepared, for their nuptials—their feet painted with red, the wooden bowls of rice and corn and money placed before them—the feast prepared, the guests welcomed by the host, the supreme moment of the wedding ceremony remained for me that radiantly heralded arrival of the bridegrooms.

It was perhaps inevitable that, after an evening spent as thrillingly as this, our return to Port of Spain the following day should seem a trifle tame by comparison. But in any case, to the casual observer this city hardly fulfills the vision of romance which its name suggests. Elisabeth and I enjoyed our bargaining for bracelets and brasses in a little East Indian shop which we found, the delicious luncheon which Captain Demarest and his mother were kind enough to offer us—especially the coconut ice-cream and the luscious mangoes—and the drive over Lady Chancellor Road on which they took us. But we made no new discoveries of custom, architecture, or scenery; and since this is a voyage of adventure, we were not altogether sorry when we steamed away again over the turgid green waters of the Gulf of Paria—the *Golfo Triste* or sad gulf, as it is called in Spanish—stained by the muddy discharge from the Orinoco River.

Trinidad was undoubtedly a part of Venezuela at one time, and the coasts of both the island and the mainland, beautifully wooded in rich green, are visible throughout the passage between the two. At each end of the island, the "sad gulf" narrows to a slender channel, the one at the south being called the "Serpent's Mouth" and the one at the north the "Dragon's Mouth"; or, more colloquially, both are called simply the "Bocas"; and the progress past the picturesque little islands which cluster near the upper Boca and through the strait divide is made amid surroundings of unique and startling beauty.

The Blue Waters of Barbados

Beyond the Dragon's Mouth lie blue waters again, waters which gradually become more and more translucent and lovely as Barbados is approached, until they lie in the harbor at Bridgetown, in broad bands which shade all the way from turquoise to indigo. These marine shades are exquisite, and it is perhaps the color found on both sea and shore, more than any other one thing, that makes this island so beautiful. Some of the buildings are of tawny orange stucco, stained to still greater mellowness by age and weather—the famous old Crane Hotel standing squarely above cliffs and surf is one of these. Still more—among them the reconverted barracks with their long arcades—are of deep rose stucco; and often a wall of this rose is surmounted by a latticework of mauve; while everywhere flowers of tropical brilliance are clambering and spreading and blooming—bougainvillea, oleanders, frangipani, hibiscus, alamanda flamboyant. For the most part the island is flat, with few trees and endless. The old stone windmills used for grinding are the only elevations on the landscape here; but in the northern part there are green hills and valleys of ineffable charm, and this section is known as "Little Scotland."

To the swimmer and fisherman Barbados is a paradise on earth; and to the historian also it offers rare attraction. Its story is fascinating, and it was here, moreover, that George Washington came on his only journey away from the mainland, accompanying his elder brother, Lawrence, who was tubercular, and who had decided to see if his condition would not improve by a stay on the island which was famous even then as a health resort. The spacious country house where they were first entertained and the smaller town house which they later leased as a residence are still in perfect preservation; and the diary which George Washington kept at the time reveals the kindness with which they were received and treated in the quaint remark,

"Hospitality and genteel behaviour is shown to every gentleman stranger by the inhabitants."

The cordiality with which Elisabeth and I were received made us feel that lady strangers fare equally well! We were entertained at Government House, a wide-spreading colonial mansion in the midst of lovely, spacious grounds, and found Governor and Lady Robertson delightful hosts. The American Consul and Mrs. Brunswick also contributed hospitably to the pleasure of our stay, and through them we met the Reverend Antoinette Esterbrook, an American missionary cleric, who for nearly forty years has labored among the poor Barbadoes, without either financial backing or organization support, building and maintaining five churches, a mission, and a home for children! To supply the needed funds for this work she has intermittently gone on lecture tours, and for years has bought and sold old furniture, china, and silver—the charming old house in which she lives, and where these precious antiques are kept, having not the slightest appearance of a shop, but serving, nevertheless, as the headquarters for her business no less than her spiritual enterprises. I do not know when I have met a "laborer in the vineyard" whose work seemed to me more worthy of support and whose faith appeared to illumine her path so completely.

A Long Voyage

With this "surprise" part of my trip behind me—for, as I said at the beginning of this letter, I had not dreamed beforehand that I should be fortunate enough to see either British Trinidad or British Barbados on my way from one Latin American port to another—I settled down to an uneventful voyage, as placid as the seas over which I sailed. The only unique experience which it afforded was occasioned by the necessity of turning my watch backward, and then forward, in the course of the same trip—a necessity caused by the fact that the Eastern projection of South America is so enormous that one sails first southeast and then southwest to reach Rio de Janeiro from the United States or the West Indies!

With nothing to disturb the even tenor of my ways, I spent long uninterrupted hours in catching up with my correspondence, both personal and professional; and when at last I had achieved a clean slate, I turned to the perusal of everything about Brazil I could lay my hands on, in the hope of preparing myself not only to enjoy, but to understand, the wonderful place for which I was bound.

The effect of my intensive study was rather staggering. Brazil is a country of such tremendous proportions and productiveness that it lends itself readily to superlatives and statistics, and an effort to assimilate all these in a short space of time is apt to result in acute mental indigestion! But, sifting facts of relative unimportance—none of them is really unimportant—from those which should never be overlooked by any conscientious student or traveler, a few salient ones stand out with startling significance:

The rest of Latin America is Spanish in tradition, background, and language. The

"Rolling Down to Rio"

United States of Brazil are Portuguese, and have inherited from their mother country that vigorous sense of national individuality and solidarity which is so sturdily evident in Portugal. It has been an independent country since 1822, a republic since 1889. It covers almost half the territory, and contains almost half the population of all South America. It is larger than our United States—exclusive of Alaska; larger than all the countries of Europe—exclusive of Russia—grouped together. It has the greatest river system in the world and the longest unbroken coastline. It is the greatest coffee-producing country in the world, and it also produces, in vast quantities, rubber, sugar, cocoa, meat, precious and semi-precious stones, and various other things, though its resources are hardly tapped, much less taxed, as yet. It is the one country in South America which sends more to us in exports than it imports from us in return; and this unusual balance in trade is worthy of careful attention. For should we—for instance—be so unwise as to place a prohibitive tariff upon Brazilian products, it could retaliate with results which would be far more harmful to us than to itself. I do not mean to imply by this that there is the slightest strain in the commercial relations between the two countries; on the contrary, mutual goodwill is not only traditional but practical. Nevertheless, the significance of the ratio I have mentioned is unescapable.

Perhaps you are already familiar with all these facts, but I am reminding you of them because one of the most brilliant and delightful American women I know, who is in Rio at this same time, confessed to me her complete ignorance of them and her subsequent embarrassment; and these at least should be "read, marked, learned and inwardly digested" before beginning the briefest visit to Brazil, or the most casual observation of her character and condition. Indeed, I was glad, as my boat steamed into the world-famous harbor of Rio de Janeiro, that thanks to my long and peaceful voyage I had learned a little more than this; for it soon became evident that the contemplation of beauty would be likely to occupy more of my time, from then on, than profound and continued study.

Rio de Janeiro

The first view of the bay and the city, was, to be sure, somewhat disappointing, partly because we had been roused at five to make a landing which did not actually take place until eleven—the magnificence of the most wonderful scene in the world is apt to be dimmed by such an experience!—and partly because both the port and its encircling hills were obscured by the clouds and mist which are so prevalent in the morning during the Brazilian midwinter—which is, by the way, our midsummer, for the seasons, among other things, are reversed down here! But by noon, as usual, clouds and mist had rolled away; and the superb land-locked harbor lay revealed in all its glory, islands studding its waters, beaches curving about it, mountains towering above it.

By night I was gazing enthralled at the sequences of sparkling lights which outline the waterfront, feeling as if all the glittering topazes of this opulent country must have been strung together in one splendid chain to form a regal necklace for this queen of cities to wear. Surely no traveler, however jaded, can fail to thrill at the far-flung splendor of this place. And the thrill is not a momentary one, for the infinite variety of Rio de Janeiro's beauty is perhaps its most outstanding characteristic. I have seen it from almost every possible angle, from many of these angles over and over again; from the tops of buildings, from the water, from the mountains, from the air; from the shore and the distant countryside; and still I am constantly discovering new aspects of it, each aspect seeming more gorgeous than the one before.

When I went up Sugar Loaf—the huge granite cone which dominates the harbor like a perpetual sentinel—after being swung across space in the cable car of the aerial railway which connects it with the mainland, I thought I must have seen it in its most transcendent loveliness. It was late afternoon, and as the sun plunged suddenly into the sea, the mellow amber light of day turned swiftly to fiery rose, and the stars began to pierce this glowing and translucent color. Beneath me, smooth as a vast silken sheet, lay the harbor—fifteen miles long, and at its broadest point seven miles wide; the city, sixty miles square, its buildings white as imagined mansions of Paradise; and beyond both, the hills, some soft with the lush richness of tropical green, others starkly gray and gaunt, their sharp peaks lifted like daggers out of velvet: Corcovado, surmounted by the statue of Christ which stands with arms outstretched to form a human cross, as inescapable in its significance as in its eminence; the Organ Mountains, where the five "Fingers of God," no matter how often obscured by passing clouds, point unmistakably and everlastingly to heaven . . .

Nothing in the world, I thought, as I stood on the summit of Sugar Loaf, looking out at this panorama as overwhelming in magnitude as it is in loveliness, could surpass or even equal it in natural beauty. But when I saw it from other mountain tops—from Tijuca, at the point where the "Chinese View" is spread forth in strange, spectacular splendor; from Corcovado itself, standing beside that majestic figure of the crucified but living Redeemer—the most strikingly situated religious monument on this hemisphere—I realized that Sugar Loaf had given me only a foretaste of beauties still incompletely visioned; and as the days of my visit here have lengthened into weeks, I have found that each day reveals some wonder hitherto undiscovered. The overwhelming pride and joy, tinged with something akin to reverence and exaltation, which Brazilians feel in this capital of theirs, is a sensation inevitably shared by every stranger within its gates.

The Avenida

It would not be surprising if a city of such superlative characteristics should prove disappointing in its more intimate and everyday aspects. Mercifully—almost miraculously—it does nothing of the kind. It is a different sort of pleasure, of course, that we feel in walking down the Avenida Rio Branco, from that which we feel in standing on the summit of Sugar Loaf or Corcovado, but it is undiluted pleasure just the same. Only the older streets of Rio are narrow and dark and twisting; and in spite of its age, in spite of the ancient viaduct transecting a busy, up-to-date quarter, and the ancient, carved and gilded chapel of Saõ Bento set high upon a hill; in spite of occasional glimpses of old tiles and old grillwork and old courtyards, and other reminders of antiquity, Rio presents itself essentially as a modern city. This splendid Avenida, the main artery running through its heart, is broad and straight, its fine length shaded with splendid trees, its sidewalks paved in elaborate designs of black and white mosaic. The banks and steamboat offices are here, some of the principal hotels and shops, the Municipal Theatre, the National Library, and other important public buildings. Paris itself offers nothing more imposing in the way of a civic thoroughfare. Beyond it, at one end, lie the docks; at the other the residential avenues coasting the sea and beaches.

There are few apartment houses in Rio; for the most part, the houses, somewhat ornate but distinctly pleasing in design, are set at a comfortable distance from each other and surrounded by gardens. And besides these omnipresent private gardens, there are great public ones: the Botanical Garden with its vistas of hundred-foot palms, and its six thousand

Every mother who reads this . . .

will remember it... as long as she lives!

The father of a child in a middle-western city casually purchased a fever thermometer.

He had never been told that various state and municipal tests disclose that from fifteen to thirty out of every hundred fever thermometers tested are inaccurate.

The child was fretful for several days, but the fever thermometer registered only two-fifths of a degree above normal. Finally came convulsions. The family physician was summoned. He inserted a dependable fever thermometer. It registered one hundred and four degrees. Then, he angrily snapped the lying bit of glass that caused the trouble. The operation for appendicitis came too late to save the child.

Mothers who read this will immediately say to themselves, *"How can I be sure of getting an accurate fever thermometer?"* Here is the answer.

B-D FEVER THERMOMETERS are accurate and dependable. Ask any physician or nurse about **B-D FEVER THERMOMETERS** and you will discover that they are well and favorably known from Coast to Coast. For thirty-two years they have been a standard with the medical profession.

We are convinced that every mother who has read this will never forget as long as she lives to insist upon having an accurate fever thermometer. If she specifies "**B-D**" and looks for **B-D** on the fever thermometer, she will be safe-guarding the health of her family.

We have a free and very helpful booklet for alert mothers called "Guarding the Family Health". The coupon will bring you a copy.

A dependable fever thermometer gives you advance information of approaching illness and tells you when to summon your physician.

B-D FEVER THERMOMETERS

For thirty-two years a standard with the medical profession

BECTON, DICKINSON & CO., Rutherford, N. J.
Kindly send your booklet, "Guarding the Family Health."
[G.H. 12]

Name.....

Street & No......

City..... *State*.....

In using advertisements see page 6

NOTHING
but your
MONEY'S WORTH

EVERY year Good Housekeeping refuses thousands of dollars of advertising revenue from products which it feels do not qualify for its advertising guaranty. It cheerfully does so, for it is a small price to pay to keep the high standards which make Good Housekeeping a trustworthy buying guide.

Nothing that does not give you your money's worth may be advertised in Good Housekeeping. Before an advertisement is accepted, Good Housekeeping assures itself by careful tests and examinations of claims and values that each product is all that it promises. It must do its work economically and well and, in the case of foods, toilet preparations and pharmaceutical supplies, each must be manufactured under sanitary conditions and be absolutely free from impurities and injurious ingredients.

Then, as an additional safeguard, Good Housekeeping places its guaranty on every advertisement appearing in its pages.

Because of this, Good Housekeeping is the first place to look for anything you are planning to buy. If you see that it is advertised here you can be sure it will give you satisfaction. In the long run your pocketbook will be the gainer, for usually it costs less to live when things give better service and last longer.

It is especially convenient to use Good Housekeeping as your buying guide. You can find any advertisement quickly by turning to Page 6. Page 6 is Good Housekeeping's handily classified *Index to Guaranteed Advertisements*. On Page 6 you will also find the text of the guaranty with which Good Housekeeping protects your pocketbook.

An advertisement about Good Housekeeping

"Rolling Down to Rio"

varieties of tropical plants; the Quinta de Boa Vista, once the Emperor's private pleasure park. Everywhere there is the sense of spaciousness, of cleanliness, of verdure, of stimulating air and bright sunshine; everywhere the motto of "Progress and Order" with which Brazil's star-spangled flag is banded seems to be not only preached but practised. (This flag, by the way, reproducing the heavenly constellations on the night when Brazilian Independence was proclaimed, is the most symbolically imaginative one, except our own, that I have ever seen.)

So, as I have said before, there is undiluted pleasure in becoming acquainted with Rio through its streets and parks, and there is no abatement of this pleasure as we take the next logical step in learning to know her better, and enter the buildings which from the outside have impressed us so favorably. Among these are naturally the buildings where she houses her legislative bodies. The Brazilian Senate meets by itself in a replica of the "Monroe Palace" which was erected at the St. Louis Exposition, and which typifies the agreeable ornateness of style of which I have just spoken; while the Chamber of Deputies, separated from the Senate by almost the entire length of the city, is lodged with more magnificence than any legislative body that I have ever seen, with such a wealth of rare carved and inlaid woods and dark tooled leathers, of tinted marbles and soft carpets and heavy brocade hangings in reception rooms and committee rooms and council halls alike, that its details can not be grasped in a single visit. The foreign office—a vast private palace under the empire—is rich in the same treasures, and in some of the private houses which we are privileged to visit we find superb collections of antique jacaranda furniture and tooled silver, arranged with the utmost taste and discrimination.

Among these is the home of Madam Mesquita—Doña Jeronyma, as she is affectionately and generally called—the famous feminist of whom I shall have more to tell you by and by; and the home of Dr. José Marianno, former director of the School of Fine Arts, who, having spent eighteen years in assembling an unsurpassable collection of Brazilian antiquities, then spent four years more in constructing a proper setting for them. His house, the Solar de Manjope, a faithful copy of a seventeenth-century colonial mansion, faces the sea on one side and Corcovado on the other, and is set in the midst of a walled garden, in which he planted every tree. The taste, the knowledge, the affection, and the wealth which have gone into the creation of this estate have resulted in a perfectly blended example of landscape gardening, interior decorating, and architecture—a combination rarely found—and the morning which we spent there with him and his lovely Italian wife is one to which we shall always look back with the greatest pleasure.

South American Soccer

Contrary to popular opinion, Brazilians are extremely fond of sports, soccer being a great favorite; and a game which we attended between a Brazilian and a visiting Hungarian team—beginning at ten in the evening, and played in a setting of palms at the Flumenensia Club before thirty thousand enthusiastic fans—proved the occasion of such a discharge of firearms and such a display of fireworks that the excitement incident to the average college football game at home pales before it! The races, which take place once a week at the immense and spectacular Jockey Club near the Botanical Garden, provide another popular pastime, and much of the social life of Rio centers around this and "the other Jockey Club"—as it is somewhat confusingly called—on the Avenida Rio Branco, and the two beautifully located country clubs of Gavea and Ipanema.

A good deal of informal entertaining is done at these and other clubs; but whether one is entertained formally or informally, at a private

The Clever Way to Cook ROASTS

1. When the roast is ready for the oven, spread the surface with a liberal layer of Gulden's—one tablespoon to a pound of meat. Part of the mustard will stay on the roast, forming a crust to preserve the meat juice; the rest mingles with the juice in the pan.

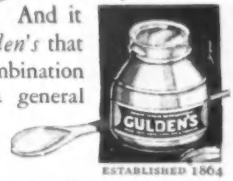
2. Frequent basting is important. It keeps the surface of the roast from drying and enables the richly seasoned juice in the pan to penetrate the meat, bringing out the hidden flavor and adding a subtle new appeal.

3. Just before the gravy is served add one tablespoon of Gulden's. This is necessary because additional liquid is added to the meat juice in making the gravy. By adding more seasoning, the gravy intensifies the delicious flavor of the roast.

For a *New*, Zest-exciting Relish

The chefs of great hotels are famous for their cooking because they know that "a touch of this and a taste of that" is necessary to give distinctive flavor to cooked dishes. Now clever cooks have discovered that Gulden's Blended Mustard contains the variety of delicate seasonings necessary to bring out and glorify the hidden flavor of meats and give an appetizing zest to cooked dishes. Gulden's Mustard is a perfect relish served with cold-cuts and in salads and sandwiches. And in the same easy way, it is an amazingly effective seasoning when spread over meats—roasts, steak and chops—fish, and poultry *before cooking*, mixed in vegetables and with left-overs, or when used in sauces and gravies.

It is the rare blend that does the trick—the world's finest mustard seeds to stimulate the appetite and spices from far lands to give a savory touch to familiar foods. And it is *only in Gulden's* that you find the combination necessary in a general seasoning for cooking.



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"Rolling Down to Rio"

house or at a club, one is especially fortunate when typically Brazilian food is provided. No description of my visit to Rio would be complete without at least a passing mention of some of these wonderful dishes. The first of these—first in every sense of the word—is *conja*, the soup which is really a meal in itself, thick with rice and cubes of chicken, steaming hot, savory, and nourishing as it is irresistibly tempting. Next on the menu are apt to come shrimps—and nowhere in the world are shrimps better than they are here—made into patties that look like muffins—*empadinhas de camarao*—or served with *chu-chu*—the delicate green vegetable of which we have no equivalent, cooked in butter and cut into slices like an apple. The hearty *feigoado* of rice and beans and beef mingled in a rich thick sauce does not seem to appear at "company meals," though it is worthy of a place at any table; and a conventional entrée, roast, and salad are apt to take its place; but coconut in some form is likely to form the dessert, and a "*manjar de coco*"—"coconut shape"—served by one of our hostesses with a rich, sweet sauce made from fresh guavas, was so delectable that I ventured to ask her for the recipe. It will, I know, need to go through a process of adaptation before it can be served at the average American table—dried coconut must, for instance, probably take the place of fresh; but with your ingenuity I feel sure you can accomplish this adaptation without undue difficulty, so I am sending you the directions just as they were given to me:

"Grate a good-sized coconut. Put it in a bowl with four cups of boiling water, cover, and when nearly cold, squeeze through a napkin. Put the liquid on the fire, sweetening to taste. Mix two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little milk, add this to the coconut water, and cook until the consistency of blancmange. Put into a shape (mold) and chill before serving."

You will gather, without much difficulty, that one is not likely to rise from the table feeling hungry after lunching or dining out in Rio, and indeed there is little chance of going unrefreshed at any hour of the day. Brazilians, who are very abstemious as far as alcoholic beverages are concerned, drink their own delicious coffee morning, noon, and night; and even the briefest and most businesslike visit is the signal for the appearance of a coffee pot and the requisite number of small cups, which are half-filled with the porous sugar of the country before the steaming black liquid is poured into them. If a visit is a leisurely one and takes place in the afternoon, coffee is apt to come first, then ices, and then tea—tea accompanied by toast and guava jam, by plum cake and coconut cake and rich, succulent candied fruit. One can not help wondering how Brazilian women—who are every whit as smart as Parisians—keep their lovely figures on such a diet. But they do!

A Model Village

Of all the copious and delicious teas which we have enjoyed, none has given us more pleasure than one which we took with Count and Countess Pereira Carneiro, at their villa in Nichteroy, across the bay from Rio. The trip to this agreeable suburb was made in a gay little private launch; and having disembarked at our destination, we mounted in a series of electric elevators the cliff upon which the villa is set, and took our tea on the veranda overlooking the great salt storehouses and drydock belonging to our host, immediately below us, and that ever-glorious, ever-changing panorama of bay and city and mountains beyond. Count Pereira Carneiro, the owner of one of the greatest newspapers in Brazil, is also one of its greatest industrialists; and aware that he and his wife had cooperated in building and developing a model village for their employees, I ventured to ask if we might not go and see this before we returned to town.

My request resulted in nothing less than a revelation. The model village to which we were promptly conveyed in motors was a place of such peace and loveliness that it took my breath away. It was the original conception of "Spotless Town" come true. The Count says the Countess is responsible for its existence, and the Countess gives all the credit to the Count, but anyway, there it is! Entering through an arched gateway, on either side of which are ranged neat little shops stacked with every necessity of life, where goods can be bought at cost, we passed into a tiny *praca*, where a beautiful little chapel and a beautiful little schoolhouse faced each other. Beyond, on either side of the trim, tree-bordered street, were ranged attractive cottages of stucco, each equipped with light and water, each with its own little terrace and garden.

We circled slowly about admiring it all and thinking, not without a pang at the contrast, of the squalid slums in which many American laborers live; but it was to the schoolhouse, above all, that we were irresistibly drawn. Accompanied by the school-mistress, a noble-looking woman who teaches not only the boys and girls, but men and women in the village—for there are night classes for all adults who desire instruction—we inspected it with mounting enthusiasm. Immaculate, attractive, and perfectly equipped, it offers free education for every child between the ages of five and fifteen whose father is employed at Nichteroy by Count Pereira Carneiro; and boys and girls who, by the time they have reached the latter age, have shown some special bent or talent are given an opportunity to develop it. Childless themselves, the Pereira Carneiros have provided countless children with the advantages which they would so joyfully have bestowed upon sons and daughters of their own. It is no little thing that they have done in thus contributing to the "order and progress" of Brazil.

The Y. W. in Brazil

The splendid philanthropic work which the Countess Pereira Carneiro is accomplishing at Nichteroy, though unique of its kind, is by no means the only sort of constructive educational welfare which is being achieved by a Brazilian woman. Dona Amanda Alvarez Alberto, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at a tea given by Miss Mary Jane Corbett, Y. W. C. A. Secretary for Brazil, has founded a model school for children in a very poor district between Rio and Petropolis—the summer capital—a district formerly so riddled with malaria that before curative measures were begun, every pupil that came under Dona Amanda's supervision had been stricken with it. In other directions also women are extremely active; I have met several women engineers, lawyers, and doctors whose professional standing is of the highest; the charming author, Doña Anna Amelia Carneiro de Mendonca—another Brazilian whom I met through the kind offices of Miss Corbett—has written exquisite verse, and was recently chosen by the students of Rio as the "Students' Queen"; while Doña Berta Lutz, who made such a deep impression at the Convention of the League of Women Voters in Baltimore several years ago, and with whom I was delighted to renew acquaintance in Rio, has devoted her life to the cause of suffrage. She is the President of the Brazilian Federation of Feminine Progress; and largely thanks to her brilliant and untiring leadership, women now vote in eight of the twenty states of Brazil, and one of these states—Rio Grande de Norte—has a woman mayor, a young widow with two children, and five women city councilors.

In her efforts Doña Berta has been ably and faithfully supported by the Vice-President of the Brazilian Federation, Doña Jeronyma Mesquita, of whom I have spoken before. This remarkable woman, a member of one of the oldest and most conservative families

"Rolling Down to Rio"

in Brazil, has shown great courage in her espousal of all sorts of progressive measures; for in addition to her work for suffrage she has found time and energy to engage in many other forms of public activity. She is one of the founders of the Brazilian Boy Scouts, and the Commanding Officer of the Brazilian Girl Guides; she is Vice President of the Y. W. C. A. and President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union; she is Treasurer of the Maternity Hospital, and a member of the Executive Committee for the Extinction of Yellow Fever.

It is, perhaps, on this committee that she is doing her most important work just now. For Rio, beautiful beyond description, charming past comprehension, and generally speaking one of the most healthful places in the tropics, is freeing herself for all time of that lurking and hideous disease which, like an evil enemy, has sought every now and then to mar her beauty and destroy her charm by making her unsafe. Yellow fever has not, to be sure, been so widespread as many persons have been led to believe. At the height of the recent so-called "epidemic" there were only about two hundred cases in the city; at the time of my arrival there had not been a single case in several weeks. But the possibility and the fear of it were omnipresent, especially among foreigners. The Argentine Republic had placed an embargo on all boats proceeding from there, and even before I left the United States I was warned not to go there. Fortunately for me, rumored epidemics do not alarm me any more than rumored revolutions! Reports of both are apt to be greatly exaggerated. And if I had allowed myself to be frightened away, I should not only have missed the unalloyed pleasure which this visit is giving me, and of which I have tried to give you some idea, but the opportunity of describing to you, as an eye witness, the intensive campaign which the Department of Public Health, under the magnificent direction of Dr. Clementina Fraga, is waging to eradicate forever the *Stegomia culicidæ*—the mosquito which is the carrier of yellow fever.

The entire city is divided into fifteen districts; and every morning at nine o'clock, squads of workers—six thousand of them in all—armed with flashlights, pails, pickaxes, hoes, disinfectants, and other equipment, start out from each district center to begin their day's labors. Every house in the city is entered at least once a week—oftener if it is under suspicion—and minutely examined. Every gutter and water spout is freed of clogging material, every water reservoir is covered, every marsh is spread with oil, every pool is stocked with fish, every stream is cleared of all debris which might retard its flow. Every plant whose leaves might hold water is destroyed, every hole discovered in old trees is filled with cement, every fence made of bamboo poles is taken down, the poles slit in two, and set up again. Every backyard is searched for discarded cans which might contain water, and when these are found, they are buried; every sewer is sprayed with disinfectant. Even cemeteries and churches come under the all-inclusive watchfulness; vases holding water, which have been placed on graves, are filled with sand instead; baptismal fonts and holy-water basins are emptied. The magnitude of a campaign of this type, undertaken in connection with complete isolation not only of victims of yellow fever, but of suspects; thorough fumigation not only after every proved, but every possible case; and educational propaganda in the form of huge charts, placed in schools and tramways; on street corners, and in every other conceivable place—undertaken in a city of nearly two million inhabitants, is so overwhelming as to be unimaginable. It is only in going out, as I have, early in the morning, accompanying the working forces as they proceed from one form of activity to another, that any idea of it can be formed. And it has been in doing this, far more than while taking part in the manifold diversions which Rio has to offer (though these are delightful, and I shall try to tell you more about them in my next letter), that the true spirit of Brazil has been revealed to me—the spirit of "order and progress," not only illumined by beauty, but pledged to the advancement of science, and consecrated to the service of humanity.

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Candlelight

(*Continued from page 31*)

feel that way— Oh, thank you. I'll take good care of her, I promise."

Mother had handed Miss Bell a green-backed bill.

"Thank you," said Mother gently. "Goodby, Jean. Be a good girl and do as Miss Bell tells you to."

"Goodby, Mother," said Jean, but Mother, without even waiting to kiss her, was walking rapidly toward the elevator.

Going down the busy street, Miss Bell's hand loved Jean's hand with little squeezes, just as Mother's hand had done ten minutes before.

"If *I* had you," said Miss Bell, "you'd never be a trial to me, even if I wasn't feeling well. Some women don't deserve kids—though I did think she seemed fond enough of you this morning. Oh, well, I suppose that other woman has her almost frantic. I know she would me. I always say it's no cinch to wait on table, but at least you can call your soul your own, and if they don't like it, there's always other jobs."

She talked on and on. She didn't leave room for Jean to say anything. They left the street cars and holiday crowds behind them and turned down a wide street where rows of trees held up black arms against the sky, and houses with Christmas wreaths in their windows stood in lawns covered with the dry brown grass of winter.

Miss Bell stopped at a gate. "I want to go in here a minute to see my girl friend. I guess your mother won't mind if I take you along. Say—I'll be darned! That's who your mother looks like. I knew she put me in mind of somebody. What's your name, anyway?"

Jean said, "Jean Jenkins."

"Oh!" said Miss Bell. She sounded disappointed. "But of course it couldn't be—she'd never have the gall to come back here."

"Who wouldn't?" Jean asked.

"The lady who used to live in this house," said Miss Bell "She run off with the piano-tuner. Oh, well, come on. We haven't any time to waste."

They walked up a curving driveway toward the loveliest little house. It looked, from the outside, as if all its rooms might be like the dream-room. It looked as if every one inside it must be always happy and peaceful and kind. Jean couldn't take her eyes off it. A thought came into her mind that made her feet take little skippy steps along the pebbly driveway. Suppose the nice gentleman took Mother and her to live in a house something like it!

"We'll have to go around to the back door," said Miss Bell.

They followed the pebbly walk around the house. All the windows on its side were rosy red with little, round pictures of the big, round, red sun shining out of them.

"Where'd you get the kid?" said Miss Bell's friend.

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The new Westinghouse Sun Lamp produces the same vitalizing ultra-violet rays found in sunlight. Automatic . . . safe . . . attractive in appearance.

VITAL ultra-violet rays that provide luxurious daily sunbaths—without sacrifice of time—without special periods of treatment.

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With the Sun Lamp in the nursery or playroom, children at play may receive the beneficial effects of sunlight in the most natural way. Starting with short exposures, the time may be increased by gradual degrees until the children acquire a healthy coat of tan.

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Before purchasing any sunlight lamp, go and see the Westinghouse Sun Lamp. Then compare its unusual advantages and moderate cost with anything else on the market. Your dealer will be glad to arrange convenient terms. On display at department stores, electrical shops and public utility showrooms everywhere. Westinghouse Lamp Company, 150 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Price $69.50 at the factory

Westinghouse
SUN LAMP

Made by the makers of Westinghouse MAZDA Lamps

Candlelight

She was prettier than Miss Bell, and very neat and trim in a black dress and a white cap and apron. Her name was Kathleen.

Miss Bell told her:

"Her mother's down at the hotel. Came with that woman that's giving a recital in the church. I guess they've busted up. Anyway the missis came back in a fine fit of temper and asked would I take the kid out so she could get some rest. They're like sticks of dynamite, all these musical folks."

"They are that," said Kathleen. "Look at You Know Who. I always say the Boss must be a little off his head to waste his life grieving over her. *She'll* never come back, take it from me. That kind don't. And if you ask me, it's good riddance."

"Still and all," said Miss Bell, "there was the baby. That'd hurt—your own poor, helpless little baby stolen away before it'd even got to know you. Oh, well! Did you get your dress for the party?"

"I hope to tell you," said Kathleen. "Come up to my room and see."

She started across the room. Miss Bell stood still, holding Jean's hand.

"I don't know—about the kid."

"She'll stay here in the nice warm kitchen and eat cookies, won't you, sister?"

Jean didn't say anything. Kathleen brought a plate of cookies and a glass of milk and put them on the big, white table. She drew up a chair and lifted Jean into it. She gave Jean's shoulder a soft love-pat. She said,

"We won't be long, sweetness."

Her feet and Miss Bell's feet tap-tap-tapped across the floor and out of the room and up unseen stairs.

The cookies were as nice as you would have known that cookies in that dear little house would be. Jean ate one and looked longingly at the others. But she'd had a soda and a glass of milk and a cookie—and Mother hadn't had anything at all. She put the other cookies in her pocket to take back to Mother. Poor Mother, who had a headache and who was all alone in the room with the big brown stain on its ceiling that looked like a bear!

Thinking of Mother made her cry. She sat alone in the shiny, white kitchen, where there was a delicious smell of mince pies and other good things, and cried and cried—and tried not to cry, and cried all the harder. Her sobs got so big that she could not swallow them. She began to cry right out loud.

Then a door opened, and a gentleman with gray hair looked out. "Goodness me!" he exclaimed "What have we here?"

Jean only lifted her head and looked at him, while the big tears ran down her cheeks.

"I believe," commented the gentleman in a kind voice, "that you are the little girl I saw coming up the driveway with Kathleen's friend. I also believe I heard Kathleen and the friend going upstairs. Since you are alone and I am alone, suppose you come into the library where we can be company for each other."

JEAN got down out of the chair. She had stopped crying, but she still couldn't talk. The gentleman gravely held the door open for her. She preceded him into the next room.

There she stood stock still with her mouth and her eyes wide open. Then she found her voice. "Where is the fireplace?" she asked.

"The—what?"

The gentleman seemed surprised. He looked at her very hard. Then he walked over and lifted back a screen.

"Oh, yes," he said. "The fireplace. It's here, but I haven't a fire in it today. Fireplaces aren't so much fun if you have to sit in front of them all alone."

Jean clapped her hands. "Ooh!" she cried. "And there are the candles."

And there indeed were the candles—two tall candles in two tall, silver candlesticks, standing on the mantel, just as they always stood in the dream-room.

"No Woman Can Receive a Finer Christmas Gift Than an Air-Way To Protect Her From Emptying Cleaner-Bag Dirt"

Jason Brown—Well, Doctor, here is Christmas only a few days away. I often wonder when a doctor gets time to do his Christmas shopping—and what he buys.

Dr. Gray—To be honest with you I would have more time for Christmas cheer if folks would do just a few simple things for themselves to protect and preserve health.

Jason Brown—Doctor, if I could give my wife the assurance of lifelong health she would receive it more gladly than a diamond bracelet. None knows better than you how she is continually ailing.

Dr. Gray—Yes, and her trouble is not a chronic condition. Every time she feels badly it is a new infection. Frankly, I have wondered at times if her home surroundings are entirely ideal from the viewpoint of hygiene.

Jason Brown—She keeps our home spotless. I have provided her with every modern home-cleaning appliance.

Dr. Gray—Well, that's helpful. But my own observation reveals that there are dangerous germs in the dust and dirt collected from floors, walls, and furniture. How does she dispose of such collected refuse?

Jason Brown—Why, she or the maid empties it out of the cleaner bag. How would she dispose of it?

Dr. Gray—Good gracious, I never before thought of that in connection with her case. Don't you know that the contents of a cleaner bag frequently contain dangerous organisms of the type which may cause illnesses of various kinds?

Jason Brown—Well I never thought of that, but cleaner bags have to be emptied, don't they?

Dr. Gray—No indeed. There is no bag to empty in the Air-Way Sanitary System. All refuse is collected in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container that is detached bodily and burned or cast away.

Jason Brown—You don't say. Just burn the germs, eh?

Dr. Gray—Yes. And it seems to me that an Air-Way will solve much of your wife's health problem and at least one on your Christmas shopping list. No woman can receive a finer gift than an Air-Way which protects her from infectious cleaner-bag dirt, and at the same time cleans all the home thoroughly, polishes floors and aids in controlling infestations by moths. Why that would be a wonderful present.

Jason Brown—That will surely be one of her Christmas gifts. I will attend to it today.

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch of (your city)." Sold direct—not in any store. A telephone call will bring a gentlemanly, bonded representative to demonstrate Air-Way in your home.

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In using advertisements see page 6

As easy to use as perfume—

Vapex fights a cold from the start

RELIEF from head colds is instantaneous with Vapex. And it's so simple to use. Merely put a drop on your handkerchief. The delightful vapor keeps its strength all day. Put a drop at each end of your pillow at night and fight your cold while you sleep.

Notice how swiftly the penetrating Vapex vapor clears your head—how surely it affords you relief from snuffling and sneezing. This is because Vapex is highly concentrated. Its formula was discovered by workers in a famous English laboratory during the World War.

Everywhere today Vapex is recognized as the modern way to relieve a head cold. In England, on the Continent, in the United States it has won universal success for its efficacy and pleasantness. A dollar bottle contains enough for fifty treatments. Use it anywhere—any time. Ask for Vapex by name. If your druggist cannot supply you, do not accept an imitation. Write to us enclosing $1 and we will mail a bottle to you. E. Fougera & Co., Inc., 41 Maiden Lane, New York.

A drop on your handkerchief

VAPEX*

Breathe your cold away

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Candlelight

"Were you ever here with Kathleen before?" the gentleman inquired politely.

"Oh, no," said Jean. "And I'm not here with Kathleen now. I'm with Miss Bell. Miss Bell took me out for a walk, because my mother has a terrible bad headache."

"Then how," said the gentleman, "did you happen to know about the fireplace and the candles?"

"It was just a dream," said Jean. "A dream, like the one I had about the bear, only much nicer."

She was very busy looking about the room—which was just as she had somehow known it would be. It was rude, of course, to walk about some one else's room, staring at everything in it, "But," thought Jean, "I suppose this is a dream, too—and you can do as you please in a dream."

"There's the piano," she said aloud.

"What piano?" asked the gentleman.

"The one," said Jean, "that played 'Babylon'."

The gentleman sat down very quickly. "What's your name, little girl?" he asked. His voice sounded as Mother's had sounded—all shaky, as if he had been running. "Please, please, little girl, come here and tell me what your name is."

So Jean went over and stood in front of him and told him her name.

"Oh," he said, and his voice sounded very sad. Then it brightened. "But of course she wouldn't— And you look a little like her, too. There's something about the eyes—"

Surely it *was* a dream, for none of the words made any sense at all. It wasn't rude to talk as much as you pleased in a dream, and the gentleman seemed to want her to talk, so Jean sat on his knee and told him all about the bear that had come down from the ceiling, and about how Mother had taken her to the drug store to buy something for a cat, and about the Christmas tree in the Square.

THE gentleman listened gravely. Whenever she stopped talking, he asked some question that set her off again. He even asked about the time, so many years ago that Jean had almost forgotten it, when Tony and Mother and Jean had lived in New Orleans, before Tony had gone away and Jean and Mother had gone to live in the little room where they ate the mush and milk.

Suddenly he got up. "I think," he said, "you and I will go down to the hotel and see Mother. Don't you think that would be nice?"

Jean hesitated.

"We'll ride in my car," he said.

But Jean shook her head. She'd forgotten before, but now she remembered. "I mustn't, under any circumstances, go up to our room before the lights are lighted in the tree. And then I must let the black elevator man go up first to see if Mother is asleep," she explained.

The gentleman went across the room so fast that he knocked over the screen that had hidden the fireplace. He came back, putting on his hat and coat as he came. He carried Jean into the kitchen and found her coat and cap and bundled her into them. He shouted up the stairs:

"Kathleen, Kathleen! Tell your friend I have taken the child back to the hotel in my car. I'll explain to her mother."

They were gone before Kathleen could answer.

They drove down the wide street so fast that the black trees seemed to run past them. It was as if they were trying to get to Babylon and back—all the twice three-score miles and ten—before candlelight. They drove in and out along the street cars and automobiles on the busy main street. It was almost dark, but the yellow and red and blue globes were not yet lighted.

Downstairs in the hotel the gentleman talked with the other gentleman behind the desk. At first the other gentleman shook his head, then at last he nodded.

"I'll telephone," Jean heard him say.

But the gentleman with gray hair said: "Don't you see—if it's *that*—we mustn't warn her? We must just go upstairs as quick as we can—and walk in."

"Of course," said the gentleman behind the desk, "I never saw her but once, and it may—We're apt to get into a nice mess if it's somebody else, I hope you realize."

"What does it matter?" said the gentleman with gray hair. "We can pretend we have the wrong room. We can say—oh, anything. Good Lord, man, *can't* you be human?"

They went up in the elevator—the gentleman from behind the desk, and the gentleman with gray hair, and the black elevator man, and Jean. The elevator man and Jean stayed at the end of the hall beside the window. The others went down the hall to the door of Mother's room and—very rudely, without knocking—turned the knob and went in, closing the door behind them.

The elevator bell rang, and the fat black elevator man had to go. Jean remained in the hall with her nose pressed against the glass of the window. In a moment she saw the tree in the little park bloom with its gay blue and red and yellow lights. She knew then that Mother wouldn't mind if she came home, so she went down the hall to their door.

The gentleman from behind the desk was just coming out of the room. He said, "Hello, young lady. Your mother wants you." His voice sounded queerly hoarse.

MOTHER sat in the chair, and the strange gentleman was on his knees beside her. They both looked as if they had been crying, but they smiled when they saw Jean.

"What do you think?" said the strange gentleman. "I'm going to take you home with me—you and Mother both."

Jean wasn't surprised. She felt tired and a little cross, after this topsy-turvy day which she was beginning to be sure must be some new kind of dream, since nothing that was done or said in it made sense. She said flatly, "I wouldn't go *without* my mother."

The gentleman said: "Of course not. It will be very nice to have you, but we very *specially* want Mother, too, don't we?"

Mother said: "Are you *sure*, John? You don't have to. I won't do it now—I promise. I'm not sure I would have done it anyway. I might just have slipped off and left her and the letter."

"The letter!" said the gentleman. He got to his feet. "Is this it?" He picked up the letter that lay on the dresser.

"Perhaps," said Mother, "you'd better read it."

"It's mine," said the gentleman with gray hair. "It's addressed to me, and you've no further rights in it. I can do with it as I please—and I please this!"

He tore it into tiny pieces and dropped it into the wastebasket. "Gone," he said, "and blotted out and forgotten. Oh, Alice, dear, let me be generous—on Christmas Eve. Be generous yourself—for the child's sake. We mustn't spoil her life with our mistakes and our blundering. Let's both forgive and forget the past. After all, you've paid for it dearly. This day has given us back to each other—all three of us. Let's try to be worthy of the gift."

He picked up a little bottle.

"That," said Jean, "is for the cat."

The gentleman with gray hair leaned over and kissed Mother's forehead.

"The cat won't need it, after all," he said.

He pulled out the cork and emptied the bottle down the drain of the washbasin.

"Now get your things, both of you," he said gaily. "We're going home—for Christmas."

"The Fool of the Family," a sequel to "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy, begins in January

The Kramer Girls

(*Continued from page 19*)

piece here for everybody, if you just all quit grabbing. Mamie, you start it going."

Smiling, she gave the cake plate to Mrs. Shump and started it on its triumphal round.

The cake melted with creamy, moist richness, and Georgie had spread on the deep, dark, chocolate icing with her usual lavishness. Rose and Annie both refused pieces modestly.

"Say, who made this cake?" Mr. Pendleton wanted to know.

"You must like it, Tom," his wife put in not altogether approvingly. "You've got a *mustache* of that chocolate. Here—take your napkin."

"The Kramer girls brought it."

"Say!" Mr. Pendleton said with conviction, pausing in the act of wiping off the mustache. "I'm going to call on the Kramer girls."

There was loud laughter at the table.

Rose had been looking around for some of the high-school girls. Just as she was finishing her dessert of marble cake and canned peaches, Leila Harker came up to her. She and Leila were in entirely different crowds in high school. Or, rather, Leila was in no crowd. She stood alone. She had started going with the boys long before the other girls, and the girls in the crowd regarded her with suspicion, fear, and a little distaste. Until just lately Rose had had no use for girls who thought about the boys all the time, and were sly, and wouldn't go out for basketball. But for the last few weeks there had been a kind of alliance between her and Leila—both knew what it was, although neither of them mentioned it—and tonight suddenly they were bosom friends.

"Kid, aren't you almost through?" Leila whispered.

"I want to eat this cake. Oh, well, I guess I'm through."

"No, go on and finish."

"No, I'm through."

They went away from the table arm in arm.

A LITTLE later, now with their arms around each other, they came up to the corner where Annie was ensconced in a cozy nook behind the organ with her cronies, Mrs. Pickering, Lollie McCoy, and Bertha Scholz.

Mrs. Pick. was doing the talking. "So I just thinks, 'All right, old lady,' I thinks. 'I'll see what you're up to . . .'"

Leila pinched Rose, and Rose tried not to laugh. Everything that older people did seemed funny to them, they were so silly tonight.

"Here, what are these two eavesdroppers up to? I bet I know what *they're* after," Mrs. Pick. said. "They're looking for those two fellows."

Leila laughed, and Rose blushed. She didn't really like Mrs. Pick.'s teasing—she had heard too many of Georgie's caustic comments on Mrs. Pick.'s mental processes—but Rose was always smiling and soft; she couldn't bear to make trouble; and Mrs. Pick. thought she enjoyed it highly.

"Let's see, now, who are they? I don't know if I remember Leila's. She's got so many I can't keep track of them. But I know Rose's. It's Bert she's looking for. Aha! just look at those cheeks."

Leila, squeezing Rose's arm, was nearly overcome with laughter. Mrs. Pick. was so far off the track! But Rose, blushing all over her soft, full face, felt something blissful and sweet thrill through her shame.

"Oh, I guess Rose hasn't got any fellow yet," Annie said.

She knew Georgie didn't like such talk.

"Don't be too sure! I wouldn't trust these girls."

Leila said, "Miss Kramer, Rose is going over home with me." She was squeezing Rose's arm tightly and significantly. "We want to get our geometry together."

Annie looked doubtful. But it was only because she thought Georgie might not approve. She couldn't see but that Leila Harker was as nice as anybody. Annie did so admire all the pretty high-school girls. They were like actresses in a wonderful, rosy drama of youth. When Annie and Bertha went to the movies together, taking a little striped sack of chocolate almonds and munching happily in the dark, they kept track of all the couples as they went in and out. It really gratified Annie to have Rose with Leila Harker, who was so popular with the boys.

The two girls ran off, taking assent for granted, and the women, left behind, talked admiringly about them.

"My, but the complexion that Rose has got! I hope she can keep it longer than most of us do."

The girls just heard this, and it added to their youthful warm complacency and excitement. It made them giggle. Everything made them giggle tonight.

In the entry Mr. Seegar said to them, "Are you leaving us, young ladies?" and they could scarcely keep their faces straight.

But when Mrs. Seegar added, "I'm so sorry that Georgie couldn't get here, too," Rose sobered and felt ashamed.

She knew that Georgie wouldn't have liked her going home with Leila, and it hurt her fond heart to think that she was so horrid, that she was glad that Georgie hadn't come.

OUT they ran into the dim and snowy air. It was so soft and cool and good! The girls scarcely knew what to do with their delight. The snow on the church steps was tramped and scuffed, but it lay feathery-soft on the ground all fluffed over with a light glitter.

Rose said, "Oh, I just *love* this kind of night!"

The night was so strange and beautiful, the air all thick with tufted flakes, so that they could scarcely see where they were going, and everything was different and mysterious. Leila ran ahead and slid with her arms outstretched; and then, when she looked back at Rose, her eyes had a dark, bright gleam through the snowfall. It excited Rose, yet made her a little ashamed that *she*, Rose Kramer, should be running off with Leila Harker; as if she were being treacherous to the crowd and even to her old—she supposed her real—self. Because she felt a sweet, thrilling madness. The gleam of Leila's eyes was leading her on, willing and yet frightened, she didn't know where.

At the corner, though, Leila halted and strangely lingered. There was a big light which illumined the slanting thickness of the snow. "Oh, isn't this pretty! Just see how pretty it is on the ground."

Not that Leila cared. Rose knew she didn't. But Rose bent down obediently. The newfallen flakes lay in separate little star-shapes and flowers and fern-leaves, all glimmering white on the earlier, smoother surface of snow . . . so soft that when Rose tried to pick up one of the fern fronds, it smudged into moistness on the fingers of her gloves. The flood of secret, ineffable fondness that she felt for all soft things—for the down on babies' heads, and the silver-gray fur that tipped the petals of wind-flowers, for chicks with their frail and tender necks fluttery and yellow in her hands, and even for her little, old, discarded muff that she still cherished with ridiculous affection—poured blissfully all through Rose. Yet there was something about lingering here on the lighted corner that made her ashamed. There was something not real about it. The gleam of Leila's eyes had a slyness veiled and slanting, no longer wild and bright . . .

When the boys came up, Rose knew that was why Leila had been waiting. It was why she had waited, too. Rose had known that somehow she and Leila would meet the boys tonight. They couldn't have been satisfied otherwise. But at first Rose felt ashamed and silent, knowing how she was deceiving Georgie and Annie, unable to believe that this was herself.

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The Kramer Girls

As soon as they got beyond the lighted corner, they separated into couples. It gave Rose that blissful thrill to see how quickly, as if it were a foregone conclusion, Hammie had chosen her. The spell of his good-looking features, of the lock of black hair hanging down from under his cap, and of his husky voice were upon her again. His black hair and blue eyes were all the more fascinating, seen through the snow with little white flakes caught in his eyelashes. When they came to the crossing, he drew her back, so that Rick and Leila could go on ahead. As soon as Rose felt his caressing touch, she knew that she couldn't go home.

He was talking to her now in that low, coaxing, intimate tone that flattered her.

"What's the matter with you tonight?"

She wouldn't say.

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

Her arm quivered, and his caressing fingers tightened. "I'll bet you were going off with some other fellow."

That wasn't true. Hammie knew it. She had never gone with any other boy—just home from parties, sometimes, with Bert. But it flattered her, the way Hammie said it, as if she were terribly popular, and he was jealous.

"Didn't you want me to walk with you, Rose?"

She was guilty when she thought of her reluctance. It made her ashamed to look at Leila and Rick, for some reason. Rick was shorter than Leila—but a "pretty boy," even if he was so small and slight, with thick blond hair. He ought to have been in Rose's own crowd, but he had been going with the girls ever since he was in the grades, and now he had more or less put himself outside by going with Leila—it made the girls resentful. He had a reputation for being very "soft" with the girls, and this was something that Georgie had taught Rose to despise. But now, when Rick and Leila stopped and turned around, Rose felt guilty for not liking him. Rick, too, looked different with the snowflakes in his fair hair. Leila's bright eyes gleamed.

"Say, folks, let's decide where we're going."

Rose was silent. She always let other people make such choices.

"We were going to my house," Leila said vivaciously. "To study geometry." She giggled. "But it's too nice to go in anywhere."

"Sure."

"You bet."

"Let's just roam around a little while."

Rick and Leila went on ahead, and Hammie took Rose's arm again.

"Is this all right with you?" he murmured.

"I guess so."

He pressed her arm up against him. That blissful feeling went through her, her arm quivered, and she tried faintly to draw it away.

"No?" he whispered. "Don't you like that?"

But he kept his fingers on her coat sleeve.

THE falling snow seemed to have covered up all the landmarks. Rose scarcely knew where they were. Snow lay in a thick, rounded whiteness upon the arbor-vitae hedge around Mr. Little's lawn. It made Rose gasp to squint against the moist, thick flakes.

"Here!" Hammie said.

He stopped. He brushed the flakes off her red felt cap and out of her hair, and then took off his golf gloves and softly whisked his fingers across her lashes. Rose stood obediently. Her eyelids drooped. She had never known any feeling like the exquisite thrill of pleasure, made poignant by a kind of frightened pain, that went all through her at the cold touch of Hammie's fingers on her face. She liked standing still and obedient.

"Here, you two!" Rick was calling. "Come out of it. Listen. Let's have some sport." He and Leila came up close and talked in low, eager tones that seemed hushed by the mystery of the snow. "Let's see if we can get into the schoolhouse."

"Will you, Rose?"

What would Georgie say? And they had told a lie to Annie. But they were all three standing around her, waiting. She couldn't fail them or hold out against them, be the one to spoil the fun—the very thought of such resistance was a horror to Rose.

"Sure Rose will. She's all right," Hammie said tenderly.

And then they all went on together.

Now it was more dreamlike than ever. Here was Hammie beside her, his hand tucked caressingly into the warm curve of her arm—Hammie, the one whom all the girls liked, no matter what people said about him; and it was Rose, who used to feel so ashamed of being fat because she thought the boys wouldn't think she was pretty—Rose whom he was favoring. She had always been a sort of tomboy, playing basketball, wearing middies and plaited skirts, wearing her hair braided—and now with Hammie she seemed to be altogether different . . . soft and silent and helpless. He seemed to play upon her feelings as he liked . . . and she was quiet and quiveringly responsive and happy; yet, away down in her heart somewhere, there was a kind of mute resistance and resentment.

THE high-school building stood huge and dark in a desolate waste of snowy lawn, open and bare, that made Rose shiver and think of deserts and the ocean—things that frightened her. The front door was locked. But there was a basement window that the boys knew how to open. The two girls stood back and clung together, shaky with laughter, while the boys worked determinedly.

"Come on, we've got it open!"

Rick came back for them. "Shut up, Leila."

He gave her a little push, as she wriggled, squealing, through the opening. But Rose did not make a sound.

"That's the stuff," Rick commended her. "Leila'll have the marshal down here after us."

Rose glowed under his approval. She was afraid she was too fat to get through the window gracefully. But Hammie helped her—both the boys did; their hands lingered with caressing approval on her arms as they showed her how to sit down on the window-sill, and then helped her to jump down on the floor. It couldn't help pleasing her. Rick Cummings had never thought of looking at her before—he liked cute, dashing girls, like Leila.

"Hurt yourself?" Hammie whispered tenderly.

She shook her head. But she stood still while he brushed the snow off her coat. There was a sort of happy ache in her throat. She could have got down from that window without the slightest trouble. But now it seemed as if she must wait for Hammie to help her—because he wanted to help her.

They were in the basement room where the third grade met, because the old grade building was too small. The little bits of desks—how funny they looked!

"Remember when we sat in these, Rose?" Rick asked.

That seemed to make them friends. The light from the snowy world outside was pale and mysterious in the room. There were strange creakings all over the empty building. Leila screamed, and both the boys scolded her.

"Look at Rose. She can keep still," they said.

Leila was nervous and shrill and wild. That made Rose a little disgusted, as if Leila were making trouble for the boys. Down at the bottom of Rose's feeling was that same reluctance and fear—it gave a strange, hurt darkness to her brown eyes, so that Hammie whispered tenderly to her and pressed her arm; but on the surface there was a soft, acquiescent, proud happiness at following the boys and having them so pleased with her.

Rick was a wiry, restless little chap. It was

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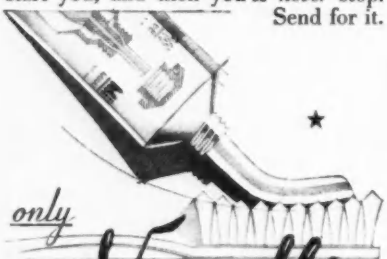

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The Kramer Girls

not enough for him to have got into the building. "Let's go up and ring the bell," he urged.

"All right," said Hammie nonchalantly; "*let's* ring the bell."

Leila protested, but wildly giggling and excited, letting Rick drag her up the echoing stairs.

Rose's heart sank. She knew that people in town thought that was a terrible thing to do. They might be expelled—arrested. And she, Rose Kramer, whom everybody liked, whom the minister and his wife admired, whom all the teachers approved as such a nice, wholesome girl! Oh, if only the boys wouldn't! But it seemed to her she could not go back on the others. And now the excitement entered into her. She felt a heady, reckless daring. With Hammie's hand under her elbow they both sped noiselessly up the stairs and stopped at the top, breathless.

"I didn't think Rose Kramer would do this," Leila said mischievously.

Hammie told her, "Don't you say anything about Rose!" His fingers squeezed Rose's arm.

"Sure, Rose is all right," said Rick.

After that she couldn't go back. Now they were going up those narrow, dark little stairs to the bell loft. Leila and Rick went on ahead. Rose felt as if fate were making her go. Hammie came just behind her. She heard him breathing. He touched her, and she was terrified at the blissful weakness that made her feel as if she were going to sink down on the stairs. She didn't want to go on. She began to pray wildly under her breath. She heard Leila give a squeal, and her heart almost stopped. Hammie was on the step just below her. He put his arm around her. He whispered with that beguiling tenderness, with the touch of flattering raillery in it,

"Are you scared, Rose?"

His arm tightened around her, and her bones seemed all to melt to softness; as if against her will her head drooped and her cheek touched his shoulder, her hair brushed his face. . . .

Then Leila was shrieking, and all four of them were clattering pellmell down the narrow staircase.

"Bats!" Leila was screaming. "Bats! I saw a bat."

"Aw, you're crazy."

But they were all of them glad to get safely down. Rose was shaking. She was saved. Now they wouldn't have to ring the bell. They all stood laughing and trembling, their hearts pounding, and their flight had given them all a delicious, bright-eyed sense of unity in evil-doing.

"We didn't want to go up there anyway," Hammie assured Leila.

He brushed the back of his hand against her neck. Rose felt uneasy.

But the boys had their spirits set on mischief. They couldn't go tamely home.

Rick wanted to break into the domestic science room and try to find something to eat. "Sure we can. They don't keep it locked."

Hammie, as always, was coolly ready and debonair. Again the two girls clung together, giggling and shivering, not knowing whether it was more fun to enter daringly with the boys or to wait like this, docile and laughing, and have the spoils brought to them.

A NOISE came from somewhere. It was as if some one had dropped a book in a room upstairs. Ghosts!

"Oh, Leila, you're crazy!"

Leila wrung her hands, mocking and laughing all the time, and Rose pleaded, "Oh, quick, quick!" in a little moan—and yet both of them were shaking with laughter. The boys came out to them, Rick breathing hard. In hasty silence they drew the girls to the open window. One after another they squeezed through.

"Where?" Leila whispered wildly.

A wind caught them, and the snow whirled against their faces.

"To the hedge!" Rick whispered.

He caught Leila's hand, Hammie caught Rose's, and all four ran silently, breathlessly, across the great, snowy stretch of lawn through the strange, soft, pearly dimness. Rose was panting and scared, but wild with happiness. The arbor-vitae hedge divided the schoolyard from Mr. Little's lawn. The four crouched down in the dark shadow of the hedge, in the nest of snow; and the snow piled thickly on the tough branches and fronds slid down in cold, moist avalanches upon their heads and shoulders. They were panting, giggling and warm.

Rose was so breathless that it was moments before she realized she was crowded up against Hammie. His arm was around her, and her head was snuggled back against it. Now Hammie put his cold cheek against her soft one, and she did not move.

"Kids!" the others were whispering.

Rick had stolen a jar of something—cherries!—from the domestic science cupboard. He was working frowning and industrious, with the cover, while Leila shook with smothered laughter. But Rose and Hammie were the ones now who didn't care.

"Wake up there, you two! It's time for breakfast—Dead to the world!" Rick said cynically.

MOMENTS passed. Rick and Leila were fighting and laughing over the cherries, slapping each other when some of the juice was spilled, interspersing all this with comments—gleeful on Leila's part, ironical upon Rick's—about the other two. . . . Rose used to have a kind of day-dream that always frightened her. She would think, "What if I were up in a tree and let go of the branches?—and she would feel herself falling. . . . The sensation was terrifying, dizzy, and yet strangely sweet. Now she had that same old sensation again. She was sunk, unstirring, in the incredible happiness of Hammie's embrace. The snow fell all around them, soothed them, shut them in. But again in the bottom of her heart, it seemed to her, a dark, mute, frightened pain was growing. She didn't consciously think of Georgie, but a burden of guilt was upon her. Her throat ached, and then miserably, and almost noiselessly, she began to cry.

"What's the matter?" Hammie whispered softly.

His lips moved over her soft forehead and kissed. But there was raillery in that voice. He wasn't really sorry for her. He was only cajoling.

Rose would not answer.

"She's cold," Hammie said. He brushed off the snow that had fallen in soft splotches from the arbor-vitae. "Are you cold, Rose?"

"Sure," Rick said. "Let's go home."

The boys were both so nice to her now. She let them think it was that—blindly let Hammie help her to her feet, stood while he whisked all the clinging snow off her coat and fondled her hands to get them warm. He kept his arm around her as they all four, soberly now, plodded across the snowy lawn. She made no resistance, but no response now, either. When they got to the walk, where they might meet people, Rose had again a feeling of relief, as if something outside herself had helped to rescue her from dark, irresistible fate. She was ashamed of crying and yet glad the helpful tears had come. Long before Hammie stopped whispering to her that she would soon be warm, she was consoled—in spite of her pain and fear, the nest in the snow under the bitter-scented hedge was beautiful and magical. They were all good to her, and before long they had her smiling.

"Goodby, kids," Rick and Leila said at the corner.

Rick took Rose's hand in his, gloved in heavy leather, and shook it in solemn approval. She had pleased them, and they liked her. Rose felt a happy, shy warmth. But it worried her

The Kramer Girls

to think of all the maneuvers she would have to make to keep on going with them—made her feel guilty toward them and her sisters both.

When they reached the house, Rose knew that Hammie was going to kiss her again.

"Don't!" she whispered weakly.

"Why not?" he answered teasingly.

He did it so easily, as if he had the right. Rose liked it all too well. That was the trouble. And it gave her such a guilty, awry feeling to be deceiving the girls. When Hammie let her go, and she went into the house, the memory of his favor and of her happiness sustained her glowingly with a secret pride.

Georgie said, "Where have you been, Rose Kramer?" Rose saw at once that Georgie's face was severe, and that Annie's soft, round face, looking at her from behind Georgie's shoulder, was both guilty and scared.

"I telephoned to Leila's, and they said you hadn't been there all evening."

The floor seemed to drop away from under Rose's feet and blackness to come around her. But she stood her ground. "We were walking around—"

Georgie broke in: "Annie, you go to bed. You've messed things up enough for one evening."

Annie went off immediately. Georgie said to Rose:

"Look at those wet clothes! Take them off right away and get into bed."

Rose saw that there was a hurt, reluctant look on Georgie's face in spite of the severity—Georgie hated to scold her. As Rose turned to go out of the room, Georgie caught her by the arm, looked at her straight and hard, and said,

"I'm coming up to have a talk with you, young lady."

ROSE sat huddled in bed, dreading and waiting.

Annie had peeped into the room. "Where did you go, babe?"

Annie was really more interested and excited than angry. But a mist came into her light, soft eyes when she added, "Georgie's been giving me the dickens."

Annie heard a sound and scuttled to her room.

Georgie came into the room. "Are you in bed? Are you warm enough?"

Rose did not answer. The sullenness that was her only form of resentment settled over her. Rose dreaded so to be scolded. It had astonished and disarmed her teachers to discover that sensitiveness—Rose seemed so sturdy and able to take care of herself. Besides, she had not really been defying the girls—she couldn't help going with Leila and the boys—and there had been that dark pain in the bottom of her heart.

Georgie sat down heavily on the bed. "Now, look here, kid, you'd better come across with just what you were up to this evening."

Rose was sullenly mute, defending Hammie in her thought. But when she dared look at Georgie, she saw that her face was more troubled than cross. Her sullen resentment melted away in a rush of childish affection. She longed for the refuge of that broad, sturdy shoulder to ease and deny her strange, dark, inarticulate sense of pain.

"I was walking around," she whispered.

"You told Annie you were going home with Leila Harker."

"Well—we were."

"Then why didn't you?"

Rose looked down and picked at the fuzzy rosettes of knotted wool on the flowered bed quilt.

"Don't do that, kid. It makes the quilt wear out. . . . Now, look here!" Georgie looked straight at her again. "I want you to tell me the straight of this—where you went and who you were with—and why you lied to Annie." (Rose could scarcely stand the shame of that word "lied.") "Come on."

"With Leila . . ."

"Yes, and with somebody else, too."

Rose was silent.

"You might just as well come out with it, kid. Some boy, wasn't it?"

"Rick Cummings . . ."

It sounded better to put Rick first. Every one thought well of the Cummings family.

Georgie waited. Resentful of the way she knew Georgie would think of him, Rose whispered reluctantly,

"Well, and with Hammie."

"Is that that Raymond Hamlin?"

"Yes."

But she felt relieved, now that Georgie knew. The responsibility and the helpless fear seemed to be gone from her. Georgie made no comment for a long time. Her eyes were fixed. Then she moved over closer to Rose.

"Look here, kid," she said at last, "just how much do you know?"

Rose looked at her, startled, and a deep, crimson flush of embarrassment colored her soft cheeks. Georgie was embarrassed, too. She had a queer sort of shy reserve, for all her plain speaking.

She said doggedly, "I guess it's about time I had a talk with you."

Rose lay on her side. She could not look at Georgie, partly because there was such an interest and excitement in talking of these things. A year ago she would have flung away and scorned to listen. Georgie was determined but shamefaced. She couldn't get over the feeling that it ought to have been Rose's mother who was doing this. She resented—as she often did—that everything must fall upon her. But she felt a grinding, maternal anxiety for Rose.

"Kid, how long have you been going with this Raymond Hamlin? How many times have you been out with him before tonight?"

"I *haven't* been out with him." Rose spoke in a choked, angry whisper.

SHE couldn't tell Georgie about her little encounters with Hammie, those sudden, miraculous moments—meeting him when she came out of school and walking with him to the corner; having him sit beside her in English class and draw pictures on her white arm with his huge, red-and-white striped pencil; getting a note from him in assembly; and meeting him, and lingering and "fooling," when she went out to get a drink from the faucet in the hall—to have told Georgie, and hear how she interpreted it, would have been to dispel that bright, ridiculous magic that had put a spell over all the rest of the day.

"I've heard Mrs. Pick. tease you about him. But I never thought you'd really let a boy like that go with you."

Rose was hot. She said, "The girls *all* like Hammie."

"I s'pose they do!" Georgie commented drily. "Girls always *do* like boys like that. But you know very well, Rose Kramer, what kind of a reputation he has. You know how he hangs around that poolroom, and the kind of girls he's gone with before. Why, he almost got expelled from school last year! Don't you know about his father? He's a great one! Scooted out and was gone for two whole years once, and left the mother with that whole tribe of children to provide for."

"Well, that wasn't Hammie!"

"No, but he belongs to the same tribe."

Rose was crying. She thought piteously of Hammie's eyes that were so blue through the black eyelashes and under the black hair in which the snowflakes were mistily caught. But she couldn't really contradict Georgie. In spite of Hammie's caressing, flattering tenderness, she could feel no help and no pity in him—he seemed to leave her to defend him all alone. She could only do it weakly—for she thought of the way his hand had touched Leila's neck, of how she had seen him going down the walk with Gertie Burns, bent over her with just that same caressing tenderness. . . . Georgie was sitting frowning. After a while she said, "I

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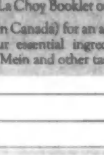

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The Kramer Girls

guess you know about Ella Bostwick, kid."

Rose gave her a startled look. She remembered, as if it were something she had dreamed long ago, how they had snuggled under the hedge and how she had let Hammie hold her . . . that old sensation of letting go the branches and falling. . . .

"Not that I mean to say I think you're like Ella Bostwick. Because I know you aren't, and you never will be." Rose's heart ached with a dull alarm. "But all the same, it just shows how careful girls have to be. No one would ever have thought that would have happened to one of the brightest girls in high school. Ella had a scholarship for college the next year. Just think what she might have made of herself, if she hadn't got in with that Guy Andrews! And now just look at where she is. Living in that shanty of Davidson's, and two kids to look after, and going around doing cleaning for folks. A husband that's no good on earth."

Still Rose would not speak.

"Well, kid, you have to think about things like that. Boys like Raymond Hamlin aren't bothering about what happens to the girls. It's just themselves they're thinking about." Georgie spoke with harsh bitterness.

Rose lay silent, and Georgie patted her arm.

"I wouldn't compare you to Ella, babe. I know you better than that. But I don't want you to even get started fooling away your time on such fellows. If you have to go with the boys—and I s'pose most girls do sooner or later—then you be careful who you pick out. If you want to go with Bert sometimes, why, I don't care."

"I don't *want* to go with Bert." Rose's voice broke fiercely.

She buried her face and held away from Georgie.

"I know you don't like to have me talk this way to you, kid. And I know you haven't gone with kids like that before. But things have to be done sometimes. I've got to be a mother to you, kid," Georgie said soberly, "and it's hard enough. I'm responsible for you, and I've got to look after you. Rose—Babe—come here! Don't do that way. You make Georgie feel awful."

BUT it was partly shame with Rose. If Georgie knew how she had acted tonight . . . if she knew how Rose felt. . . . She had only let Hammie kiss her and hold her . . . but she remembered how she liked it, that blissful weak feeling. Now it was spoiled. That wild happiness was snatched from her. How could she be cold to Hammie and keep away from him? Where would she get the strength? But she hated him now. She was frightened and crying.

Georgie said with a sober, shy determination: "You see, kid, you're the one in this family that's got the chance to make something of yourself. The rest of us are stuck here. But you needn't be."

Rose lay listening to her, wondering and ashamed—she had always simply taken it for granted that the older sisters should be at home and do everything for her, and that her mother should be an invalid.

"I can tell you, kid, if I'd had half the chance you're going to have—well, I'd be something different by now. That's certain."

Again, to Rose's wonder, Georgie spoke bitterly. But she spoke kindly, too.

"It makes your old sisters darned proud of you, when you get such good marks in school. I know this house isn't the place for a young girl. Well, you'll get out of it, kid. I don't want you to be dependent upon anybody. I want you to do things for yourself. I tell you, that's what all girls ought to do. If more of them . . ."

Georgie stopped. But it was as if a promise had been given and taken. Georgie kissed Rose and patted her.

"Go to sleep now, kid. Forget this. There's no harm done."

But for a long time tears kept seeping into Rose's brown eyes. She cried because she would have to break away from Hammie and Rick and Leila—cried because of the shame her own coldness must give them . . . and because she could still feel, in a helpless way, the fascination of Hammie's blue eyes and black hair and huskily caressing voice. Only it was all spoiled now. She turned over restlessly. It seemed that Georgie had put a great destiny upon her. She mustn't think of the boys any more. She dared not, guilty with the sense of her secret weakness.

WHEN she got to her room and sat down on the bed to take off her shoes and stockings, Georgie was troubled and ashamed. She thought: "Ought I to have told the kid about the folks?"

Maybe it was simply cowardice that she hadn't. Would it help the kid to know? But she had always wanted to keep that old story away from Rose. With a kind of grumpy generosity and justice, Georgie wanted to keep her young sister free of those shameful old burdens. Rose must have a fresh start. Rose had no idea—no curiosity, it seemed—about her parents' lives. She couldn't conceive that her mother had ever been different. She knew vaguely that her father was in some sort of disgrace with the household, and she avoided him; but she had simply supposed that it was because he wouldn't put in a furnace, and give the girls what they needed, that they resented him.

Ella Bostwick's story was a blind. Georgie was a little ashamed of that. But somehow she couldn't tell the kid that her own father had got her mother "into trouble"—knowledge that had come to Georgie and Annie through old tales and hints of gossip years ago, and clung, and poisoned their youth with its shame and pain. Rose had seen the three little mounds in the cemetery—they wouldn't even have had stones if Georgie hadn't been determined, and tried to earn money selling cakes and biscuits, until she had shamed her father into buying them. Rose had gone with Georgie, on Sunday afternoons or early summer evenings, to put fresh flowers—sprays of snowballs or bunches of pansies—into the knobby glasses, stained dark and green, on the little mounds. But when she had said to the other children—and rather proudly—"I had three little baby brothers who died," she hadn't an idea of what it meant.

The day when her mother had fallen unconscious over her sewing was only the dimmest memory to Rose, although to Georgie and Annie it was an event from which all their afterlife followed. But Rose didn't know that—for her mother's sake—she herself ought never to have been born. Georgie meant that she should never know. Georgie cherished her with fierce generosity.

Yet as Georgie bent over to unlace her shoes in the chilly, unlighted bedroom, all these old, bitter resentments were stirring painfully in her mind; and she wanted somehow—while keeping all taint of them from her—to fill her sister with the knowledge of them.

Anyway—she threw open the laces angrily—she had seen too much herself. She never wanted to have anything to do with men in her life. There were other things.

CHAPTER II

GEORGIE called, "Annie! I'm going now."

"All right. Don't forget the embroidery silk," Annie called back.

"No."

There was a mirror in the hall. Georgie stopped to survey herself. She was glad that Annie was busy, because she wanted to make no explanation. Georgie had put on her best hat. It was a stiff black velvet with a rolling brim, that Lollie McCoy had trimmed for her, but somehow it never seemed to fit on

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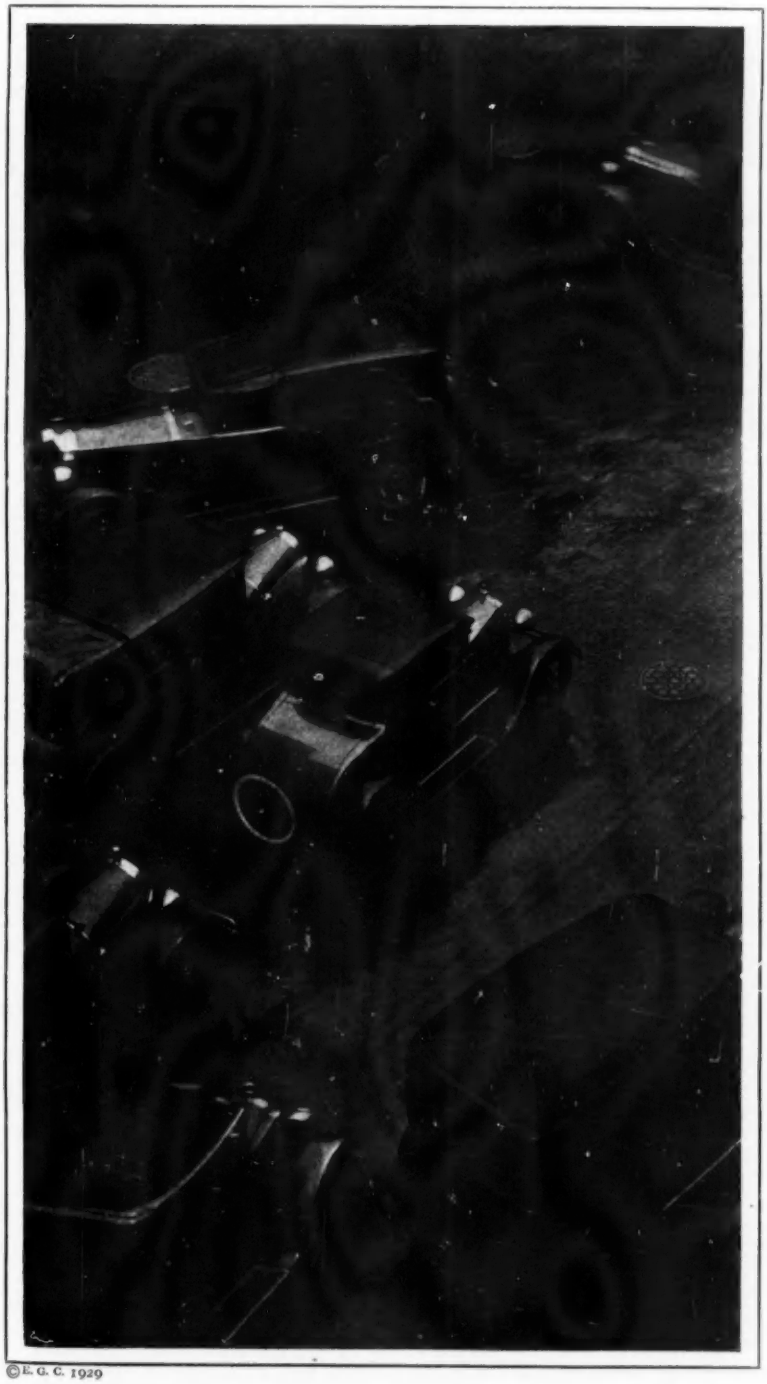

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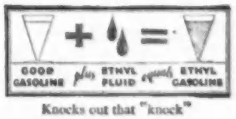

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The Kramer Girls

Georgie's head. None of her hats did. She carried a handkerchief with a border of blue tatting, a Christmas present. She looked anxiously at herself in the glass, wet her finger, and rubbed the pink powder out of her eyebrows. She wanted to look nice for the kid's sake.

A sudden warm day had come in the midst of January. The snow had been on since last week, but all at once it had disappeared from the sunny sides of lawns, leaving the short, matted winter grass pale-brown on the hard earth. The cement sidewalks were all dry. Houses and lawns looked dingy on a day like this, with the snow half on and half off. Streaks from the drip of the eaves showed dark on the white-painted sidings. Peony bushes stood uncovered in ugly clumps of dead-brown stalks. But the sky was a sudden, joyous blue. There were sharp flashes from the snow patches.

"Why didn't I leave my rubbers at home, confound it?" Georgie thought disgustedly.

She bought Annie's embroidery floss at Lollie McCoy's little millinery and fancy-work shop. Patches of sunshine lay on the wooden floor. Old Mrs. McCoy sat in a big rocker, draped with a knitted shawl, near one of the show windows, crocheting. Lollie's big cat lay in one of the sunshine patches that showed the dust in his thick black coat. Georgie and Lollie talked about the next lodge meeting for which Georgie had charge of the potluck supper. Georgie did get a lot of satisfaction out of the lodge. It was one place where her activity could have scope. She always held an office—not Grand Matron, because an unmarried woman never had quite the dignity for that, but the next office to it. Annie loved going to lodge, too, but she was never more than a standard-bearer or door-keeper. Annie made a poor officer.

"And how is mamma today?" old Mrs. McCoy asked. To her, Georgie and Annie and all the women of Lollie's age were still "the girls."

"Pretty good. She's up in her chair."

"My, my, wasn't that too bad!" To old Mrs. McCoy it seemed as if Mrs. Kramer's stroke might have happened yesterday.

But pleasant as it was in the store, Georgie couldn't stay.

"Well, you put a bug in Mrs. Fischel's ear about those sandwiches," she said to Lollie. "We don't want all cakes and baked beans, this time."

Then she started off on her secret errand.

THE red-brick schoolhouse stood on a half-block of ground that sloped to Mr. Little's hedge. Georgie opened the heavy front door with defiant courage. It was almost time for school to be dismissed. She went creaking through the hall to the superintendent's office. The door was open, and Georgie marched in boldly. The leather-seated swivel chair was half turned about. Georgie sat down and looked defiantly around the room to show that she was perfectly at ease. The place was all changed since her day. Then the high school had given only a two-year course.

The little grade children came tramping up from the basement and began to shout as soon as they reached the walk outside. A gong sounded. Georgie heard the piano in the assembly room and then came more tramping. She squinted out cautiously. She had a glimpse of Rose going past, her arms linked in the arms of two other girls, laughing and talking, looking so strange in her unconsciousness of Georgie. Georgie sat down in a straight chair until the noise had died down into spasmodic footfalls.

The superintendent came in—a youngish man, very shy, unable to look a woman in the face. He turned red when he saw Georgie. He greeted her with embarrassed cordiality.

Georgie replied curtly. Mr. Atwater was unmarried, and she wasn't going to have him suppose she was waiting for *him*. She knew what people in town would say about her coming here.

"How do you do. I was waiting to see Miss Alexander. Where can I find her, please?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, on the next floor—floor above—in the English room, first door to the left—"

"Thanks," Georgie said grimly.

"He needn't be afraid of me. *I'm* not after him," she thought as she went out. There were a few women in this town who thought of something besides getting themselves married. But she could not refrain from stopping in the doorway to ask,

"How's Rose getting along in her studies?"

"Oh, fine, fine!" he answered, nervously effusive.

"Glad to hear it," Georgie said, trying to speak with dispassionate lukewarmness. "Well, I think Rose is pretty conscientious about her work."

"Oh yes, yes, certainly. Yes, Rose . . ."

"You big dummy—I'm not going to eat you!" Georgie thought angrily. She marched off.

SHE knocked much more circumspectly at the door of the English room.

Miss Alexander's cordial voice called, "Come!"

Georgie went in with a look of bashful pleasure. Two boys sitting slumped in chairs looked at her with staring eyes.

"You can go now, Willie and Napoleon," Miss Alexander said sweetly.

"If you're busy, Miss Alexander, I can wait."

"Oh no, I was going to let them go in a minute anyway. They're probably delighted to have you come!"

This surmise was correct. At that moment Willie and Napoleon, prancing down the walk and struggling into their coats, were vying with each other in praise of Georgie:

"She's a good ole gal, that ole Georgie Kramer."

"You bet, ole Georgie's all right."

"Well," Georgie said, "I don't like to interfere with your work."

But she sat down in one of the front-row chairs, feeling highly gratified. Miss Alexander was a new teacher this year, and every one in town liked her. The students liked her, the superintendent secretly admired her, the women in town approved her for being so ready to sing at programs and club meetings, the minister for taking a Sunday-school class, and even her landlady had only praise for her because she was so nice to the children and they thought so much of her. Georgie thought Miss Alexander was just about as nice a girl as could be. But she stood in awe of her, as a college graduate and English teacher. Georgie "missed what she hadn't had."

Some people didn't think Miss Alexander so very pretty. Georgie would like to know what they called pretty, then! Miss Alexander was a large girl with fuzzy, dark-brown hair piled thickly on her head and thick, dark eyebrows. But now Georgie was astonished to find that the eyes beaming sweetly at her from under the heavy eyebrows were gray instead of black. That was what gave Miss Alexander's face its sweet look.

"I'm so glad you've come in, Miss Kramer. I've been wanting to call on you and Miss Annie—on Rose's sisters."

"We've been wanting to have you in for supper. Well, we're going to get around to it one of these days!"

Miss Alexander said: "I'm looking forward to that! I know the reputation you and Miss Annie have as cooks."

"Oh well, I guess—" Georgie was tremendously pleased, but she scarcely knew how to carry it off. She cleared her throat. "Well, if I'm not interfering with any work you've got on hand, Miss Alexander, I thought I'd come

The Kramer Girls

in and have a talk with you about that young sister of mine."

Miss Alexander told her warmly, "I'm never too busy to talk about Rose Kramer." She beamed.

Georgie's face flushed with gratification. She began deprecatingly, however, as she thought was her duty. Well, of course, she and Annie thought Rose was pretty bright—good as the average, anyway . . .

"Oh, none of my girls do better work than Rose! I think Rose has a *won*-derful mind," Miss Alexander said with enthusiasm.

"Well, of course, her sisters think she's all right."

"Oh, I'm *so* fond of Rose!"

MISS ALEXANDER went on to praise Rose's skin and hair and eyes, and to tell how splendid she was in basket ball, and Georgie drank it all in with shining eyes and shamefaced pleasure. It made it much easier for her to get out what she had come to say. Miss Alexander went on to talk about Vivian and Marian, too—"What a lovely crowd of girls!"—but Georgie hadn't come to hear that.

"You know, though, I'm kind of worried about Rose," she said.

Miss Alexander leaned forward with flattering attention. "Not about her work, surely! For a little while last month Rose didn't do so well, I don't know just what it was. But now she's doing just splendidly again."

"Oh, no, not about her school work. But I'll tell you, Miss Alexander—" Georgie was flushed with earnestness—"Rose is a funny kind of girl. It took her a long time to grow up. She never was after the boys, like Vivian and some of those girls. I don't know, Rose liked to run and play outdoors and everything like that—"

"I know, Rose is such a dear!"

"But—" Georgie was always embarrassed when she came to such subjects. "Well, I guess all girls have to go through it. Anyway this winter the kid's been altogether different. I think it's partly that Hamlin boy's fault. He's been kind of after Rose."

"Hammie?"

Miss Alexander was wild over *all* her boys and girls—she really thought Hammie was a dreadfully attractive boy. But she could see that that wasn't how Georgie considered him.

"Of course, he isn't the kind of fellow I want Rose to go with."

Georgie was blushing. She found Miss Alexander's sweetness a sort of barrier, too. It was always difficult to get right down to brass tacks with people who were so sweet—you couldn't exactly discuss things.

"I tried to put a stop to it, and I guess I've done it. But Rose is so sort of moody. She isn't a bit like herself. I don't suppose you'd think it, Miss Alexander, Rose looks so healthy, but she gets terrible blue streaks."

"No," Miss Alexander murmured, "I can't *imagine* that of Rose."

Georgie blundered on, warmed into difficult confidence by Miss Alexander's response, and feeling that here was some one who could understand her ideas.

"I want the kid to have a good time. But it wouldn't do her any good to get tied up with a fellow like that. I don't have any use for that Raymond Hamlin. Or for most of the fellows in this town," Georgie said in a little burst of bitterness.

Miss Alexander didn't know about her home, or about her father; or about Carl Finch, who had gone off because Annie couldn't be married right then, and had married some one else.

Georgie went on doggedly: "I want Rose to get around a little before she settles down. I don't want her to get tied up with any of these fellows—not even Bert. He's a nice boy, of course. I kind of wanted to ask your advice, Miss Alexander—what you thought about Rose going away somewhere to school."

Miss Alexander beamed at that, all enthusiasm again. Oh, she thought it would be *splendid* if Rose could have the chance to go to college!

Georgie tried to make clear some of the ideas that struggled fiercely and darkly in her own mind, and that most people would have thought crazy if she ever uttered them. "I don't know how you feel about these things, Miss Alexander, but it always seems to me a girl ought to get on her own feet somehow before she married anybody. Well, I look around at the women here in this town, and seems to me they don't any of them know just what they're doing. While their husband's alive and supports 'em, it's all right, but if he dies, why, then they're up against it. Seems to me, if folks could all stand on their own feet. . . ."

Miss Alexander said she certainly thought that was true. It was wonderful the way Miss Kramer thought about these things. And she *did* want Rose to go to college.

"I don't know, Miss Alexander, maybe I'm talking foolishness, but I've always thought if women kind of *made* more of themselves, and didn't just—well, weren't just kind of *around*—they wouldn't get themselves into such scrapes. Now, you're a teacher," Georgie said. "You *are* something. You aren't at anybody's mercy. You've always got something you can do—and *want* to do."

Miss Alexander agreed enthusiastically with that. And she blushed and smiled, as Georgie went on speaking, thinking how she wasn't likely to be teaching next year. . . .

But the greatest trouble with the conversation was that there were so many things Georgie had to keep to herself. While she tried to make all these ideas sound so impersonal, down under them was the painful old knowledge of her parents and her home—the tragic mistakes and misfortunes that Georgie saw so clearly, rebelled and fought against, but that in her fierce shyness and loyalty thought she must keep eternally hidden. Yet if there had been any one who exactly understood, any one to whom she could say things right out—always there were women like Mrs. Pick. whom she had to guard against—it would have been a relief to Georgie to speak. Her family didn't understand. Not even Annie. Georgie had been lonely all her life. She hinted now.

"I don't know whether you know how it is in our house, Miss Alexander. . . ."

Miss Alexander was soft and pitying at once. She assured Georgie that she *did* know, she was so sorry—it must be so hard to have one's mother an invalid, and to think how sad it was.

But it was just the things outside—the mentionable things, like illness and death—that Miss Alexander seemed to know about. Probably, Georgie thought, she had always had an easy time. It made Georgie flush with a kind of shame to think of telling her about the underneath things—as if Georgie herself were soiled and coarsened by their very existence. And again she had that old feeling of being all alone, in the cold, against everybody and at a disadvantage, because she liked to get down to the bottom of things and it seemed to her no one else ever did—they either didn't see or they just pretended.

THE conversation resolved itself into an eager discussion of the schools where Rose might go and the work she might take.

"Of course, I don't want to simply boost my own school," Miss Alexander said, "but I should *love* to have Rose go to Winthrop. . . . I'm so glad you came in and talked this over with me, Miss Kramer. I've always been so anxious to know Rose's sisters."

"Well, I've been thinking about doing it a long time."

"And come again. Do," Miss Alexander begged.

She held Georgie's hand in her large, soft, white one and squeezed it affectionately

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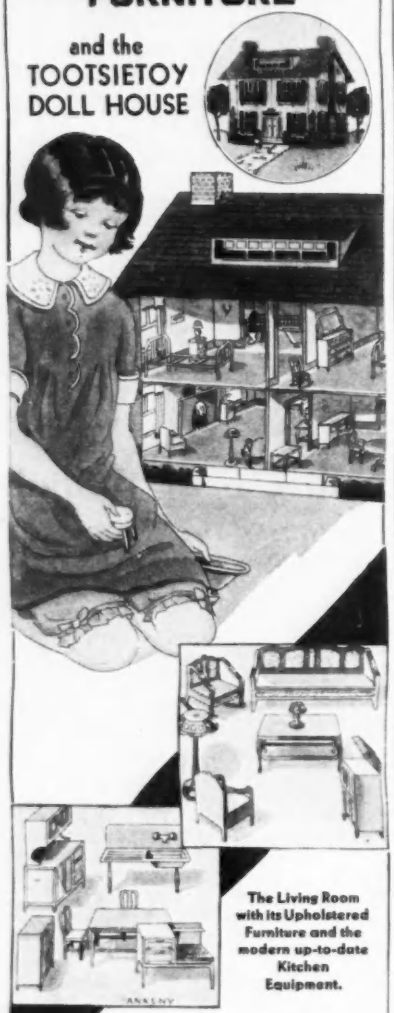

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The Kramer Girls

Georgie felt tears of gratification spring to her eyes—big fool that she was!

She left the building warm, pleased, excited, thinking of eager plans for Rose's future. She didn't know about Winthrop, though. If Rose could come home over Sundays and have her laundry done— Still, why not? If Rose was going anywhere to school, let her go to a good one. Miss Alexander's college must be all right. Georgie's plans expanded recklessly. One of her favorite sayings was, "I like to do things on a big scale when I do 'em." And then if Rose wanted to take special work afterward, let her. Now she had visions of Rose a great woman, leading a meeting somewhere.

As for not being able to talk more plainly with Miss Alexander, Georgie was scarcely disappointed over that. She was so used to it. At times she felt almost ashamed because no other woman seemed to look at things the way she did—they both respected her and looked down upon her for her earnestness and her ability. Maybe she didn't belong with 'em. Well, anyway, when she heard them talk about their husbands and lay their little schemes—Mrs. Pick. and all the rest—she had one satisfaction: she could despise the lot of 'em.

That thought pleased Georgie. Old visions of her own stirred in her mind. She thought of herself as a doctor, or the manager of some big business—she hadn't quite given up these crazy dreams. But all her conscious plans were centered on Rose. Georgie had always taken it for granted that she couldn't get away. Not unless something happened . . . but she was fiercely ashamed even to think of that. Poor mamma! Things had turned out badly enough for her. Georgie hated herself for grudging the least bit of care. Still folks all seemed to want to have lives of their own. They were made that way. Well, the kid was going to have something, at least.

On a side street, just off Main Street, stood her father's little frame office building. "J. B. Kramer. Dealer in Produce. Farms. Real Estate." A spark kindled in Georgie's eye. Her loneliness was warmed by the heat of coming battle. He would kick against sending Rose to school, but Georgie was going to get the money out of him, she didn't in the least care how. Now she began to feel fine and marched along in high feather. Georgie loved to be in the midst of a dramatic situation. And it was always easier for her to fight for some one else than for herself—it seemed more the thing, somehow, for a woman to do. Then she could forget compunction.

CHAPTER III

ANNIE wanted to wait for Rose, but Georgie said,

"Oh, she'll be wanting to go home with the other kids tonight."

Mrs. Pickering echoed that. "Sure. Us old fogies'll all trot along together."

She took hold of Georgie by one arm and Annie by the other and comfortably leaned her weight on them. Except that it wasn't much weight. Mrs. Pick was what Georgie called with good-natured contempt a "little sliver" of a woman, as dry and faded and brittle as her frizzed red hair that was bleaching to gray.

"Bert'll bring Rose home. She don't want us waiting for her," Mrs. Pickering said.

The girls went out of the church reluctantly. Georgie had wanted to speak to Miss Alexander, but she saw that Paul TenEyck, the town's exceedingly eligible young banker, was with her, and that made Georgie shy. So did the elegance of Miss Alexander's dress, a blue "party gown" left over from college, with which she was wearing blue satin slippers.

"Aren't you going to speak to her?"

"I don't like to."

Annie was childishly disappointed. She and Bertha knew all about Paul TenEyck's attentions and his rivalry with a mysterious out-of-town man—these things made Miss Alexander a heroine in her eyes.

But there was a crowd outside the church, standing about on the walk and the lawn and discussing the exercises. Georgie and Annie were stopped before they got down the steps. Mr. Seegar stopped them.

"Well, well! Aren't we proud? I guess we are!"

Then Paul TenEyck and Miss Alexander came down the steps past them, Miss Alexander with a soft brush of filmy draperies that left behind them a fragrant waft of powder scent, and she paused to squeeze Georgie's hand—"Aren't we *proud* of her tonight?"—and to beam sweetly at Annie. But then, every one was saying,

"You must be proud of that little sister!"

Rose's Valedictory was certainly the best thing on the program, except for Harold's speech, and Harold couldn't be a rival since he was a boy. The very nicest of all was when Roland Yarborough, one of the old settlers of the township who ran the mill down on Silver Creek, assured Georgie solemnly:

"Well, sir! I tell ye Rose done the best of all. She's a fine girl—a lovely, fine girl!"

And then went off to his familiar white horse and shabby old buggy, nodding his splendid old head with the long, silvery hair. He always wore a broad-brimmed black felt hat. He was a "kind of a philosopher," other men in town said. Georgie remembered that he had praised Rose before. She didn't know when she'd been so gratified.

IT WAS some time before Georgie, inordinately proud and happy, turned to look for Annie again. Annie came up to her blushing.

"Where'd you go to?"

"Oh, that Charlie Ruble was talking to me."

Georgie gave a snort.

Rose hadn't come out of the church yet.

"Us old gals had better pike along," said Mrs. Pick gaily.

She took hold of the two stout arms again. They were sure that Bert would come home with Rose. He had been taking her to all the high-school parties this spring—Rose had always been Bert's favorite, since they were children. It pleased Annie highly, and Georgie tried to pretend she didn't mind. The whole town looked festive tonight. So many lights were on. The air was theatrically blue. There was a mild, ineffable warmth drifted across with the vague evening fragrance of leaves and grassy earth.

Annie sighed. "Oh, it's so lovely! I just seem to float along!"

"Well, don't float off," Mrs. Pickering told her.

"No," Georgie thought drily, "it's you that ought to be floating, hanging onto us like this."

Mrs. Pick. and Annie were chattering, but Georgie was still rapt in her dreams for Rose. She answered them at haphazard. Annie exclaimed over how beautiful Miss Alexander looked. Mrs. Pick, disagreed. She didn't care to see a woman so tall and she thought all that hair piled up on her head looked bushy.

"Well, I guess Paul TenEyck don't think so!"

"No, I s'pose he's got to take up with some one from away—nobody in town good enough for him! But he won't get her. There's another man in the case. Somebody she knew in college. Paulie loses out."

Georgie did not even bother to defend Miss Alexander. She could still see Rose standing there on the platform, in the dress of fine, white flouncing that Annie had made, and speaking so clearly. No one had dreamed that Rose could speak so well. Usually, she didn't like to get up before people. "Well, I'd like to know how Harold Dancy was any better!" Just because he was a boy . . . Georgie was still thrilled over the applause, in which she had joined, red-faced but doggedly clapping, with Annie ready to cry.

The Kramer Girls

"My, I wonder where they'll all be ten years from now!" Annie exclaimed sentimentally.

"You know what Vivian said in the Prophecy. Rose was going to be a basket-ball coach, wasn't she?"

"I didn't think that hit off Rose very well," Georgie grumbled.

"I thought 'twas pretty good," Mrs. Pick. declared. "Rose likes basket-ball so well."

"Yes, but she's not likely to make a life work out of basket-ball," Georgie said scornfully.

Mrs. Pick. said comfortably, "Oh well, I guess we don't need to worry about any of these girls' life works!" She laughed.

That made Georgie tired. Maybe *she* called being the wife of Mr. Pick. a life work, but Georgie didn't! Not one she'd care to have. He was a traveling man and seldom home more than a week at a time. There was talk about what he did on his trips. But Mrs. Pick. was always perfectly self-satisfied with the girls. There wasn't enough work in her little house to keep a child busy, and she spent her time gossiping and doing fancy work. But she was married, and so she felt superior. It disgusted Georgie.

"And now, just think, it's all over for them."

"Yep, all over!" Mrs. Pick. said cheerfully. "Now they'll have to settle down and get busy like the rest of us."

"I think Vivian and Harold'll get married, don't you? I wonder how soon."

"That Vivian's a piece! Harold's going to have his work cut out for him if he marries her. Hope he can manage her better than her folks have!"

Annie laughed delightedly. She thought ill of no one, but she loved to hear Mrs. Pickering talk. Georgie had an impatient look.

Mrs. Pick., however, was unaware of it. She said, "Well, now, after this you girls'll have Rose at home, and you can get out a little more."

"Where'd we get out to?" Georgie asked drily.

"Oh, well, what do you suppose, now? You can both of you join the club. It'll be nice for you to go together. You don't want to get to be old stick-in-the-muds," she railed good-naturedly. "One of you may get hold of a man now if you look sharp—you never can tell. Nettie Ruble might pop off."

Georgie scowled, and Annie tried to laugh.

"Let Rose take her time staying at home now. She's young. Bert can wait a while."

"Bert!" Georgie scoffed.

"Who is it then? I thought she'd given Hammie the go-by."

"I don't know why it should be either of them."

Georgie was wrathy. She was much more ambitious for Rose than to have her marry Bert Shump, and she didn't want Hammie even mentioned. But it was no use saying anything to Mrs. Pick. She had just one idea.

Mrs. Pick. went on with melancholy relish: "Yep, their good times are over now! Well, I know how it goes. I was as crazy as the rest of 'em. I was going to keep on having a good time all my life. But I tell you, after I'd tried teaching country school and making my own living, I was mighty glad to take Pick. These girls'll find out the same thing." She laughed.

Georgie stalked along.

THEY left Mrs. Pickering at her little, blue-painted cottage next door to the large, plain, rambling, white Kramer house. Annie sat down in the porch swing, but Georgie wouldn't let her stay there.

"The kid'll want that, Annie."

Poor Annie got up reluctantly. She wouldn't have usurped Rose's place, but she wanted to see if Bert came home with Rose and to hear what they had to say about the exercises. Georgie went in to see if her mother was all right. Her father had promised to stay at home tonight so the girls could go to the exercises. Annie was the one, however, who told Mrs. Kramer about the program, in loving detail, as if she never doubted her mother took in every word. And it did seem that Mrs. Kramer enjoyed having Annie talk.

Georgie went out to the kitchen to make some lemonade for Bert and Rose. She stepped about humming, still elated. What a fool she was to mind anything Mrs. Pick. said! But she couldn't help it. Georgie knew that both Rose and Annie called her bossy sometimes, and she really tried hard to subdue her passion for managing the affairs of the family. But then she felt she knew more than they did, so why pretend? And she did want the kid's life to amount to something. She dreaded to see Rose with any boy. She didn't object to Bert, of course, as she did to Hammie. But he was going to be just like his father—start right in with the hardware store as soon as school was over, and never think of going away to college. Georgie had greater ambitions than that for Rose. And she thought she had a right to them, when she considered how splendidly Rose had spoken tonight, when she thought of the excellent grades Rose had received all through school. Rose had led her class from the time she started primary—well, except for Harold Dancy, and these girls who taught always liked to give better marks to the boys. . . . Still, Georgie wanted Rose's friends to have a good time when they came to the house. She had to admit to herself that she used to be jealous when the boys were paying attention to Vivian and Marian and not to Rose. She wanted everything for Rose, in fact.

SHE went out with the two tall glasses of lemonade and a plate of her raisin cookies. But there was only Rose in the porch swing, her white dress glimmering in the blue dimness.

"Why, I thought . . . !" Georgie stopped, confused. "I thought you had somebody with you, kid."

Rose made the swing move with her toes on the porch floor.

"You didn't have to come home all alone, did you?"

Rose shook her head.

"Were you with the girls?"

"No. Bert." Rose's voice was almost inaudible.

"Well, he must have got away in a hurry!" Georgie sat down beside Rose. "Well, kid, you were all right tonight."

She hugged Rose. Rose said nothing. Her face was hidden against Georgie's shoulder. Georgie tried to lift it.

"What's the matter, kid? Rose. You aren't crying, are you?"

Rose would not answer. Georgie held her a while, staring straight ahead into the blue night, and worried. She wanted to know what the matter was, but something kept her from inquiring too sharply. She preferred to think that it was only because of the excitement, and because Rose hated to part from the crowd and have her school days over.

"Aw, you don't want to cry," she scolded gently, as they swung. "Not after you did so well this evening. I heard lots of fine things about you, kid. Mr. Seegar, and Miss Alexander, and who do you think?—old Mr. Yarborough. He said some pretty nice things about you."

Rose still kept her face hidden, and Georgie rocked the swing gently.

"Cheer up, kid. There'll be lots of good times to come. Lots better than any you've ever had. You don't want to get stuck here, like your two old *schwesters*. You've got everything ahead of you. You bet you have. Everything," Georgie repeated, and there was just a tightening of resentment in her voice.

But she patted Rose's shoulder.

"Come on, babe. Let's go into the house."

(*To be continued*)

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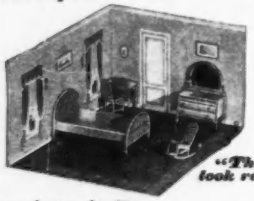

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The Art of Creating An Atmosphere

(*Continued from page 56*)

the davenport, but one of medium size (other than a gateleg) of an oblong shape, to stand under a mirror, was not so easy. It had to be shallow, or it overpowered the hall. If guests are expected, a comb, brush, and powder-box may be placed on it and wraps left in the hall, making it unnecessary to go upstairs.

The use of a sofa under the casement windows, and the lamps flanking it, give the air of a room to this small hall, and an extra place, in a family of four or more, where one member of the family may read.

In the living-room the problem of scale was as great. To begin with, the desk—a modern adaptation of an old-time oak cabinet—though massive, was not large. A gate-leg table of moderate size with one leaf down, and another decidedly small one, with three delightful Windsor chairs of Early English design, are the only wood pieces. To get the good of so attractive a fireplace, two upholstered arm chairs are placed facing it, an arrangement which is delightful but possible only when the chairs are not heavy and the backs not too high. They measure 31 inches from floor to top of back. In buying chairs to use in such a fashion, watch their height, or you will find they are obtrusive and hide the fireplace.

As a sofa is always nice in a living-room, a two-seated one, 51 inches x 34 inches, 32 inches high, was chosen and put against the wall with a Windsor chair—always liked by men—by it, and a small table for tea in front of it. If you will study the room, you will notice how comfortable it is—an easy chair by the window, a table and book shelves in one corner, while in the diagonal corner another chair finds a place by the desk, one lamp giving light for the desk and chair. Everything in the room, like the room itself, is medium-sized in scale.

Color and *individuality:* If my readers have read the preceding articles, it may be of interest to know that this English living-room occupies the same space that the Directoire room, shown last month, occupied. That room was torn down and this room built in its place. Though similar in size, everything else about it is different. The ceiling is lower, the type is radically different, and therefore everything follows it, but the same *principles* which built one, built the other.

Against the brown of the paneled walls and the black of the casement windows, warm, deep, golden-yellow casement-cloth curtains are hung to be drawn at night in place of shades. The rug repeats the brown of the room. To bring pattern into the room, hand-blocked English linen with green, rose, yellow, and brown on a putty ground is used for slip-covers for three pieces, while an orange yellow in monk's cloth, a rough upholstery fabric, is an excellent covering for the easy chairs in the corners of the room. It gives a gay, definite note it is well to repeat in flowers in bowls on the tables. But important as the furniture covering is, the big element of color is the multi-colored bindings of the books, framed in their restful setting of wood. The yellow of the curtains is repeated on the opposite wall by the two small, yellow pillows on the davenport. Therefore, although the paneling is of a somber color, it is merely a background for a pattern of many bright colors which are pleasing, but do not detract from the dignity or restful quality of the room.

A chance for individuality is lessened in a room with a traditional background, but still it is there. The tub with potted green plant in front of one of the windows; a print, a portrait, or an old map may be hung over the sofa, as choice dictates. Old pewter and brass for lamps, inkstand, ash trays, bowls for flowers leave some leeway of choice. If one is of a sporting turn of mind, a sporting print may adorn the lamp shade; or if history, astrology, or some intellectual pursuit is an interest, then a print of a sixteenth or seventeenth century castle, cathedral, street scene, or the constellations may take its place. Choose what *you* like, but delve back a few centuries and find the things that played a part in the life of the people from which the inspiration of the room was drawn, if you would recapture the atmosphere of a long-past day.

Reading the lives of Henry VIII, and Elizabeth and Essex, as all the world is doing today, gives a picture of sixteenth-century England rife with suggestions of the time, which your individuality may express as you wish, if you are furnishing a room in this period.

The furniture in the living-room cost about $931.50. The fabrics for curtains, upholstery, and slip-covers amounted to $432.17, and the accessories were about $500.

What Smart Women Are Wearing

(*Continued from page 65*)

cast. The deep purplish reds are smart, but difficult to wear, and best for the very young.

The distinctly longer and fuller dress brought about a serious problem as to what length a coat should be. This women have solved by adopting various lengths, but as a rule the dress frankly hangs below the coat.

Necklines have become points of interest, and sleeves, too. There is infinite variety in both. Speaking of necklines, Chanel's white piqué collar and cuffs used on so many of her dresses have made her models extremely popular with the young.

This is not a season when the same dress can be worn throughout the day. Smart women shop in the morning in a tweed ensemble with a tuck-in blouse or sweater. At lunch time they appear in a dress of black marocain, flat crêpe, or faille, a good example being shown on page 66; and for weddings or afternoon affairs they change to a more formal dress, usually of velvet or sheer lamé.

For evening the change is absolute—formality and elegance reign supreme. Princess lines are dominant, and sweeping length is the rule. Smart women favor black, white, wine-blacks like Patou's deep dahlia, red, sky-blue, bright dark blue, all the pinks, bottle greens, water greens, and browns.

Chanel's red lace gown with spiral flounces which touch the floor is the sensation of the season and is repeatedly seen at important events. Patou's lovely new gowns, with a waistline marked by a soft, crushed belt and points that trail the floor all around, are exquisitely beautiful and extremely popular. In fact, his "To-morrow" is the season's most popular dress. These gowns are of Elizabeth crêpe, a smart fabric, in black or the deep dahlia shades. Nets in the coarser weaves are also extremely good as are the sheer lamés, velvet, satin, and taffeta. Some of Chéruit's taffeta gowns are particularly lovely.

Smart women are wearing luxurious wraps of varied lengths—hip-length, three-quarter, or even of sweeping length following the line of the dress. Undoubtedly the three-quarter wraps are the most youthful and graceful. They are of velvet or lamé, sometimes matching the dress. Black, in sheer or panne velvet, with white fur or silver fox, is always smart.

A word on gloves, which mark the return of elegance to the mode, for the long evening glove is omnipresent at formal affairs. With black gowns it is often of black suède, or it may be white, but smartest are the new beiges with a faint touch of color, such as pink. All are worn wrinkled halfway up to the elbow.

Seen in the finer jewelry shops

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	Mary Chilton Bouillon Spoons	6 for $12.00
	LaFayette Coffee Spoons	6 for $ 6.50
CENTER	Louis XIV Cream Soup Spoons	6 for $18.00
	Lady Constance Dessert Knives	6 for $20.50
RIGHT	Virginia Carvel Dessert Forks (T weight)	6 for $18.00
	Seville Salad Forks	6 for $18.00
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	Lady Mary Butter Knives	6 for $13.50

Matching the lovely Louis XIV flat silver, a charming plate for sandwiches and cakes, $28. A very useful dish for salads, desserts, etc., 12-inch, $50. The stunning coffee pot is $110. Sugar bowl and cream pitcher to match—each $45.

This beautifully-shaped pitcher matches the new Lady Diana flat silver and costs $145. The Lady Diana plate for sandwiches or cake is $35. Lady Diana Service plates are $300 the half dozen. The bonbon dish is $13.50. The centerpiece with mesh for flowers is $125.

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Emily Post, famous author of "Etiquette; the Blue Book of Social Usage," standard reference on all matters pertaining to weddings, outlines briefly in a new and charming brochure the more important modern wedding conventions. What one wears, what one does, how one chooses silver today—these are only a few of the subjects Mrs. Post talks about. We will be glad to forward a copy upon receipt of 20¢ to cover mailing and handling costs.

The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. H-12, Newburyport, Mass.

I enclose 20¢ in coin or stamps for Emily Post's "Bridal Silver and Wedding Customs."

Name_____

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City and State_____

My jeweler is_____

In using advertisements see page 6

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"The Buying Directory of the American Home"

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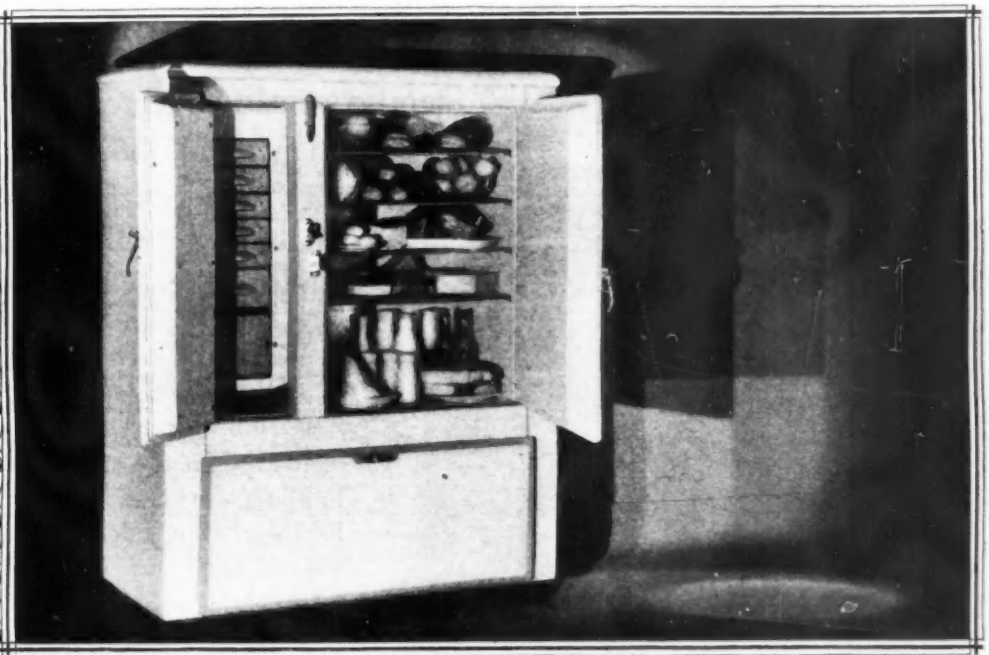
New freedom from care with KELVINATOR *super-automatic* refrigeration

KELVINATORS ARE PRICED AS LOW AS

$185

F. O. B. DETROIT



OF course you want quick freezing of ice cubes and delicious desserts . . . foods kept cool, fresh and healthfully pure for your table . . . every modern home demands these things from electric refrigeration.

With the new Super-Automatic Kelvinator you won't need to worry or watch over your refrigerator to obtain these benefits.

For Kelvinator, never deviating from its path of making electric refrigeration even more convenient, more trouble-free, and more economical, has designed its newest product to be 100% automatic in operation.

A new Kelvinator discovery—Ice-O-Thermic Tubes—makes possible far faster freezing of ice cubes. Frozen in special fast-freezing trays, ice and delicious desserts are prepared in an amazingly brief period. Yet food compartments remain always at the same safe temperature between 40 and 50 degrees—neither too warm nor too cold.

In the larger Kelvinator models you even obtain a separate cold storage compartment where fish, game, etc., may be kept for indefinite periods.

Each complete new Kelvinator—and they are priced as low as $185 f. o. b. Detroit—has a cabinet of sturdy metal construction, porcelain lined throughout. Chromium-plated and butler nickel hardware in dull finish, adds to the attractive appearance and durability of these models.

A Different Christmas—
A Different Future—
For the Whole Family

Wives and husbands all over America will provide future food healthfulness and food economy by installing the new Kelvinator for the family's Christmas. Under Kelvinator's ReDisCo monthly budget plan, the family budget will hardly be disturbed by the modest cost of installation. See all the new Kelvinators now, and be sure to order the size you need in your home for Christmas.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 14251 PLYMOUTH ROAD, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ont. Kelvinator Limited, London, England

In using advertisements see page 6

This Woman Made $500,000

Paula Winkler

Tells a Story of Courage in Career-making of Value to All Women

PAULA WINKLER'S story is not recommended to you because she has made big money in Wall Street. Its significance lies in the fact that here is a woman who entered a field dominated by shrewd men and who made a place for herself among the leaders. Her experience shows that courage and enterprise and the ability to succeed are as much a quality of women as of men. Read her inspiring story in December Cosmopolitan.

Photo by Hal Phyfe

¶ *She was a low-paid Typist. Here she tells how she became an independent Operator in Wall Street.*

Cosmopolitan is a magazine of vivid contrasts. In the same issue you will read how men are liberating themselves from the bondage of uncomfortable clothes. And then, there is also "Queen Mary is a Good Cook," by Evelyn Graham, which includes:

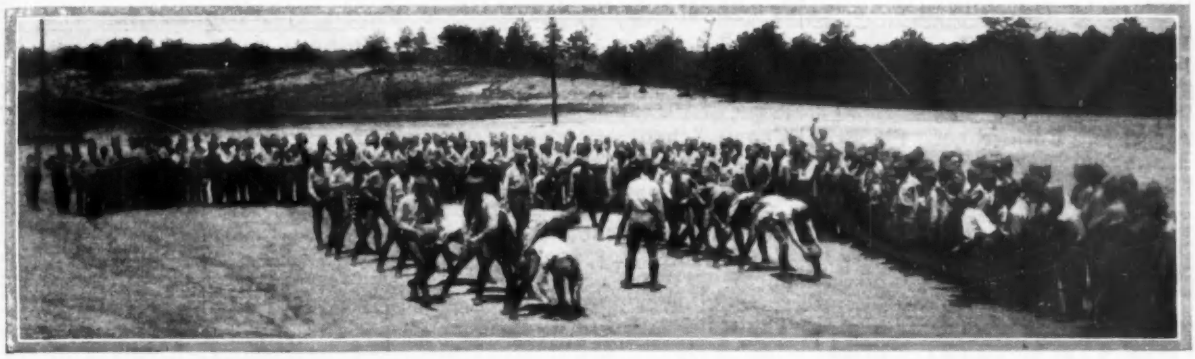
Queen Mary's Recipe for Sponge Cake

3 eggs (whites beaten separately)
Weight of 3 eggs in powdered sugar (¾ cupful)
Weight of 2 eggs in self-raising flour (1 cupful)

Put yolks and beaten whites of eggs in basin, sift in powdered sugar and beat up, then sift in the flour. Have ready a cake tin lined with paper. Put in mixture and place in hot oven. If gas is used lower gas immediately cake is in oven and do not look at cake for at least twenty minutes to half an hour. Gas should be very low. Test with skewer and if the latter is clean when taken out, the cake is done.

Hearst's International combined with **Cosmopolitan**

December Issue—Now on Sale



SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

ASSOCIATION OF MILITARY SCHOOLS

The Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States Illustrated booklet on Military Schools sent on request.
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1705 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.

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For Girls. High School. Junior College. Music, Art, Dramatics, Home Ec., Secretaryship, Journalism, Phys. Ed. 100 acres, 15 min. from White House. New Buildings. Swimming, riding, tennis. Catalog. W. E. MARTIN, Pres., Box 818-G, Penna. Ave. Sta., Washington, D. C.

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Gunston Hall
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Junior College
College Preparatory

Unusual educational advantages in select residential school at nation's capital. For catalog address

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Day School and Boarding Department. Decroly Method in Lower School. Tutoring for Tourist Pupils. Sunshine and Swimming all the year. Write for Catalog.
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DRAFTING, Engineering, Electricity, Architecture
4 fields of real opportunity. Train here in America's industrial center. 2 yr. diploma and 3 yr. B. S. Degree Courses. *Special 4 months' practical course* in Drafting. Other short courses. Enter any time. Day and evening classes. Earn while you learn. Free employment bureau. Athletics. Successful graduates everywhere. Free 80 page "Blue Book." Address the President, Dept. R-87, Chicago Tech. Bldg., 118 E. 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

School of Domestic Arts & Science
Practical instruction in cookery, meal planning, home management, marketing, sewing, house furnishing, child psychology. Experience in practice houses. Catalog. MISS LILLIAN A. KEMP, School of Domestic Arts and Science, 6 No. Michigan Avenue, Dept. 18, CHICAGO.

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In using advertisements see page 6

ILLINOIS

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For girls. Accredited High School and Junior College. Regular and Special courses. Month of May at Ocean City. 25-acre campus. Modern. Connecting baths. Horseback riding. Catalog: FRANK S. MAGILL, A.M., Headmaster.
Box Q, Chambersburg, PENNSYLVANIA.

Bishopthorpe Manor
Congenial school life and special opportunity for study of Home Economics, Costume Design, Interior Decoration, Secretarial Work, Expression, Art and Music. College preparatory course. New gymnasium and pool. Horseback riding. Catalog. MR. and MRS. C. N. WYANT. Box 238, Bethlehem, PENNSYLVANIA.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Ashley Hall
School for girls in atmosphere of southern culture and colonial tradition. Accredited. College preparatory, Normal department. Kindergarten-Primary course. Home Economics. Music. Modern Equipment. Out-door sports all winter, riding, pool. Catalog. MARY V. MCBEE, M.A., Principal,
Box G, Charleston, S. C.

TENNESSEE

Junior Military Academy
Like home in care. Kindergarten through 8th grade. Teacher to every 8 boys. Modified military system. Modern equipment. Moderate rates. Camp Whooppee makes possible 12 months enrolment.
HEADMASTER, Box G,
Bloomington Springs, TENN.

Ward-Belmont
For Girls and Young Women. Offers 4 years preparatory, 2 years college work. Fully accredited. All Sports including Riding. Complete appointments. For information address THE SECRETARY,
Belmont Heights, Box 503, Nashville, TENN.

Tennessee Military Institute
Training for success in college and business. Mild, healthful climate. Modern buildings. All athletics. Swimming pool. Band. Moderate rates. 56th year. Catalog.
C. R. ENDSLEY,
Box 78, Sweetwater, TENN.

Columbia Military Academy
For past 10 years four-fifths of graduates have entered college. Students from 20 states. R.O.T.C. Modern equipment. All sports. Golf without expense on 9-hole school course. 67-acre campus. Inclusive rate $850. Catalog. Box 12-G, Columbia, TENNESSEE.

Branham & Hughes Military Academy
Splendidly equipped school for boys in historic Southern section. Prominent alumni throughout the country. High scholastic standing. R.O.T.C. under Army officer. Junior school in separate building. Moderate charges. Box D, Spring Hill, TENN.

TEXAS

El Paso School for Girls
Accredited. Preparation for all colleges. General courses. Excellent faculty, music, art. Outdoor classes. Delightful, dry climate where sun shines all day. Large grounds; charming Spanish style buildings. Riding. Catalog. LUCINDA DE TEMPLIN, Ph.D., Prin.,
Box 3129, El Paso, TEXAS.

Catalogs

Any of the schools whose announcements appear in these pages will be glad to send you a catalog and full information regarding courses.
Please feel free to write the schools fully regarding your requirements and give them just as complete information as possible.

VIRGINIA

Randolph-Macon Academy
Front Royal, Va. Military training. College preparatory school for boys. New fireproof buildings. Modern equipment. Healthful Shenandoah Valley, 80 miles from Washington. Swimming pool. Summer camp. Moderate rate. Address CHARLES L. MELTON, A.M., Box 417, Front Royal, VA.

Staunton Military Academy
One of the most distinguished schools in America preparing for Universities, Government Academies, Business. Superb disciplinary training equaled by academic excellence. COL. THOS. H. RUSSELL, B.S., LL.D., Pres.,
Box G, (Kable Station) Staunton, VA.

Martha Washington College
For Young Women. Delightful climate, 2200 feet elevation. 76th year. Fully accredited Junior College. Strong departments in Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Physical Education. Secretarial Science. All sports. C. D. CURTIS, President. Box G, Abingdon, VIRGINIA.

Swavely School for Boys
Exceptional teachers inspire your son to study and achieve. Country location, athletic facilities encourage good physical development. Accredited, four-year course. Write for catalog. Address Box D,
Manassas, VIRGINIA.

Fishburne Military School
College preparatory. In scenic and healthful Valley of Virginia. Aim—"Not the largest but the best." Boys from 20 states. 8 to 10 in a class. New gymnasium and swimming pool. Fireproof buildings. Catalog.
COLONEL M. H. HUDGINS, Box G, Waynesboro, VA.

Randolph-Macon School for Girls
College preparatory and Special Courses. Accredited. Special advantages in Music, Art, Expression. Limited to 100. Gymnasium. Golf. Riding. Tennis. Basketball. Catalog. JOHN C. SIMPSON, A.M., Principal,
Box G, Danville, VA.

Southern Seminary
A School of Character. For Girls. Blue Ridge Mts. of Va. Preparatory, Seminary, Collegiate, Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics. Phy. Ed. Commercial. Sports. 62nd year. ROBERT LEE DURHAM, Pres.,
Box 949, Buena Vista, VIRGINIA.

Virginia Intermont College
Junior College and High School for young women, founded 1884. Accredited. Sports. Gymnasium, pool. Private baths. Music, home economics, dramatics, art, secretarial courses. Physical training. Moderate rate.
H. G. NOFFSINGER, President. Box 122, Bristol, VA.

Stuart Hall
Episcopal school for girls—Eighty-sixth Session. Rich in traditions of the past; alive to the needs of the present. Thorough college preparation. Outdoor sports. Address
MRS. H. N. HILLS, A.B.,
Box B, Staunton, VIRGINIA.

Southern College
Girls and Young Women. "In the Heart of Virginia." Standard High School and Junior College Courses. Music, Dramatic Art, Home Economics, Journalism, Secretarial, Horseback Riding, Golf, Swimming, Tennis. Country Club Privileges. Social training. Flat rate $800. ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, 222 College Place, Petersburg, VA.

Randolph-Macon Academy
(Bedford, Virginia.) Beautiful mountain location at southern end of Shenandoah. Prepares for college or business. Large dormitories. Low rates—liberal endowment. Modern gymnasium and swimming pool. All sports. Catalog.
COL. WM. R. PHELPS, Principal, Box G, Bedford, VA.

Fairfax Hall
Girls. 50 acres in Blue Ridge Mountains, overlooking Shenandoah Valley. College preparation. 1-year collegiate, elective courses. Music, art, expression, secretarial, journalism, physical education. Swimming, riding, golf, water sports, gymnasium. Catalog.
Box 12-G, Park Station, Waynesboro, VA.

Sullins College
For Girls. High School and Junior College. Both Accredited. Music, Expression, Dom. Sci., Secretarial. New buildings; every room connecting bath. Swimming Pool. Horseback riding. Mountain climate. 100-acres, with lake. Washington, D. C. advantages optional. Catalog:—
W. E. MARTIN, Ph.D., Pres., Box G, Bristol, VIRGINIA.

WEST VIRGINIA

Greenbrier Military School
Prepares for College and Business. Limited to 300 boys. New modern fire-proof buildings. Near White Sulphur Springs. 117th year. High Moral Tone. Ages 8 to 21. All sports. Full course with graduate work. Moderate Rates. Address:
COL. H. B. MOORE, Box G, Lewisburg, WEST VIRGINIA.

St. Hilda's Hall
The Chevron School for Girls. (8 Miles from Harper's Ferry; 60 Miles from Washington, D. C.) Episcopal. In the Shenandoah Valley. College Prep.
MARIAH PENDLETON DUVAL, Principal,
Box G, Old Charles Town, W. VA.

WISCONSIN

St. John's Military Academy
The American Rugby. Eminently fitted for training American boys. Thorough scholastic and military instruction. A sturdy body, an alert mind and a dependable character reward the boy who puts himself in harmony with the St. John's Spirit. Lake Region. Catalog. Box 7-M, Delafield, Wis.

Hillcrest
For Girls. Ages 6 to 14. Charming home life. Thoroughness in grade work. Music emphasized. Art. French, Dramatics. Dancing. Outdoor games and activities. 20th year. In healthful hill country, convenient to Chicago.
MISS SARAH M. DAVISON, Principal,
Box 4-G, Beaver Dam, WISCONSIN.

Majestic's Colorful Tone –

will flood your home with Christmas cheer

A GIANT pipe-organ right in your living room on Christmas morning — huge rolling waves of gorgeous music — golden top notes — mellow middle tones — resonant bass — every note clear, true and lifelike in the absolute character of the original.

You can never know this wonder, till you hear the new Majestic. You can never have this thrilling experience with any other radio. For Majestic's *tone* is Majestic's *own* — not duplicated in any other receiver — *at any price.*

And this unrivalled COLORFUL TONE of Majestic's is *always* there, in all its *beauty and power* — whether on an organ recital, a popular dance melody or wild jazz number, a symphony orchestra concert or a brilliant quartette singing some well-loved song; whether on a local program or some far distant station you never heard before.

Hear the new Majestic today. Realize what it will mean to every member of your family in *lasting* enjoyment. There's a Majestic dealer very near you. He will be glad to demonstrate. And he'll explain the Majestic Finance Plan that makes it so easy to own a Majestic. Arrange for delivery in your home Christmas morning.

MAJESTIC BEAUTY as illustrated in this authentic Jacobean period model, matches the incomparable beauty of tone provided by the famous Majestic chassis and super-dynamic speaker . . . Tune in Majestic Theater of the Air over Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Standard Time. Headliners of the stage and screen.

GREGBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF COMPLETE RADIO RECEIVERS

Majestic RADIO

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

Mrs. Squirrel, at home mornings, 9 to 12

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES *No.* 20

Bobby answered my ring. How glad I was that my very first visit that bright morning had happened at this particular house! For where small boys grow, there is always sure to be something new to learn about soap.

And the minute I introduced myself to Bobby's mother she opened the door wide—"Come in," she invited smilingly, "I've read every single P AND G Naphtha story. And I've often wished on your trips that you would find me!

"You see," she explained, "I just couldn't use anything but P AND G Naphtha. Other soaps seem so crude and gummy beside my nice white P AND G!

"You saw Bobby," she continued, "but Betty's another reason why I need a soap like P AND G. I've given them nature books and they know all the birds and trees and flowers. My, the excitement when a Mrs. Squirrel brought her babies one by one to live in a backyard tree!

"Of course, they take nature-loving tummy side up or tummy side down," she said with an amused look, "and I don't know whether I'd be such a sympathetic mother, if I wasn't sure of a lot of help in P AND G suds. For no matter how soiled their play clothes are, after a soaking most of the dirt is in the water!"

Fine and white, safe for colors, quick to loosen dirt in hard or soft water—these are a few of the reasons women give for preferring P AND G White Naphtha. Yet few of them understand why such white soap costs less than cruder, harsher soaps.

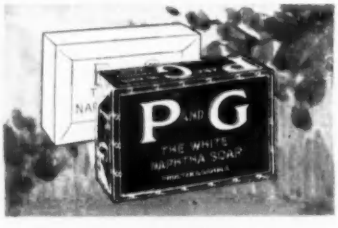
Really the reason you can buy so much P AND G for so little money is because it is the world's most popular soap. If P AND G were made in small quantities, it would have to cost you much more! But because P AND G is made in enormous quantities every day, Procter & Gamble can sell it at such a saving to you!

But remember—P AND G is so popular because women everywhere have discovered it *really is a whiter, better soap.*

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

FREE!—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. NG-129, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

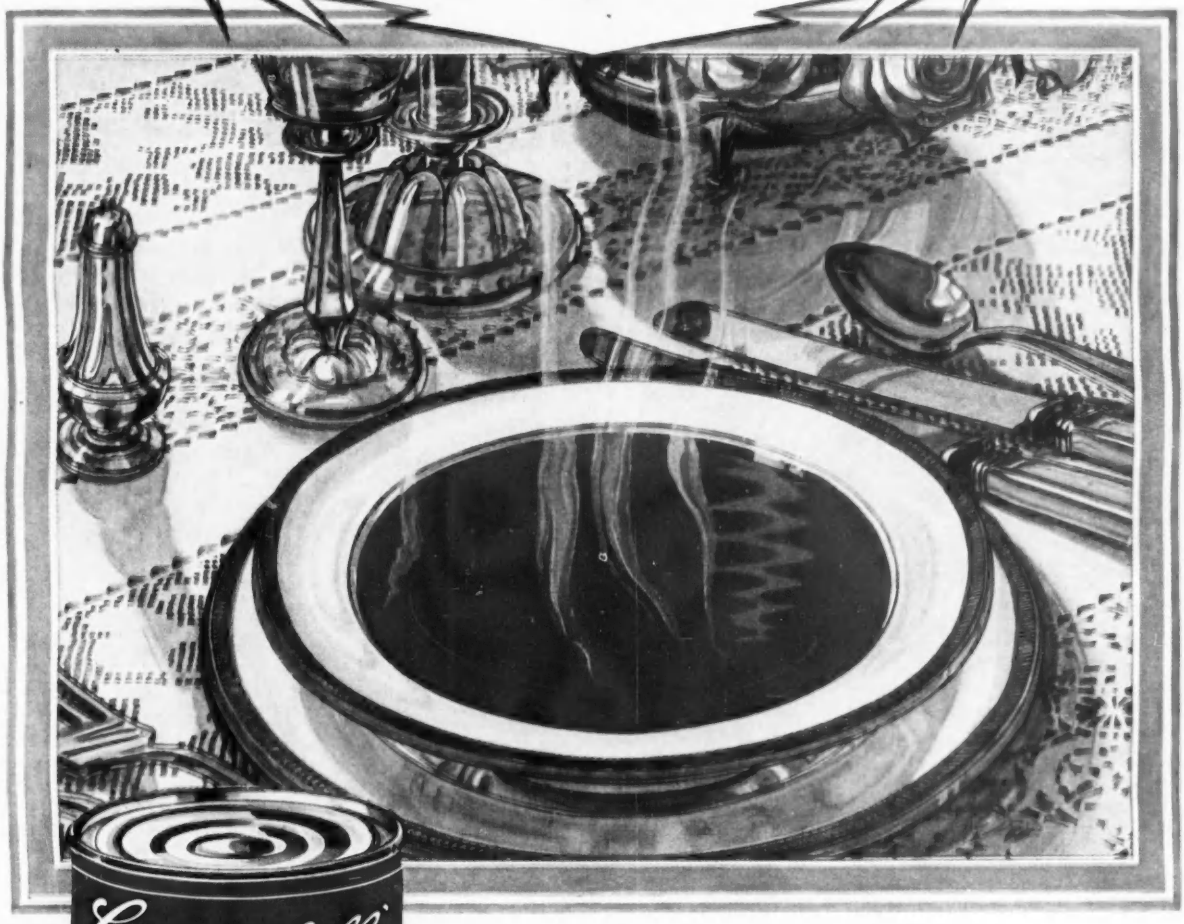
Doesn't it seem nicer to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.



The largest-selling soap in the world

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

Here's a soup that makes the whole meal sparkle!



Tempting and vivid in color. Racy and delicious in flavor. A challenge to the eye. A delight to the taste. Campbell's Tomato Soup is all of these—and remarkably healthful and wholesome besides! A soup that belongs on every table *regularly.* 12 cents a can.

★ *See the full list of 21 Campbell's Soups printed on the label.*

Send me lots of Campbell's Soups
And don't you be too slow, sir.
I know you have all twenty-one—
That's why you are my grocer!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

LA SALLE

THE new La Salles, introduced this autumn, roomier and more powerful than ever, offer advantages unobtainable in any other car at any price—except Cadillac itself. These advantages are of vital importance because many of them have to do with greater driving ease and safety .... ¶ La Salle's improved Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission is exclusively a Cadillac development—protected by basic patents. Even a new driver can shift these gears noiselessly, easily. The get-away is sure, quick, fast. ...¶ The new harmonized steering system, which makes the La Salle so easy to park and handle in traffic and the improved Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes, the easiest to operate yet the most effective ever devised, are found only in Cadillac-built cars. Furthermore there is no extra cost for the protection of non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass. It is standard equipment in all windows, doors and windshields .... ¶ Test the La Salle as severely as you know how. Then compare it point by point with other than Cadillac-built cars—yes, regardless of price—and draw your own conclusions.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

gloves are "washable, if you use lukewarm water, gentle methods, and a pure, mild soap."

In the majority of cases, when salespeople give washing instructions, they mention the pure soap by name as a matter of course—"Ivory." Ivory Soap, or the equally gentle, equally pure, Ivory Flakes.

Ask the saleswoman in the smart shop ..

her advice will save you annoyance and expense

Intelligent salespeople in the fine stores are used to answering the questions: "Will it wash?" or "How shall I wash it?" and they will willingly answer them for *you*.

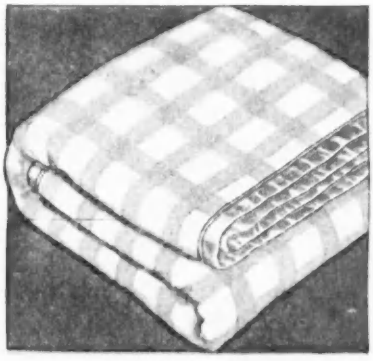
They will tell you just what they told a young woman who recently asked these very questions in the leading stores of 30 cities.

"Don't soak silks and woolens—handle them quickly." "Use at least two clean suds rather than one soiled suds." "Be sure your water is cool enough." These are some of the simple rules salespeople gave. Another rule was "Use Ivory." Almost every saleswoman said, "You will be safe if you wash all fine things with Ivory."

(An actual conversation overheard in one of New York's finest department stores)

Customer: "These are so pretty, but I should hesitate to buy them. They might fade badly in washing."

Salesgirl: "No indeed—not if you wash them correctly. Make a suds of Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water. Wrap them in a towel to get out most of the water and shake them out. I want to warn you, though, about using anything stronger than Ivory—then the colors would be likely to fade."



You are buying blankets now. In the spring—you can use this expert advice with safety to your costly purchases. "Wash your blankets in lukewarm Ivory suds, rinse well and hang them dripping wet in a windy, shady place . . . Ivory Soap is the best and purest soap to use. If you follow this advice your blankets will look like new." (From a salesman in a leading Chicago store.)

"Ivory is milder" salespeople remarked time and time again. "Manufacturers advise us to recommend Ivory." "No complaints from customers who use Ivory." "Silk stockings wear longer."

Salespeople *feel safer* when they recommend Ivory. They know, just as you know, that Ivory is pure enough and gentle enough for even a baby's skin.

And *you* will feel safer if you use Ivory. You then need have *no question about your soap.* If the garment will stand the touch of water and you use reasonable care, good results are certain.

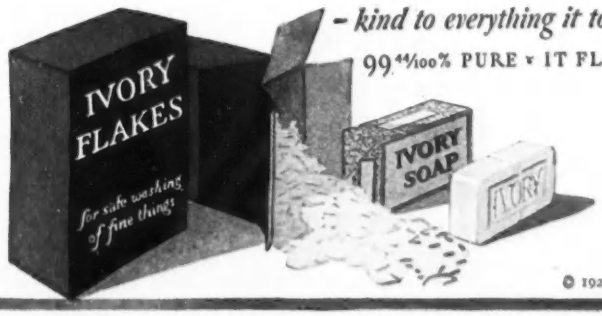
Ask the saleswoman. Her advice and Ivory will protect you.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free—A little book, "Thistledown treasures—*their selection and care,*" gives directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VG-129, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

– kind to everything it touches –

99 44/100% PURE • IT FLOATS



© 1929, P. & G. Co.

Some day you'll buy her a Frigidaire... *why not for Christmas*

Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's automatic temperature regulator. The temperature regulator maintains an ideal temperature in the food compartment . . . without attention. The "Cold Control" permits control over temperatures in the freezing compartment and speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts.

OF COURSE, she wants Frigidaire! And some day you'll buy it. So why not make that *some day* now?

Give her a Frigidaire for Christmas.

Give her the convenience of making desserts with the famous Frigidaire "Cold Control." Give her the care-free, healthful refrigeration assured by Frigidaire's surplus power. Give her the advantages of self-sealing freezing trays that permit two widely different temperatures in the same cabinet.

In other words, give her a *real* Frigidaire . . . one with the Frigidaire name-plate on it. Then you'll be *sure* she'll have a truly *modern* electric refrigerator. She'll have a cabinet of striking beauty in Tu-Tone Porcelain-on-steel. She'll have the incredible quietness of the Frigidaire power unit . . . a unit that is out of sight and away from dust and dirt. And she'll have the convenient arrangement of the Frigidaire shelves . . . shelves placed at a height that makes stooping unnecessary.

And it's *easy* to give her a Frigidaire. Prices are low and terms can be arranged to suit your convenience. So, avoid the usual last minute rush. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room and have Frigidaire in your home on Christmas morning. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a MILLION *in use*

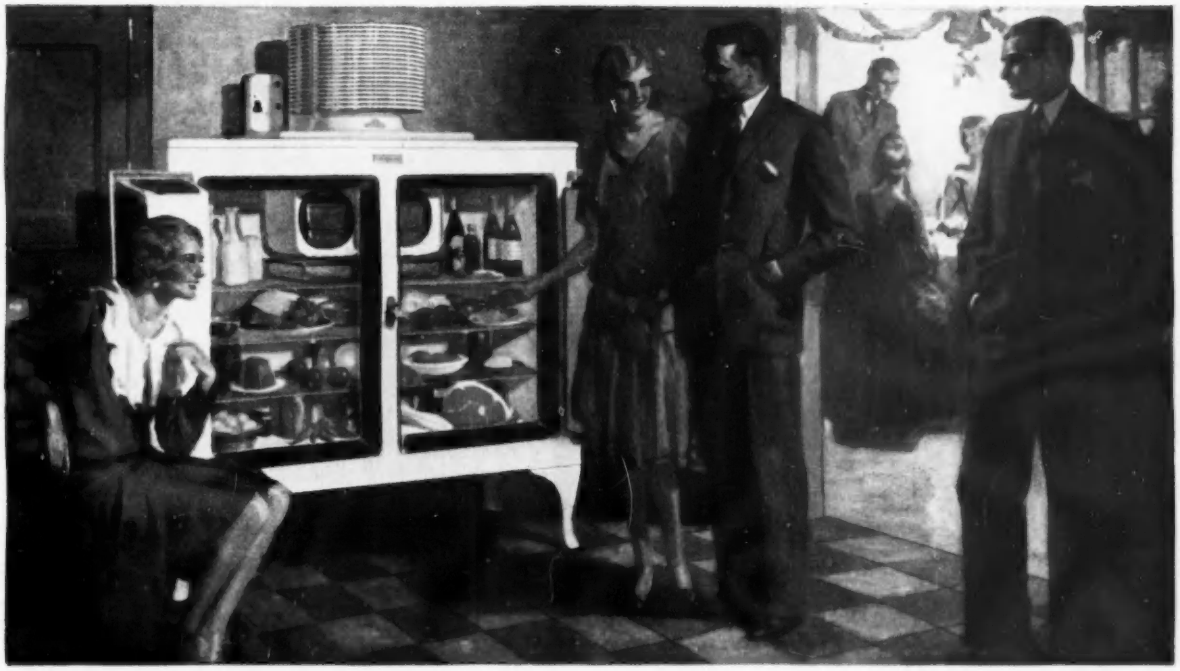
December 1929 Good Housekeeping

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Department A-141, Dayton, Ohio,
Please send me a copy of the Frigidaire recipe book. Also the Frigidaire catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....



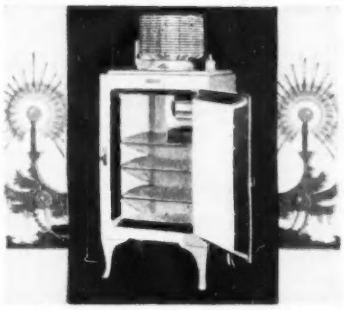
Happy to own it . . . proud to show it

Really, you can't blame her. Who wouldn't drag her friends out into the kitchen to show off her new General Electric? There it stands, gleaming white, strong as a safe, incredibly quiet . . . the envy of all who see it.

For a gift that gives all-year usefulness, that makes every-day tasks lighter, that safeguards health, the General Electric is really ideal. It makes a generous supply of ice cubes and, of course, freezes those many luscious desserts which every hostess enjoys serving.

When you buy a General Electric you are choosing the one and only electric refrigerator which has an *all-steel* cabinet. It is rust-proof, warp-proof. Its doors are finished with trim black Textolite edges, an attractive contrast to the whiteness of the cabinet. The inside corners are rounded so that they are most easy to clean. And the graceful legs leave plenty of broom-room under the cabinet.

And the General Electric is the only refrigerator which has all its mechanism mounted on top in an hermetically sealed steel casing . . . out of the way, dust-proof, needing no oiling . . . leaving the greatest cabinet area for food storage . . . and allowing the heat to rise above the cabinet—not up through it. It has an accessible freezing regulator and it creates no radio interference.



Prices on the new all-steel models now start as low as $215 at the factory.

When you are deciding on the gift that will best serve the whole family, consider the sound value which the General Electric offers. The operating cost is but a few cents a day and not a single owner has thus far paid a dollar for repairs or service. No other refrigerator approaches that record. Easy, conveniently spaced payments can be arranged.

For complete information about all the models, write to Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Ask for Booklet G-12.

GENERAL ELECTRIC ★

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

If he were your baby★

If he had to have milk from a bottle—and weaning time always comes—you'd want to *know* that he had the very best milk in the world. And you *could* know.

By every test that science knows . . . and by the test of practical experience, Pet Milk proves equal to your most exacting requirements as food for your baby. Seven Hundred and Fifty babies,* fed on this sterilized milk, under the direction of one of the most prominent infant specialists in America, during a period of 14 months, had as rugged health, as sturdy growth and normal development as babies that had mother's milk during the same time.

The Reasons Are Plain . . . Every drop uniformly rich in the milk-food substances—more easily digested than ordinary milk—as easily digested, indeed, as mother's own milk—sterilized, as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world—these are the tested and proved qualities of Pet Milk.

Mail Us The Coupon . . . We'll send you, free of charge, our book that will tell why Pet Milk is the milk you'll want in your baby's bottle and for your children to drink. It will give you feeding schedules with many valuable suggestions and recipes for preparing your children's food.

**We'll send you complete report of this striking experiment.*

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"

CHICKEN

U. S. INSPECTED and CERTIFIED

MODERN *to the minute!*

CHICKEN *that is sound, wholesome, clean. Government* INSPECTED.

CHICKEN *improved. More flavorful; more tender; more convenient.* FLAVOR-SEALED.

GOVERNMENT Inspection means that you get healthy birds every time.

If you want to know the meaning of Flavor-Sealed, try this test. Step into a kitchen where chicken is being cooked. Note the flavor-laden air. Flavor *lost.* Then, try Flavor-Sealed Chicken on your own table. Note the difference!

Flavor-Sealing *saves* all the natural flavors and juices lost in ordinary cooking. This chicken is cooked in the sealed vacuum tin. Flavor is cooked *in*, not *out.*

Here, too, is modern *convenience!* Now you can keep chicken on your pantry shelf—ready for immediate use.

Place a tin of Flavor-Sealed Chicken in your refrigerator. That will congeal the jellied juices. You'll have the most tempting jellied cold chicken you have ever tasted.

Or, do you prefer fried chicken? Just warm the tin enough to pour off the jelly; cut the chicken up; fry in hot fat 3 to 5 minutes.

To broil or roast—pour off the jelly, wipe dry, and give the chicken 15 minutes in a hot oven.

And do not fail to make use of the jelly. Marvelous for soups and gravies. In broiling or roasting, use it freely for basting.

In Flavor-Sealed, you have chicken *modernized*—all you have wanted in chicken. Wholesome chicken, U. S. Inspected and Certified. *Better* chicken, *made* better by Flavor-Sealing. And *convenience!* Try it.

At all leading food stores from coast to coast. Whole Chicken, or Halves. In vacuum tins, 2 to 4½ lbs. net weight. Geo. A. Hormel & Company, Austin, Minnesota.

COOKED—WHOLE · SAVES FLAVOR · SAVES TIME · SAVES LABOR

★Flavor Sealed HORMEL MILK-FED WHOLE CHICKEN

★*Flavor-Sealed Good Food, packed in sterilized sealed tins, also includes Ham (Whole or Half), Spiced Ham, Pork Tongue, Luncheon Meat.*

In using advertisements see page 6

SHE'LL KNOW YOU CHOSE CAREFULLY

IF IT IS A GENERAL ELECTRIC

JUNIOR MODEL*
$24.50
less attachments

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute
STANDARD MODEL*
$35.00
less attachments

HAND CLEANER*
$13.50
*Prices quoted are those which prevail East of the Rockies.

Too practical for Christmas? Not a bit. For every woman wants her home kept spruce and clean with the least effort.

General Electric Cleaners do their jobs so thoroughly, so deeply...and with such smooth ease. Their splendid, purring motors need no oiling. Their staunch aluminum bodies are pleasantly light in weight. And, because they are produced in such great numbers and sold directly at your dealer's shop, they are priced far lower than their worth.

In a home which already has a General Electric Cleaner, the little G-E Hand Cleaner will be a welcome addition. It does the work of most attachments—with far less effort. It weighs only 3¾ pounds and it cleans corners and crevices with greatest thoroughness. Find out all about it.

MERCHANDISE DEPARTMENT
GENFRAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

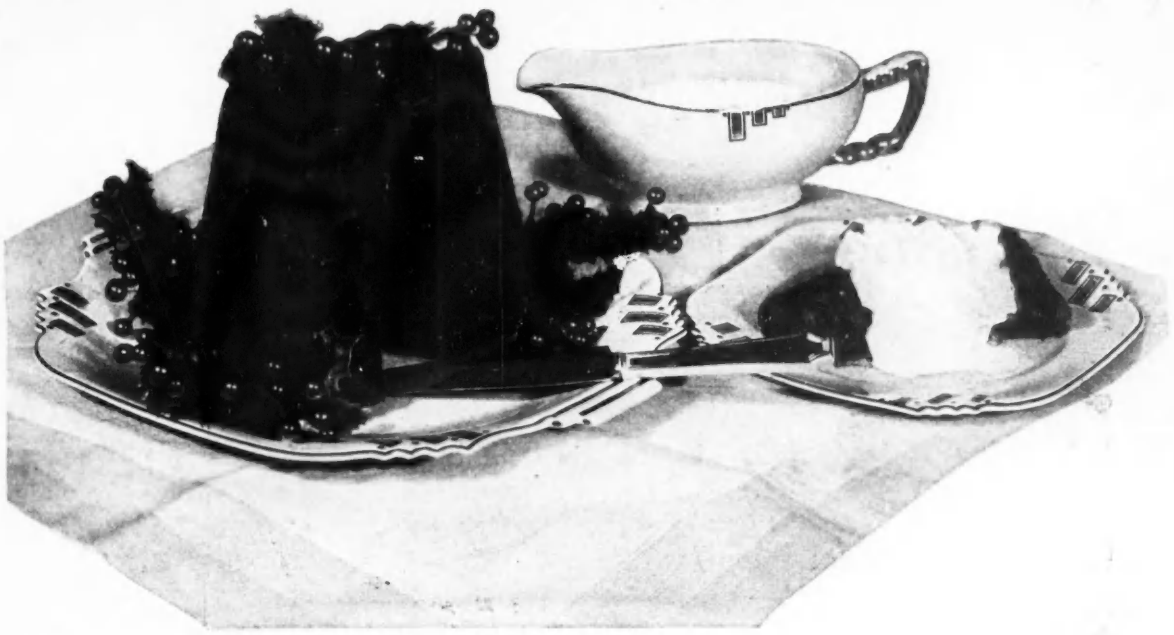
For the Standard and Junior models, either of two sets of attachments—at $6.50 and $10. Dealers who are interested in a General Electric Cleaner franchise are invited to write us.

★

GENERAL ELECTRIC
CLEANER

Section C-5812, Merchandise Department, General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
Please send me full information about the General Electric Cleaners.

Name.....
Address.....
.....



Even the Traditional Christmas Pudding *"goes modern!"*

HERE it is—the most age-honored, family-treasured recipe in the whole cookbook, in a brand-new rôle, as exponent of the *advanced* in cookery!

Never fear, this Christmas pudding has kept all its traditional impressiveness—is as regal as an eighteenth century grande dame—but it has added a new delightfulness, as modern as that of the flapper. Like so many other recipes, it has simply been glorified by the use of a new and better ingredient—Carnation Milk.

Perhaps you wonder why Carnation Milk—which you know to be just pure *whole* milk of the best quality, produced from especially fine herds under the most exacting sanitary conditions—can give results which the best of bottled milk cannot equal.

This is the reason: Carnation Milk is not only evaporated to double creaminess, but it is "homogenized"—the double cream portion broken up into the tiniest particles and distributed all through the milk. As a result, every drop of milk is doubly rich with cream, making every dish in which it is used richly creamy, and all this milk is uniquely fine of texture, giving a noticeably smooth and velvety quality to Carnation-made dishes.

Ask any domestic science expert. Ask any of the better cooks you know. They will tell you that Carnation is widely replacing ordinary bottled milk for all types of cookery, because of the creamy smoothness it gives to cream sauces and soups, the velvety quality it imparts to candies and ice creams, the fine, delicate texture it contributes to cakes and puddings and custards.

Add, too, to this unmatched deliciousness of results, the fact that Carnation Milk is completely dependable as to quality and as to keeping, saves butter and cream, and is as convenient as only a milk supply stored on the pantry shelf, in any quantity without ice, *can* be.

There's no better way to prove all these facts than to use Carnation Milk yourself, either in the Carnation Holiday Pudding or in any of the recipes given by Mary Blake in the Carnation cookbook. It is free.

Carnation Holiday Pudding

3 cups stale bread crumbs, grated, ½ lb. figs, finely chopped, ½ cup raisins, seeded and chopped, ½ cup nut meats, chopped, ½ tsp. nutmeg, ¾ tsp. cinnamon, ½ cup suet, 1 tsp. salt, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk diluted with ½ cup water, 2 tbsp. flour, 4 eggs, 2 tsp. baking powder. Dredge nut meats and raisins in flour. Work suet until creamy, then add fruit and nuts. Soak crumbs in milk, add eggs well beaten, sugar, salt and spices. Sprinkle over baking powder and beat thoroughly. Pour mixture into a buttered mould and steam three hours. Serve with hard or whipped cream sauce.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
1226 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
1326 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. New York Aylmer, Ont.

"From Contented Cows"

"From Contented Cows" on the label means unsweetened EVAPORATED MILK of highest quality

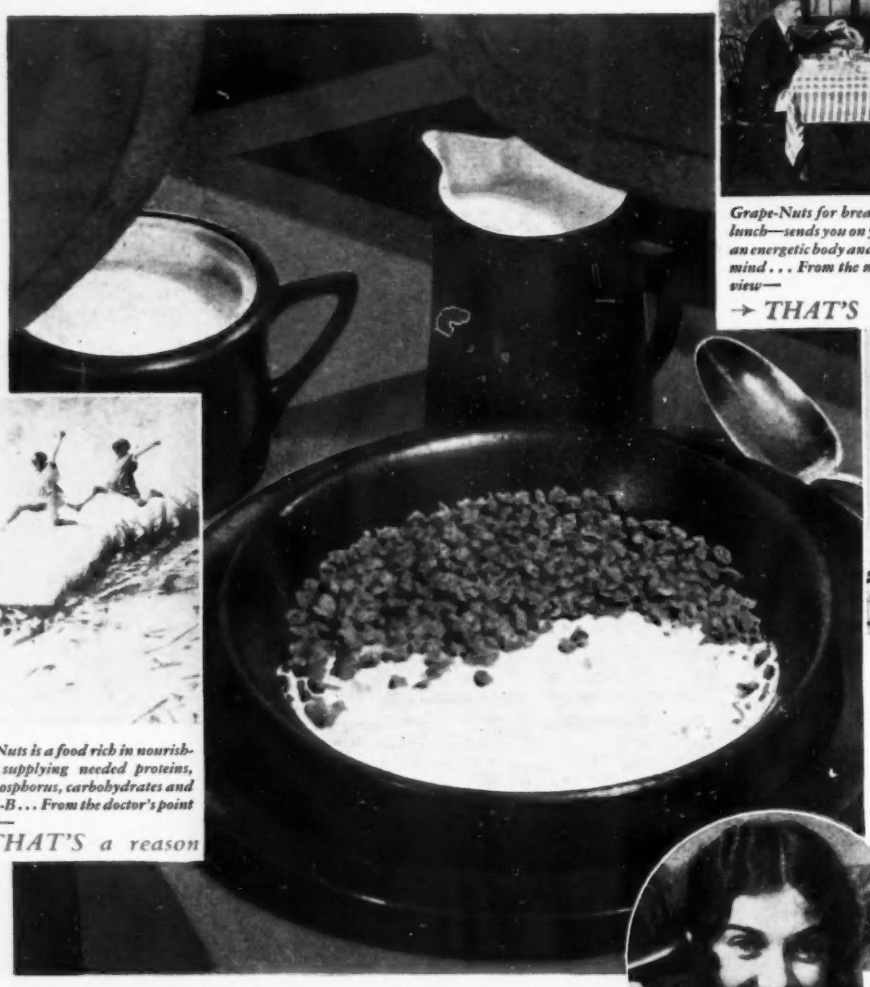
© 1929, C. M. P. Co.

. . . . . HOWEVER YOU LOOK AT IT

"There's a reason"

Grape-Nuts for breakfast—or for lunch—sends you on your way with an energetic body and a quick, clear mind . . . From the man's point of view—

→ *THAT'S a reason*



Grape-Nuts is a food rich in nourishment—supplying needed proteins, iron, phosphorus, carbohydrates and vitamin-B . . . From the doctor's point of view—

→ *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts is a remarkably nourishing, easy-to-digest, ready-to-serve food that children love to eat! . . . *From the mother's point of view—*

→ *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts brings health-giving, beautifying aid to modern teeth—because its unique, delicious crispness *encourages thorough chewing . . . From the dentist's point of view—*

→ *THAT'S a reason*

HERE'S something exceedingly good to eat. Different! The nut-like flavor of whole grains—the delicate natural sweetness of malt sugar. Combined in zestfully crisp golden kernels—like no other food in the world . . . From everybody's point of view

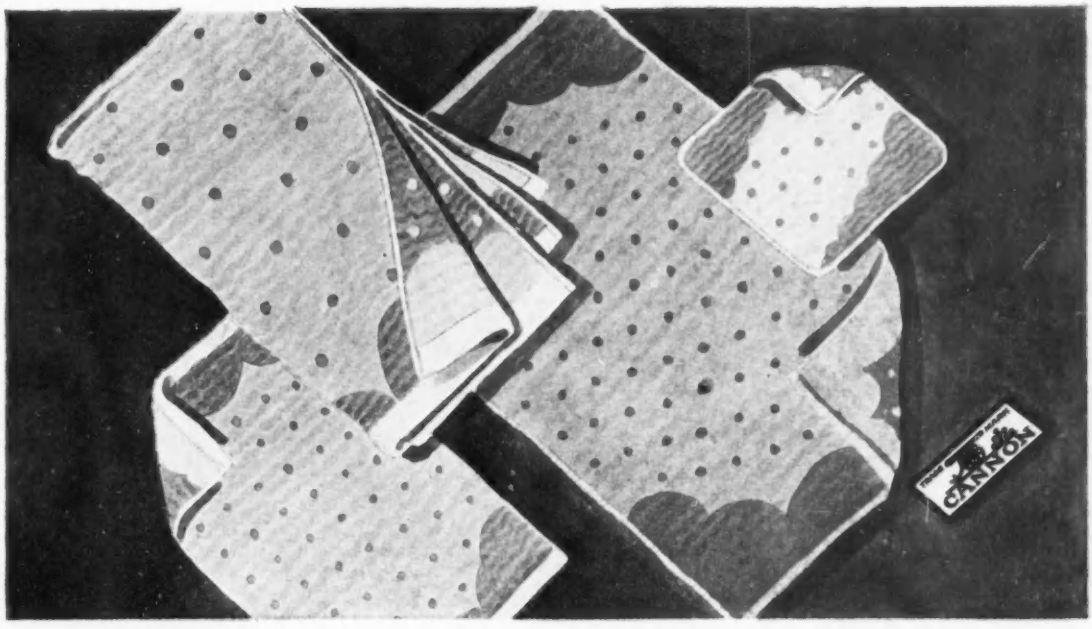
→ . . . . . *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts ★

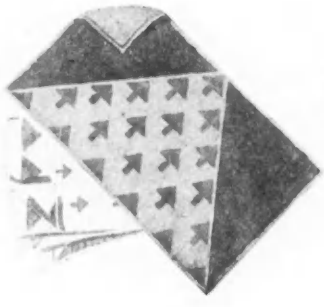
. . . . . *buy it today for breakfast tomorrow*

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

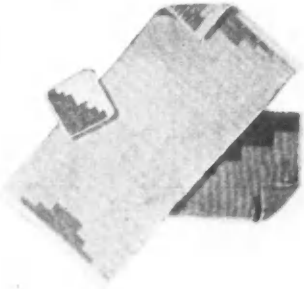
The Cannon matched ensemble contains two of the new, reversible bath towels, two reversible turkish face towels, two wash cloths and a bath mat, all in the same pattern and harmonizing shades of the same color. There are six new pastel colors: Rose, Jade, Peach, Orchid, Maize and Turquoise. The double set contains twice the quantity of each item.



An enchanting gift . . . you would love it yourself . . .
A Cannon matched set in the new colors and modern designs

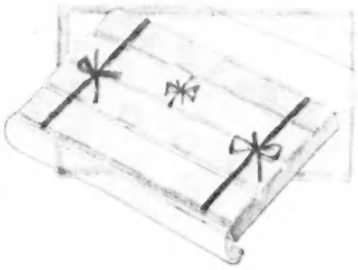


CANNON towels, in beautiful, colorful ensembles, are one of the most appropriate and appreciated of gifts. They possess the qualities every woman cherishes—beauty, loveliness, usefulness. The years of enjoyable, distinguished service that they render are continuing reminders of the discernment and thoughtfulness of the giver. Cannon towels, bath mats and wash cloths are sold by the leading dry goods and department stores throughout the country. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.



Interior decorators recommend the new Cannon towels, wash cloths and bath mats in matched sets. For harmony of color and design in the bathroom is today as essential to style as it is in your own costumes.

The prices of the new Cannon ensembles, which contain two bath towels, two face towels, two wash cloths and a bath mat, range from $4.50 to $6.50, for the single sets; $9 to $13 for the double sets.



There are other new Cannon towels in reversible designs, with all-over colors and patterns and terry hems, at prices from 30 cents upward. The towels, wash cloths and bath mats shown in the ensembles may be obtained singly, or in any quantity you desire.

"Modern Ideas About Towels"—*Free*

You will find many suggestions for making your bathroom smarter, more comfortable and more sanitary in this handsomely illustrated booklet just published. A copy is yours for the asking. Fill out the coupon below.

CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City

Kindly send me your new booklet, "Modern Ideas About Towels." This request places me under no obligation whatever. GH-5

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

CANNON TOWELS

December 1929 Good Housekeeping

In homes where good cheer reigns
-there you will usually find Bond Bread

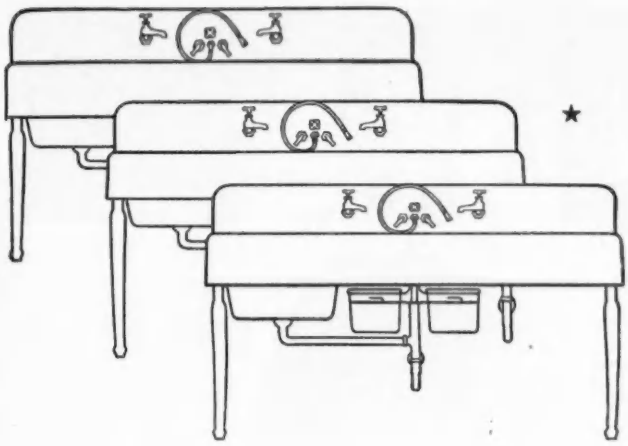
YOU can be so sure of Bond! Always the same wholesome, inviting loaf, with a freshness and richness of flavor that tell you how carefully the ingredients are chosen, how thorough the baking is. Just the bread you would like to have baked in your own kitchen, if Bond hadn't made home baking unnecessary.

Every day Bond Bread is served by more than a million housewives. If you do not yet know Bond Bread, let their continuing preference be your assurance of its uniform goodness and homelike flavor.

Bond

The *home-like* loaf

© 1929, G. B. C.



THREE NEW KITCHEN COLORS BY KOHLER

ANNOUNCING AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE PLANNING OF KITCHENS THAT HAVE NOT MERELY "COLOR"—BUT COLOR THAT IS PLEASING AND LIVABLE AS WELL

Kohler color experts, recognizing that kitchens and bathrooms present quite different decorative problems, have evolved three new colors for kitchen sinks—ADAPTABLE colors, specially created to meet the peculiar requirements of the kitchen. ◆ They are BACKGROUND colors. They permit the sink—a large, permanent fixture—to take its place restfully and unobtrusively with the background of the room. ◆ ◆ ◆ One of the new colors is Bisque, of a mellow, creamy quality, especially adapted to the room that needs a sunny note. For the more vivid scheme, there is Crystal Gray, its rich, soft tone adding the desired contrast. For a delightfully cool kitchen there is Silver Green. ◆ These new tones merge quietly with color-trimmed ranges, cabinets, and refrigerators, and make possible the expression of one's individual taste in gay touches such as colored sauce pans and bright curtains. ◆ These colors in the new Kohler sink designs—wonders of convenience, with DUOSTRAINER drains, chromium-plated fittings, and FLINT-GLOSS acid-resisting enamel; even with provision in some for ELECTRIC DISHWASHING—now make attainable the ideal modern kitchen. ◆ ◆ ◆ Arrangements have been made to display sinks in the new colors at all Kohler Show Rooms. Attend this introductory showing if you possibly can. And ask your plumber about the new kitchen colors by Kohler.

KOHLER CO., Founded 1873, KOHLER, WIS. ◆ Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis. ◆ Branches in Principal Cities

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EACH FIXTURE

In using advertisements see page 6

smooth it on . . .

wash it off . . .

now powder—and—

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR AT THE MIRACLE . . . YOURSELF

Hours of complex massaging? Shelves of bewildering labels . . . unguents —"cleansers"—"toners"? *No!*—for out of one of the world's great laboratories has come this modern miracle: a facial treatment—perfected by the House of Pinaud after 15 years' research—rapid as a lingering smile, amazing as Science itself. PINAUD'S CREAM—*the cream that washes away.* Miraculously compounded in this one tender silken Cream are elements which set to work like a whole staff of deft experts: *cleansing* deep, deep in the pores . . . *suppling* the tissues with delicate, swiftly-absorbed oils . . . then *washing away* with all the clogging, aging accumulations gathered from your skin . . . Additional astringent? Additional powder-base? Not necessary! You are ready instantly for a touch of Pinaud's new Powder—that almost-incredible Powder specially blended for your individual type of skin . . . Cleansed, toned, suppled as never before, your profile smiles as cameo-clear as Youth itself. And Youth's soft radiance is safeguarded . . . enhanced . . . renewed for you . . . as day by day you *wash* the threatening years away!

★

This is the Cream: *tender, silken, liquefying instantly . . . Then, in clear fresh water,* washing *away! Dollars and dollars and hours and hours have never given you such instantly-visible and wonderful results!*

This is the Powder: *blended to give, not just a powder coating, but a loveliness which is really You! Type 1, for the skin inclined to oiliness; Type 2, for the skin inclined to dryness . . . Six flattering shades.*

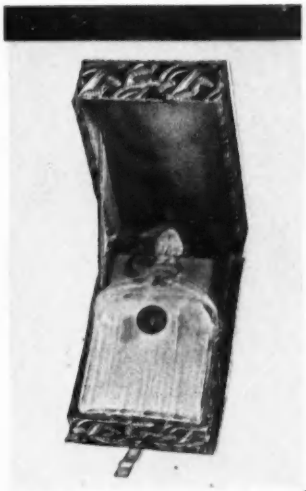
FREE—Check either offer below, and you will receive in addition a special packet of Pinaud's New Powder: ☐ Send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 Treatments. ☐ For 25c enclosed send 2 weeks' supply of Pinaud's Cream. *(Underline your type of skin and the color of powder you wish*—NORMAL: OILY: DRY ⟷ WHITE: FLESH: FLESH-RACHEL: RACHEL: INDIAN TAN: MOORISH TAN—*and mail this coupon to* PINAUD, *Dept. G-12, 220 East 21 Street, New York—in Canada to 560 King Street, W., Toronto) Your Name* *Your Address*

© 1929 Pinaud

MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PRODUCTS FOR MORE THAN 150 YEARS, INCLUDING PINAUD'S CREAM · PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL · PINAUD'S EAU DE COLOGNE · PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE · PINAUD'S SHAMPOO · PINAUD'S POWDERS.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Christmas gifts of YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER straight from London's Smartest World



GIFTS so utterly in the Bond Street manner that they bring the feel and fragrance of London's smartest world. . . . Gifts with a tradition for excellence established through eight generations of use by English nobility and gentry. . . . Gifts of soap and powders and perfumes that protect flawless English complexions which are today the envy of the feminine world.

Yardley gifts are the wholly becoming remembrance for gentlefolk to send at Christmas time. Whether you would select a small gift or a more elaborate one, you will find it among these Yardley suggestions. These are luxurious sets for women that contain the soft, clinging face powder—soothing bath salts—fragrant Blossoms for the linen chest or purse—the famous Lavender and the soap favored by social England.

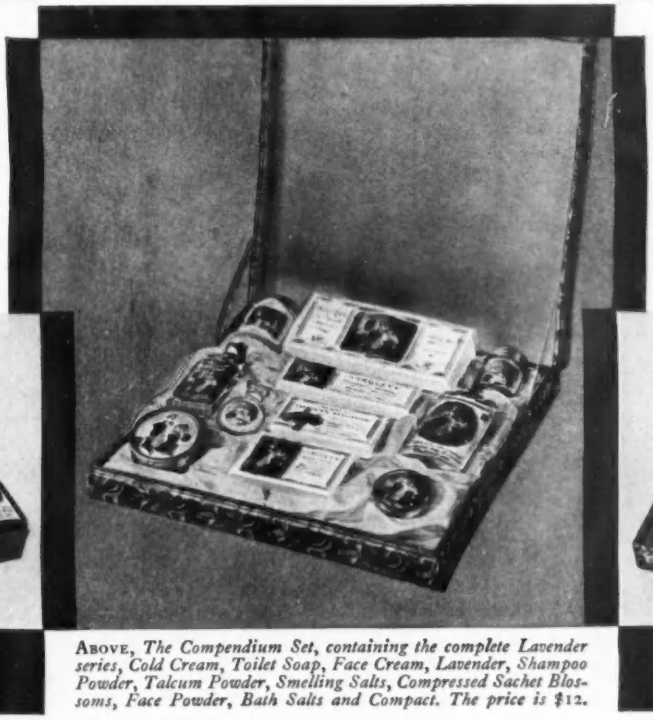
The set for the man may contain the convenient shaving bowl, talcum and a bottle of the refreshing lavender lotion for use after shaving. The prices vary from $1.25 to $12.00 for the sets. Single articles cost from 75c to $12. Your favorite store will have them. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

ABOVE, *a generous bottle of Yardley's Old English Lavender. Its fragrance seems to hold a delightful "English morning" freshness. The price is $5.*

ABOVE, *the refreshing "Salts and Soap" set. It contains a large bottle of Bath Salts Crystals and one cake of Soap. The price is $1.50.*

BELOW, *"The Gentleman's Package," a fine gift for men. It contains one bowl of Shaving Soap, one bottle of Shaving Lotion and a tin of Talcum Powder. The price is $3.25.*

BELOW, *a set for women which contains Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap, Face Powder, Lavender, Compressed Sachet Blossoms and Talcum Powder. The price is $6.50.*



ABOVE, *The Compendium Set, containing the complete Lavender series, Cold Cream, Toilet Soap, Face Cream, Lavender, Shampoo Powder, Talcum Powder, Smelling Salts, Compressed Sachet Blossoms, Face Powder, Bath Salts and Compact. The price is $12.*

Yardley's English Lavender*

Keeping pace with pleasure

Modern mouth hygiene has brought new health and vitality to thousands because they guard The Danger Line

WOMEN who are popular frankly acknowledge that radiant health is their most valued charm. And still, many risk this priceless gift through neglect of such a simple thing as mouth hygiene.

Here is the danger: The same blood which nourishes all the tissues of the body, and carries off their waste, also comes in contact with the gums and teeth. Thus poisonous substances and disease germs are carried away from neglected teeth and lodged in some other tissue or organ. Heart trouble, nervous disorders, rheumatism may result.

You must guard The Danger Line

It is not enough to brush your teeth. You must visit your dentist regularly and use a dentifrice which can neutralize acids that cause tooth decay.

These acids form particularly in pits and crevices of your teeth and at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. There is one dentifrice which can bring protection. It is Squibb's Dental Cream which is made with more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. When you use it, particles of Milk of Magnesia penetrate into all the tiny crevices and neutralize dangerous acids where your tooth-brush cannot reach.

Of course Squibb's Dental Cream also cleans and polishes the teeth beautifully. It contains no grit, no harsh abrasives. It is extraordinarily soothing. You can safely use it to brush the gums.

At drug stores everywhere—only 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA, *from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S *Dental Cream* ★

WHY... BAKE CAKE

when your grocer gets these delicious Hostess Cakes fresh every morning!

By Alice Cedars Proctor

FEW women care to spend long hours baking cake. And very few can bake all cakes equally well. And so when they discover Hostess Cake, and find that they can serve real home-made-tasting cake without the trouble of baking, their dessert menus actually become *more varied.*

Every morning your grocer gets the different kinds of Hostess Cake, fresh from the oven, with icings freshly made and spread on the fragrant warm layers and delicate golden loaves, just as the best cooks do it at home.

Every Hostess Cake has the taste and texture of the finest home-baked cake, because it is made with cake materials as good as or better than those you could buy for your own baking. Hostess Cakes are so good because such good things go into them!

Baking and icing any one of these cakes would take you an hour and a half. And it would cost you about twice as much.

Try one of these Hostess Cakes today. At your grocer's.

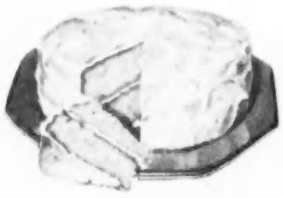
So many delicious and unusual desserts can be made with Hostess Cakes. You can make Hostess Cake into

Fudge Surprises
Ice Box Cakes
Charlotte Russes
Cream Pies
Steamed Puddings
Spanish Rolls
Fruit Delights
Petits Fours
Sponge Rings

and many others.

FOR YOUR PLEASURE—The Happy Wonder Bakers—on the radio every Wednesday evening. Also Frank Black and his famous orchestra. Over WEAF and the NBC network.

Use the coupon below to get our helpful booklet that describes 50 quick, easy desserts.



"MIGHTY NICE SUPPER—*such good cake" is the verdict when you serve big soft wedges of Hostess Pineapple Layer with the ices at your evening parties. The recipe is an old plantation favorite in the Carolinas.*

HOSTESS DEVIL'S FOOD BAR. *Tender layers of devil's food are put together with a luscious butter-cream filling, and a deep home-like chocolate frosting is lavishly spread over all.*

A HOSTESS LEMON LOAF, *generously sliced, is just the thing for the children's holiday party. It's light, delicate sponge cake, with a butter frosting, and it's made with the freshest tested eggs and the fresh juice of newly crushed lemons.*

THESE GOOD LITTLE HOSTESS CUP CAKES (*2 for 5¢*) *are just what you need for lunches, for tea time, for the children. They're frosted with either vanilla or chocolate.*

FRUIT CAKE, *of course, to top off the Christmas dinner—crammed full of delicious candied fruits, raisins, and rich whole pecans. Every rich crumb "tastes like old times." Packed in a beautifully decorated metal gift box. A wonderful gift for far-away friends and relatives, too.*

Hostess ♥ Cake

BAKERS ALSO OF WONDER BREAD AND WONDER PAN ROLLS

★

© 1929, Continental Baking Co.

MAIL FOR FREE BOOKLET

Mrs. Proctor (G12)
Continental Baking Co.
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts."

Name_____

Address_____

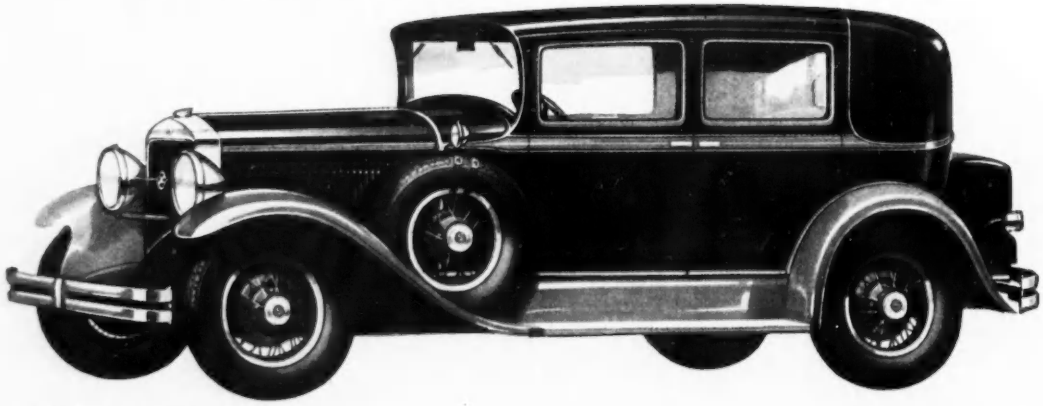
City_____ State_____

THIS CHRISTMAS... GIVE HER THE KEYS TO HAPPINESS

EACH year this gracious Christmas custom grows in favor... the presentation of the Keys to Happiness to one well beloved. An attractive gift case holds the shining keys for one of Studebaker's smart new motor cars — an Eight by the Builder of Champions! When all the world is turning to the responsive, flexible power, the satin-smoothness — and the *distinction* — of the Eight, this glorious gift of her very own car becomes more precious. For women are alert to the motor car trend — they know that, admittedly, the world's finest cars are Eights! And you know her car will be worth more a year from now if it *is* an Eight. Illustrated is one of the reasons why Studebaker *leads the world* in the sale of eight-cylinder cars ... The Commander Eight Brougham for five.

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



December days . . is your child getting the *sunlight vitamin* he needs so much?

So many dark, dreary days in December. So much more time the children must spend indoors. And even the bright sunshiny days cannot give them all of the Vitamin D they need. For it is only in the outdoor *direct* rays of the sun (as in summer) that this precious sunlight Vitamin is produced in its full effectiveness.

But those youngsters of yours *must* have this Vitamin D in some form or other, if they are to grow up with straight, sturdy bodies. For Vitamin D is Nature's great force that prevents rickets—soft bones, bowed legs. Without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in the diet which go to build strong bones and sound teeth are not efficiently utilized by the body.

Vitamin D . . . in this delicious nourishing food drink • Thousands and thousands of mothers are discovering in Cocomalt a happy aid to this problem. For extensive research has proved that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the anti-rachitic potency of the diet—and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building strong bones and sound teeth when taken under normal everyday conditions.

And Cocomalt, you know, supplies not only the Vitamin D, but the milk minerals as well. It actually increases these minerals by over 50% and adds 70% more nourishment to milk. A completely balanced *natural* food drink that combines in correct proportions nourishing elements ideally suited to children, and grown-ups, too.

What child doesn't like Cocomalt? Make Cocomalt part of your children's regular diet—breakfast, supper, and for after-school lunch. It's a delicious drink with a delightful chocolate flavor that appeals to youngsters instantly . . . and induces them to drink the daily glasses of milk that doctors say they *must* have.

Cocomalt is as good hot as it is cold . . . Better *for* them, really, during the winter since doctors agree that every child should have a nourishing *hot* drink for breakfast . . .

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi).

R. B. DAVIS CO. • Hoboken, N. J.

Makers of Davis Baking Powder

FREE: A fascinating booklet entitled "Children of the Sun." This was prepared by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

R. B. Davis Company, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me free booklet (C-11) "Children of the Sun."

*Name*_____

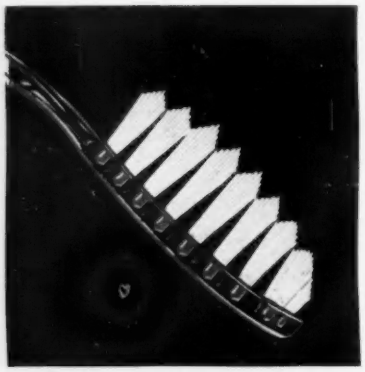
*Street*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

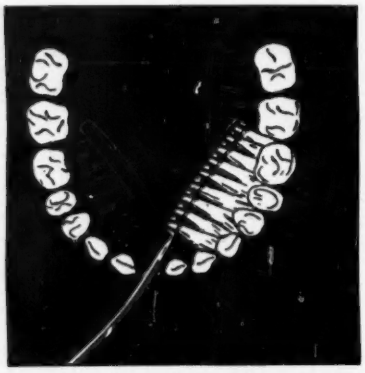
★ Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk



Every crevice penetrated by wide-spaced, accurately trimmed bristle-groups; a brush easily kept clean!

Two clues *to* WHITER TEETH



Correct size and shape; teeth far back are cleaned as easily as those in front; inside as well as outside!

Showing the differences that make such a difference in results — as millions have found out

* * *

THERE is nothing difficult or complicated in having whiter, more attractive teeth. These plain, common sense facts may aid you.

You should choose a small, correctly shaped brush. Used twice daily, it should not be kept in use for more than 90 days. After that much honest service the cleaning and polishing qualities are impaired. A new brush each 90 days is the rule followed by dentists, for their own teeth.

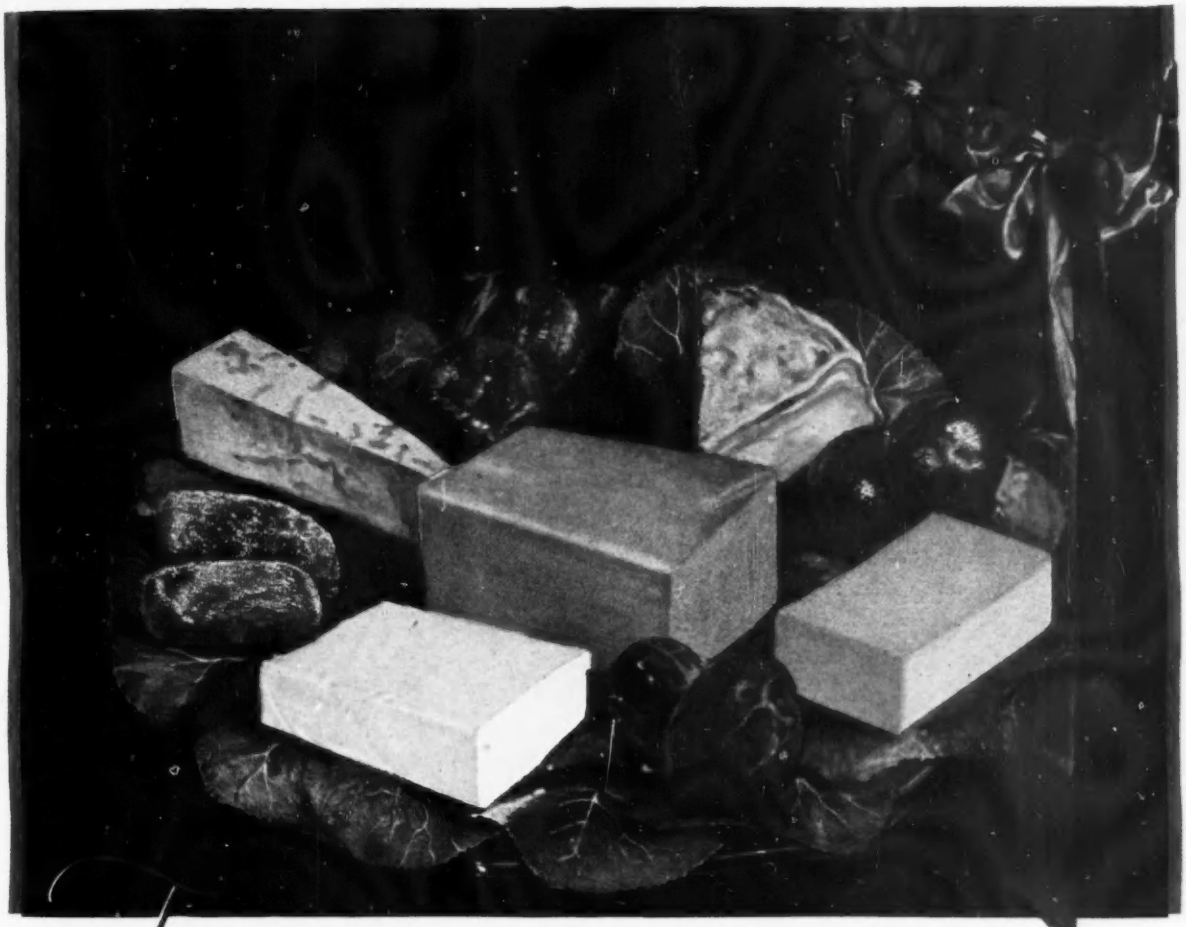
Also, brush always *away* from the gums—toward the cutting edges; *never across* the crevices. This, too, is what dentists urge.

In DR. WEST'S famous toothbrush you have correct size and shape. It is smaller, by 20% to 50%, than awkward, old-type brushes still sold. Its correct, unusual shape (shown here) enables you to clean every surface and every crevice thoroughly—*and makes correct brushing easy.*

Your favorite store has new DR. WEST'S toothbrushes for each member of your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c ("professional" brush, 50c). For your protection each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, and fully guaranteed. Get some today to replace your present brushes. See what a difference they make—and *how quickly* it comes.

Your dealer will give you, FREE: big 25c tube of DR. WEST'S tooth paste with purchase of the 50c DR. WEST'S toothbrush.

© 1929, W. B. M. Co.



This is now quite the vogue

Another delightful European custom—the cheese tray—is rapidly gaining favor in America, in fact it is quite the vogue—the smart accessory of the dinner.

But over there the ever-present cheese tray, with its assortment of selected favorites, is considered indispensable. For there cheese is eaten as a food, not as a mere tidbit or dessert. One never fully appreciates the diversified deliciousness of cheese until one has become familiar with the many appetizing varieties.

Now that Kraft Cheese has taken the uncertainty out of cheese buying and made it possible to purchase in fresh, economical portions, this healthful food is taking its rightful place in the American diet. And when you buy selections for your cheese tray you may be sure that each type will have a flavor true to that particular variety, if you say "Kraft" before you say cheese.

The Kraft Cheese Tray

The assortment we here suggest for your tray is:

Kraft American
Kraft Swiss
Kraft Imported Roquefort
Castle Brand Camembert
"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese,
candied fruits, stuffed dates—served on galax leaves.

The wide range for choosing from among the many other varieties of Kraft Cheese, permits of any number of different combinations to suit the individual taste. Jams, jellies or preserves may be used in place of candied fruits.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

FREE ILLUSTRATED RECIPE BOOK SENT ON REQUEST

ONE HAPPY CHRISTMAS "EVE"

meaning your wife, SIR ADAM, with the silver gift you give her

Being one of Eve's daughters her feelings and instincts are just as feminine as the curl of her hair or the curve of her mouth.

So it's simply feminine and natural that she should adore nice things. Pretty clothes, so that she looks nice to herself . . . and to you. A table that smiles and sparkles with radiant silverware . . . for her . . . and for you, too.

And being one of Adam's sons you'll strive to please her. Especially at such a mellow season as Christmas. Perhaps she's been struggling along resignedly, using a lot of old and ill-assorted silverware for 1,000 meals a year! No woman's pride was ever made for that. But Christmas, and silver gifts, were made just to change the situation.

Let your dealer show you the silverware to make your wife a happy Christmas "Eve" on Christmas day . . . and for long, long years to come, for 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is guaranteed without time-limit. And you needn't be a Wall Street magnate to buy her 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . . even though it's the finest of all silverplate. For it's really inexpensive . . . as the prices quoted, for your convenience, on this page will prove.

$20 TO $30

Gravy Boat and Plate	$20.00
Double Vegetable Dish	25.00
Meat Dish, 16 inch	27.50

UNDER $5

Jelly Server	$1.75
Mayonnaise Ladle	2.25
Cold Meat Fork	2.50
Tomato Server	3.25
Berry Spoon	3.50
6 Coffee Spoons	3.75
Dessert Server	4.25

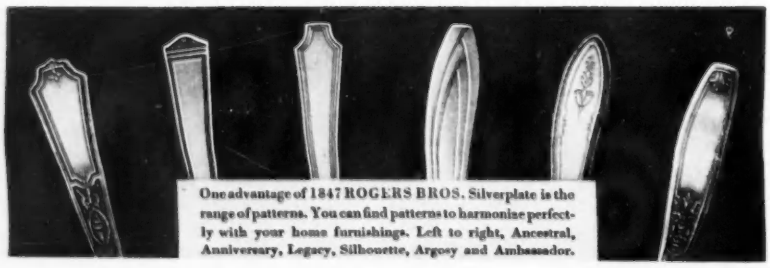
A sparkling new booklet has been prepared, intensely interesting to anyone thinking of silver. It's called "WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED TABLE WILL WEAR IN SILVERWARE" . . . and it's yours if you simply address Dept. "E," International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut, and ask for booklet M-23.

OVER $30

Water Pitcher	$30.00
Centerpiece	40.00
Pieces of 8, 34 pcs. (chest at top of page)	43.50
3-pc. Tea or Coffee Set	65.00

$5 TO $10

6 Oyster Forks	$5.25
6 Iced Tea Spoons	6.00
6 Butter Spreaders	6.25
6 Ice Cream Forks	6.25
6 Salad Forks	7.50
6 Cream Soup Spoons	7.50
6 Pie or Pastry Forks	8.50



One advantage of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is the range of patterns. You can find patterns to harmonize perfectly with your home furnishings. Left to right, Ancestral, Anniversary, Legacy, Silhouette, Argosy and Ambassador.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS . . . NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO . . . CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

IF YOU COULD TRANSPLANT SWITZERLAND . . .
CATTLE, PASTURES, MOUNTAINS, STREAMS

THEN YOU COULD COPY THIS CHEESE

THE nut-sweet, full-bodied goodness of Switzerland Cheese results from more than a method, for methods can be copied. It comes from mountain pastures of rich grasses and herbs where cattle graze. It depends upon streams that are cold and clear, glacier-fed. With these blessings of nature, cheese-making in Switzerland became an art generations ago. The patient, tested processes used by their grandfathers and grandmothers are carried on by today's cheese-makers, for the quality of the Switzerland Cheese must not suffer. Its flavor does not change, and it cannot be copied.

To enjoy this flavor to the fullest, buy a pound of cheese with the word "Switzerland" stamped on the rind, break off a generous piece and eat it slowly by itself. You will never be satisfied with the so-called "Swiss style" cheese again! You will demand the only genuine Switzerland Cheese, which costs but little more. Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere. Look for the clear stamping of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. The natural color of this cheese varies from cream to butter yellow, depending upon the season of the year in which it is made. The size of the eyes may also vary. But the rare, fine flavor never varies! Be sure you get the genuine.

The rind is stamped with many imprints of the word "Switzerland." No other cheese can be thus marked.

May we send you a copy of "Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It"? It's free for the asking.

Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc.
105 Hudson Street, New York City

Name_____

Address_____

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

AN ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED BY THE SWITZERLAND CHEESE ASSOCIATION OF BERNE, SWITZERLAND

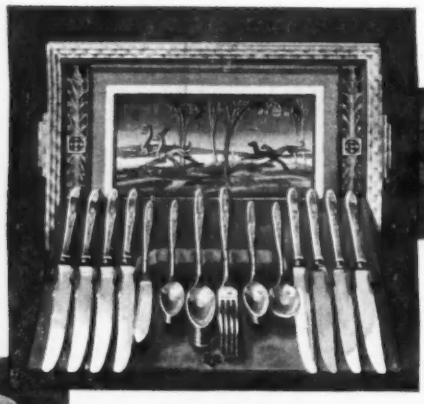
Is SHE *on your Christmas List?*

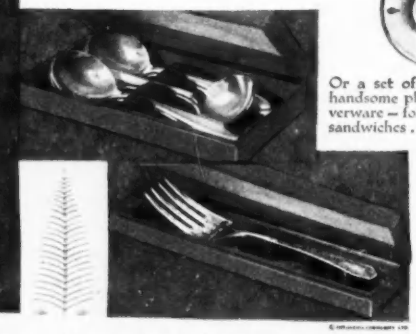
Give Her COMMUNITY PLATE

For her, there is no gift so sure to be "right"... lovely, and desired... as an odd piece of silverware, "comme il faut", charming... a compliment to her home, a delight to her.

She entertains a lot...

She gives heavenly parties... her house is kept with an unostentatious perfection that is the envy of her women friends, without making the most un-house-broken bachelor friend of her husband feel uncomfortable.





Or a set of these very handsome plates of silverware — for salad, or sandwiches... $24.00 for six. In the *"Bird of Paradise"* design.

Perhaps, this pierced round server, in the lovely *"Adam"* design, $3.50.

Or this charming gravy boat and tray... in the very-new and chic *"Deauville"* design, $15.00.

Or this *"Paul Revere"* water pitcher—decorative and useful—safe in the most slippery hands!... only $17.50.

OR, if you know her very well, you may know, or guess, that the one piece of ecstatic extravagance that she longs for, and will not permit herself... is a whole new service of flat silverware... bright as morning, modern as her newest hat... Ask your jeweler to show you the new *Community "Crestwood" Tray*... a complete service of the essentials of silverware set in a container that is in itself a second gift... free to you... a really charming tray... Shown here in the *"Grosvenor"* design, fitted with silverware for six... $36.50 equipped for eight... $48.00, for twelve... $70.50.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD · ONEIDA, N.Y.

Or six of the cream soup spoons that are so much "being done"... $8.00 in the modern *"Patrician-Moderne"* design.

Or this cold meat fork—to enliven late suppers... in the *"Paul Revere"* design... $2.50 (large) $2.25 (small).

Community Plate

Most Feminine of Gifts

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP means *more value*—always

Because nothing is left to chance...The tomatoes that go into Heinz Tomato Ketchup are the finest obtainable—actually raised from pedigreed seeds and plants grown by Heinz.

The spices are especially selected by Heinz representatives in the Orient, in order to secure not only the best but the pick of the best . . . The sugar is the kind used on your own table.

So the ketchup as it comes to you is nothing but the goodness and flavor of these plump, ripe, garden-fresh tomatoes simmered down to a luscious, slow-pouring essence—plus delicate spices and the sugar. No other ketchup has such savor—such zest.

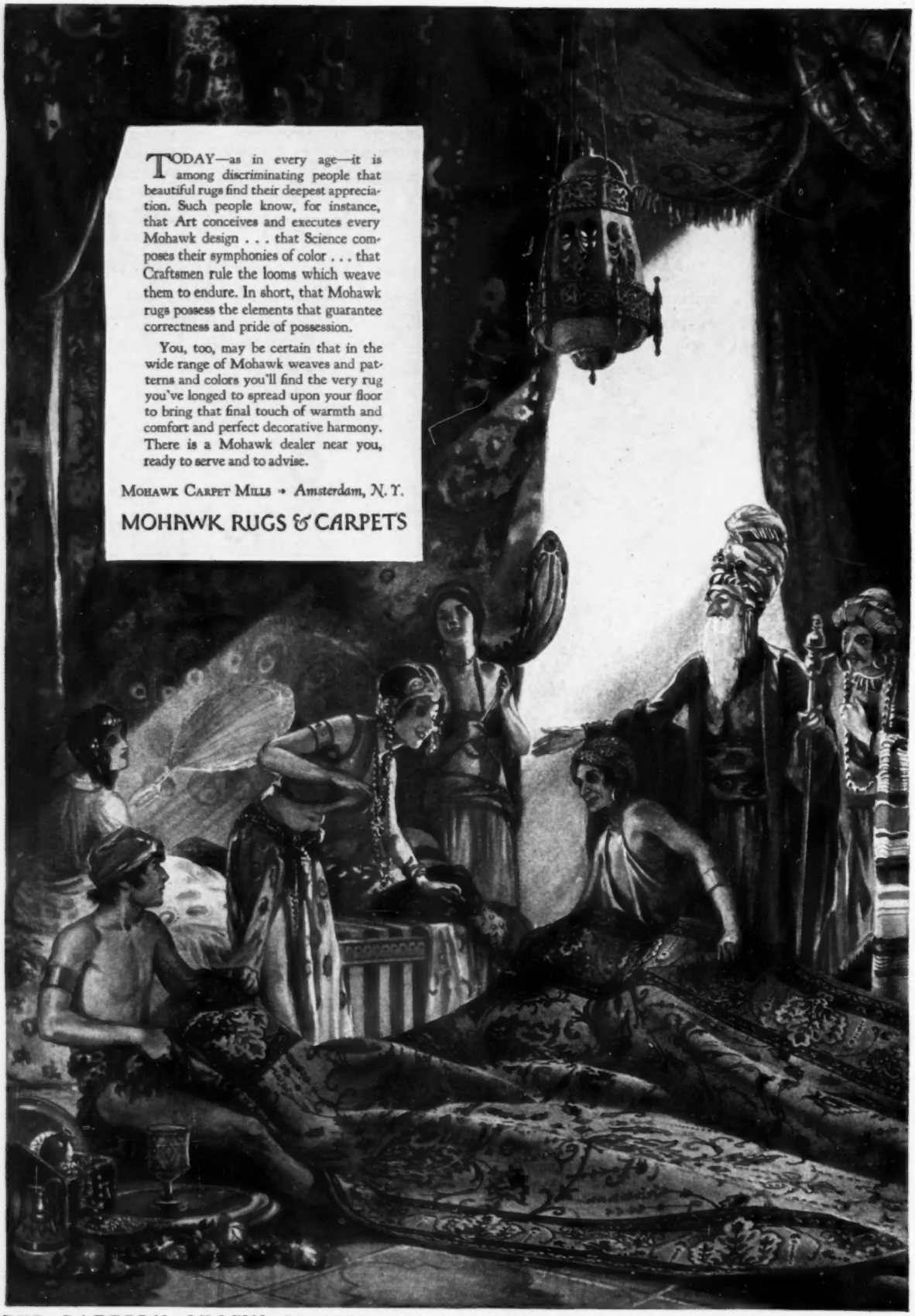
It's because of this excellence that Heinz Tomato Ketchup means *more value* always . . . and it's because of this that it outsells all other ketchups. Women will tell you it has a distinctive flavor that cannot be duplicated and cannot be mistaken—that gives zest to a hundred different dishes.

Heinz products are your assurance of *value*. For Heinz quality—in Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans, Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, Heinz Vinegars, Heinz Peanut Butter, Heinz Rice Flakes or any of the 57 Varieties—always gives you more for your money because of the extra flavor, goodness and satisfaction . . . *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

©H. J. H. CO. '29

60 YEARS OF QUALITY FOOD MAKING

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP*


TODAY—as in every age—it is among discriminating people that beautiful rugs find their deepest appreciation. Such people know, for instance, that Art conceives and executes every Mohawk design . . . that Science composes their symphonies of color . . . that Craftsmen rule the looms which weave them to endure. In short, that Mohawk rugs possess the elements that guarantee correctness and pride of possession.
You, too, may be certain that in the wide range of Mohawk weaves and patterns and colors you'll find the very rug you've longed to spread upon your floor to bring that final touch of warmth and comfort and perfect decorative harmony. There is a Mohawk dealer near you, ready to serve and to advise.
MOHAWK CARPET MILLS • Amsterdam, N. Y.
MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

THE PATTERN SHOWN IS MOHAWK KARONA SEAMLESS WILTON NO. 527-A

"I *know* they'll all be pleased!"

JIMMY, with his bright new Pocket Ben watch . . . how proud and happy he will be! And I can just hear 'Sis' say . . . "A Baby Ben, in Old Rose, too, to match the color of my room!" And dear, punctual, practical Dad, how his eyes will sparkle when he opens his package and finds a *Big Ben.*

Westclox *are* welcome gifts . . . beautiful . . . *useful.* In the long, faithful service they render there is definite manifestation of the spirit of sincerity that prompted the giving and a *daily* reminder of the love and esteem of the donor.

There's an extensive variety of Westclox to choose from. *Alarms* in lustrous nickel or exquisite color . . . so refined in beauty of design and finish that they may also be employed as *timepieces* in any room in the home; good looking and dependable *Pocket Watches* for men and boys; an attractive and reliable *Auto clock* for the car; and Tiny Tim, a handy little timekeeper *without* alarm for the desk of a business associate . . . the classroom . . . the study . . . or for the handbag of one who travels.

Westclox come in substantial, individual containers; securely packed and convenient for mailing. Prices range from $1.50 to $5.00 . . . selections may be made to conform with your Christmas budget.

Give *Westclox* this year . . . beautiful, serviceable gifts that are *sure to please.*

[Westclox in color . . . Old Rose, Green or Blue, are priced the same as nickel finish.]

Prices slightly higher in Canada

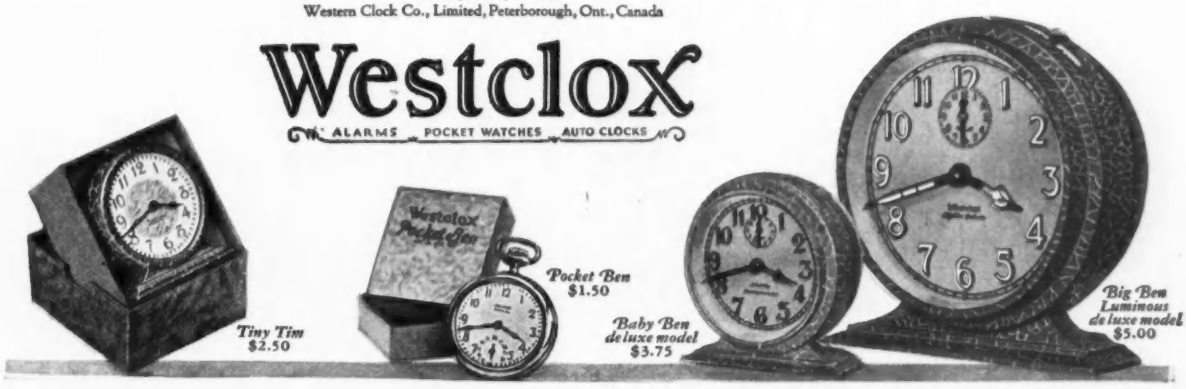
WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U.S.A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois

Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont., Canada

Westclox

ALARMS — POCKET WATCHES — AUTO CLOCKS



Premet's "Mon Dragon," in red chiffon and matching satin, intricately applied, finds its smart complement in the Selby Arch Preserver Lilith model, in black slipper satin. The drawing is by the famous Parisian interpreter of modern fashion, M. Fromenti, and is from Maison Premet's original design.

NATICA—A tie in brown kid with brown Perlustre trim.

CRYSTAL—A gored pump in dull black kid with black suede trim.

JOLI—Moth kid vamp and trim with brown luzon snake quarter.

Maison Premet

(famous creator of brilliant costumes for smart Parisiennes)

says . . . *"The new clothes reflect the spirit of the age. They aim to transform every body line into a flowing harmonious expression of dynamic grace and beauty. But whether they do this depends largely on the shoes selected for each ensemble. Footwear must beautify the foot, as the frock beautifies the body, in terms of glorious freedom and vibrant activity, to permit a woman to look her best."*

Mme. Charlotte

Mme Charlotte
Directrice de Premet

AND now the American woman who looks to Paris for styles in clothes finds in the new Selby Arch Preserver Shoe the ultimate expression of her needs and desires in footwear, attuned to every ensemble and to every occasion.

New lightness and grace in the shoe itself give new fleetness to the step, new grace to the carriage, fluid beauty of motion to the figure. New high heels and narrow shanks emphasize the high curve of the instep, and heighten the foot's natural charm.

But even more amazing is the skill that has hidden in each smart shoe all the famous Arch Preserver assurances of foot happiness and vigor . . . the arch bridge that prevents all awkward strain, the metatarsal support that keeps the step elastic and young, the flat crosswise inner sole that permits complete freedom of action to nerves, muscles and blood-vessels.

For the new winter styles Selby has gone direct to the source of smartness . . . the great couturiers of Paris, who forecast the colors and materials and lines that will be worn by women who know. Trim street shoes, svelte afternoon models, distinctive designs for evening, await you at the stores of Selby Arch Preserver dealers. And they will be fitted carefully by an exclusive heel-to-ball system of measuring that achieves the personalized charm of custom-made footwear.

Styles for every occasion, $10. Additional selections up to $18.

Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

The NEW Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Women who wish to attain in their costumes the perfect ensemble effect should send for the new book "The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress." It includes suggestions for the selection of gowns, millinery, hosiery and footwear that every woman should follow.

Women who desire a smart looking comfort shoe at a lower price will be interested in the new Selby Styl-Eez footwear which has all the exclusive patented Arch Preserver features.

Selby Exclusive Feature Shoes include Arch Preserver, Styl-Eez and Tru-Poise.

The Selby Shoe Co., 133 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please send your booklet G-33 on the New Selby Arch Preserver Shoes and pictures of models for all occasions and ensembles.

I usually buy shoes from.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Here is the famous little Fostoria label which appears on every piece of genuine Fostoria Glassware.

Christmas gifts of glowing glass...table service inspired by antique grace and modern elegance

★ ★

FOSTORIA

★ ★

A vase of Azure... A flower bowl of Dawn... A cigarette box of Amber, Green or etched white Crystal... Or a whole dinner service in the incomparable golden glass called Topaz: All these indicate a wide range of tasteful possibilities for Christmas giving

A COMPLETE table service in lovely, tinted glassware!... What a considerate gift for the woman who brings inspired good taste and a subtle sense of decoration to her entertaining! From white Crystal to the alluring colors, Fostoria is distinctive and practicable for table setting. As an intimate breakfast service, or as dinner service, Fostoria Glassware is completely, charmingly adequate.

Not only as gifts will this exquisite glassware help celebrate the holiday. Hostesses of good taste and originality will be found using Fostoria as Christmas dinner service for everything from *hors d'oeuvre* to *demi-tasse*. And this peerless glassware, as durable as any modern dinnerware and as delicately beautiful as the crystal of antiquity, is in open sets, very moderately priced at the finest shops.

Send for "The New Little Book About Glassware." It is replete with illustrated details of authoritative table settings, as well as suggestions for gifts that will reflect the excellent taste and modishness of the giver. The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept. G-12, Moundsville, W. Va.

The Christmas dinner . . . poinsettias in a topaz bowl . . . candles . . . savory food served in sparkling golden glassware that lends itself delightfully to the high spirits of the year's most cheerful feast.

When it's time to interrupt the bridge game with a cup of tea, this lovely green glassware is exquisitely appropriate. Its glinting beauty, its clear, crystalline charm, subtly set off the rich amber of the tea and lend a gay, new decorative note to the table.

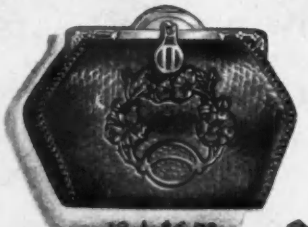
FOSTORIA FACTS . . . Finger bowls, after-dinner coffee cups, Fostoria flower bowls or vases make charming gifts. You may purchase breakfast sets, luncheon services or refreshment sets to suit your special needs. It is smart and charmingly effective to use two Fostoria colors on the same table.

Fostoria

This fine crystal and decorated glassware is not expensive. The shapes of Fostoria pieces are simple, for these dishes are made for practical service. Protect yourself by looking for the Fostoria label.

An individual piece of Fostoria glass—a cigarette box, a compote, a distinctive flower bowl—is a Christmas gift whose lovely color and fragile, flashing beauty signalize the good taste of the giver.

SPANISH CRAFT BAGS
OF GENUINE IMPORTED STEERHIDE



18-A-$6.98

18-B-$8.98

18-C-$5.00

18-D-$5.00

18-E-$18.98

18-F-$18.98

18-G-$6.98

Sturdy... high quality... imported steerhide bill fold (for new size bills), key case and cigarette case—with name, initials or monogram stamped in gold. In good looking gift boxes. Billfold, $4.95; key case, $2.39; cigarette case, $2.69.

Set
18-H-$8.95

Beautiful useful GIFTS

that daily use will not make shabby!

A WOMAN'S whole appearance is often judged by her gloves, her hat . . . *and her purse.* Probably her hardest problem is how to keep her purse from becoming shabby, for many of them soon begin to look worn and unattractive. That's why women appreciate receiving Spanish Craft Bags for Christmas.

Made of genuine imported steerhide, with a Turnloc safety frame, Spanish Craft Bags are firm and strong and do not lose their shape . . . the leather retains its new fresh look after months of service.

Any woman would be proud to own one of these beautiful bags. Unique tooled designs, hand "artlaced" edges and hand coloring, make them a charming addition to her costume. They come in the new shaded blues and popular brown tones.

The inside of Spanish Craft Bags also combines beauty with sturdiness, for they are lined with suede leather, and have a leather backed, beveled mirror and coin purse.

Spanish Craft is known to represent the standard of quality in steerhide bags—yet our prices offer remarkable savings.

Purchase them at our Retail Department stores. If none is convenient, send to our nearest mail order plant for prompt postpaid delivery.

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

RETAIL STORES EVERYWHERE FOR EVERYBODY

Mail Order Plants at Chicago • Philadelphia • Minneapolis • Kansas City • Atlanta • Memphis • Los Angeles • Dallas • Seattle • Boston

This new and magnificent hotel ~ *The New Yorker* ~ chooses Utica Sheets

Utica Steam & Mohawk Valley Cotton Mills,
Utica, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

* * * *As an extensive hotel operator for a number of years, I have learned to look upon Utica sheets and cases as a necessary standard as I have always found your merchandise to be sufficiently durable to withstand the constant laundering to which they are subjected.*

The guest's comfort and the necessary lasting qualities must be considered in sheets and in the case of the Utica sheet, all requirements are fulfilled.

Very truly yours,
THE NEW YORKER HOTEL CORPORATION.
Ralph Hitz
Managing Director

Confirming once again the preference expressed by many of America's greatest hotels, the choice of Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases by The New Yorker is truly significant.

When you make your next purchase of sheets and cases, think into the future. *There is a difference in sheets!* Remember that their ability to stand an *extra* large number of launderings, and to *keep* their soft, smooth, comforting texture, is not always evident at first to sight and touch alone. Remember that you *assure* yourself of the utmost in these values when you insist upon the same brand as that chosen to conserve the large sheet investments made by hotels.

Utica Steam & Mohawk Valley Cotton Mills
Utica, New York

UTICA PERCALE—Exquisite! Luxurious! Made of fully combed yarn. Fine, soft, smooth, snowy white.

"MOHAWK" BRAND—Similar in quality to Utica, but lighter in weight, so lower in price.

The Gift of the Season!

Two Utica "Tint-edge" or "Tintall" pillow cases and one sheet (or 2 sheets and 2 cases) in a charming Boudoir Box.

Send Coupon for Attractive Luncheon Set

3 or 5 pieces, hemstitched, made of "Utica" sheeting. White or color (choice of Green, Lavender, Maize, Blue, Pink, Peach, Rose). Free booklet on correct bed making and care of sheets.

Utica Steam & Mohawk Valley Cotton Mills,
Columbia St., Utica, N.Y.
[ ] Send free booklet "Restful Sleep" and color samples.
[ ] I enclose 50c for 3 piece luncheon set. Color.....
[ ] I enclose 75c for 5 piece set. Color.....
Name.....
Address.....

SHEETS UTICA PILLOW CASES

UTICA

SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Clocks for Christmas

. . . GIFTS THAT COMBINE BEAUTY AND ANIMATION WITH YEARS OF USEFULNESS

They play a leading rôle in the drama of Christmas giving —these beautiful Seth Thomas clocks with their century-old reputation for accuracy and exquisite workmanship.

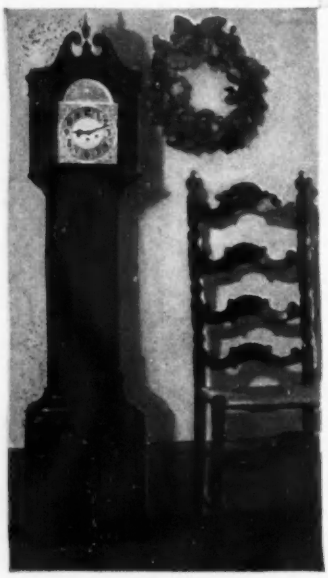
There is little danger of duplication, for in any home there is always room for one more timepiece. Every room needs the friendly, animated touch that only a clock can contribute.

Few other practical gifts will be received with such genuine enthusiasm. For the span of Seth Thomas usefulness is measured in lifetimes, not years.

Priced from $5.50 to $165. If you do not see just the clock you want, send for FREE booklet showing other designs. Write to 19 West 44th Street, New York.

CARTHAGE — *a gift for a man, has a mahogany case with burled mahogany panel. Base, 4⅝ in., $11.00.*

ELFIN *is an ideal gift for the owner of a modern home or apartment. Mahogany, swinging frame, 9½ inches high, $18.50.*



New floor clocks in sizes for the modern home. Authentic English and Early American designs. Beautifully figured mahogany, Westminster chimes on five rods. HALL CLOCK NO. 3, *illustrated, 76 inches high, $165.00.* HALL CLOCK NO. 1, *$150.00.* HALL CLOCK NO. 2, *$157 50.*

YORK NO. 1 *strikes the hour and half hour. Mahogany. Eight-day movement, 10¼ inches high. $22.50.* ELECTRIC NO. 12 *similar design, has the new Seth Thomas electric strike movement—no winding — at surprisingly low cost, $35.00.*

DANE—*a perfect desk clock for home or office. Mahogany. Swinging frame, eight-day movement. 5 3/16 inches high, $13.00.*

BANJO NO. 2. *Mahogany case. Polished brass side ornaments. 29 inches high, $45.00. Electric* BANJO NO. 24, *similar design, electric time movement, $45.00.*

In larger cities, our dealers are listed in classified telephone directories under name Seth Thomas.

Prices are slightly higher in Far West and Canada.

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

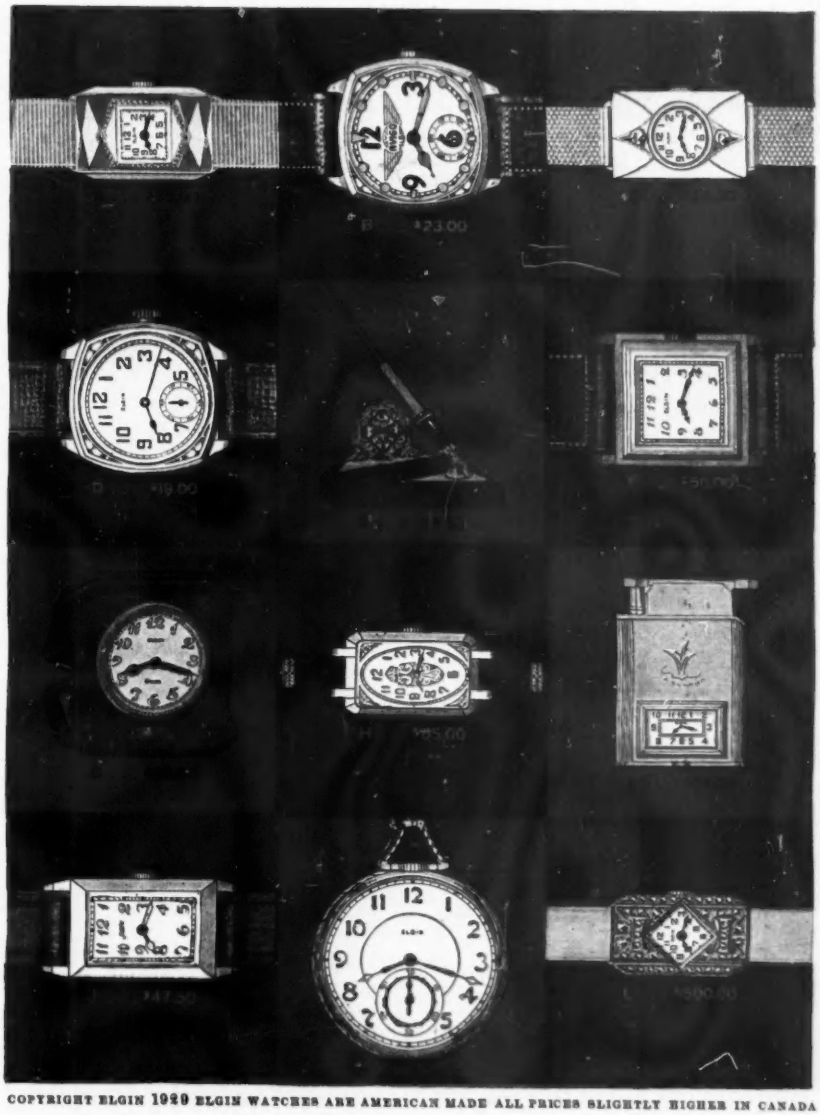
. . . IT'S YOUR MOVE AND YOU CAN'T LOSE

IF YOU GIVE, OR GET, AN ELGIN FOR CHRISTMAS

Christmas came long before watches, but ever since the two have been on earth together . . . they've been together inseparably, it seems.

For somehow a watch is the perfect way of saying to those you love, all the things that bubble up inside you when the mellow Christmas season comes along. Perhaps it's because a watch carries your present sentiments long into the future, saying with every beat "may every hour I record be happy as this Christmas day of my presentation."

And this is the best Christmas in sixty years for choosing an Elgin. More styles. More new shapes and sizes. Prices in a closely ascending scale, from $14.85 to $650. New combinations of metals and enamel. New settings of precious gems. A new Elgin watch family . . . the largest in the world . . . but still backed by the old Elgin tradition of fine timekeeping, accurate, faithful service and an unconditional guarantee. A completely American watch for American needs. Your nearest jeweler will be happy to show them.



A...Louiseboulanger Parisienne model, $35.00. B . . . Elgin Avigo, Air Corps specification aviation dial, $23.00. C . . . Callot Parisienne diamond-set, $75.00. D . . . Elgin Legionnaire, $19.00. E . . . Clock and Fountain Pen Set, $37.50. F...Lord Elgin, 15-jewels, $50.00. G... New traveling clock. Choice of blue, beige or black leathers, tooled in gold, $25.00. H . . . 15-jewel movement, 14 karat white gold case, special silk cord attachment, $65.00. I . . . Combination cigarette lighter and accurate Elgin watch, 15-jewel movement, Sterling Silver, $65.00. J . . . 15-jewel movement, in 14 karat white gold filled case, $47.50. K . . . 17-jewel movement, 6 adjustments . . . green and black enameled decoration on case, $65.00. L . . . Platinum top case, set with 42 selected diamonds, 17-jewel movement, $500.00.

COPYRIGHT ELGIN 1929 ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE ALL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

ELGIN

Let Old Santa bring them a golden minstrel to sing "Joy to the World" on Christmas morning

THERE is no Christmas carol that can thrill the heart with such pure joy as the song of a bird. As Christmas comes at a time when the wild birds have deserted us for sunnier skies, we should be all the more grateful for our faithful little friends, the canaries, for they prefer to winter in our homes and sing all the merrier during the gray winter days.

A bird in a colorful Hendryx bird home is the loveliest and most practical of gifts. Nothing else can so win its way into the hearts of the entire household, from the lively little "Prince of Wails" in the nursery, to Grandma and Grandpa, whiling away the long hours on the sunset side of life.

And certainly, no other gift can keep you in happy, daily remembrance for so many years! Just step into your nearest pet shop, florist, seed shop, hardware, house furnishings or department store and look over the charming new Hendryx designs. You will find a variety to select from in the gay Christmas colors of red or green, and all very reasonably priced.

FREE: The Feathered Philosopher. A charming story of a little canary and what he taught people about life, cheerfulness, happiness and love. This 24-page booklet, illustrated in color, will be sent free upon request to you, or to any of your friends whose names you send us. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., 92 Audubon Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Castle Cage No. 2025

The Cage illustrated above is The Bower No. 250DB—Stand No. 63

The Gothic Cage No. 2035DB

"HENDRYX" BIRD CAGES
Since 1869

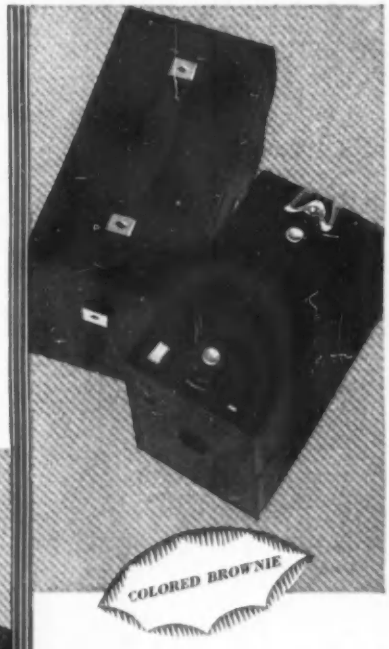
Give a Kodak

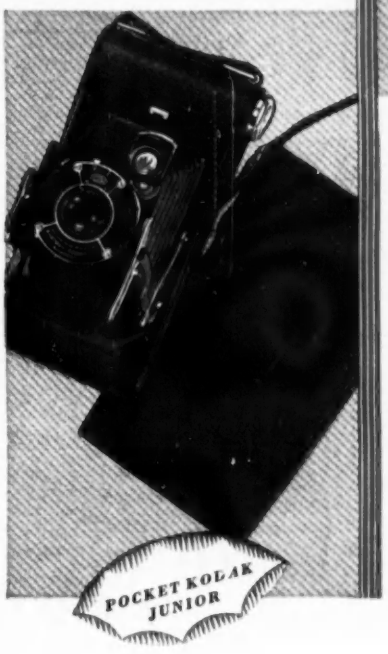
Eastman presents five unusual Christmas opportunities . . . five splendid cameras created during the last few months . . . all offered in a variety of colors . . . all designed in the modern mode.

Kodak Ensembles: Covered with fabric suede; with moire lining. Contains Kodak, mirror, change pocket, lipstick, rouge and powder compact. Choice of colors: rose, beige, green. Picture size: 1⅝ x 2½. Price: $15.00.

Kodaks Petite: Dainty Kodaks in five vivacious colors: blue, gray, rose, lavender, green. Picture size: 1⅝ x 2½. Price, $6.50; with case, $7.50.

Pocket Kodaks Junior: Colors: blue, brown, green and black. Picture sizes: No. 1, 2¼ x 3¼: No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼. Prices: No. 1—$11.00 with case, $9.00 without; No. 1A—$12.50 with case, $10.00 without.





Model BB f.1.9 Ciné-Kodaks: Light, small, efficient. Case has compartments for Kodacolor attachments, two packages of film and lens for telephoto effects. Colors: blue, gray, brown, black. Price, including case, $140.

Colored Brownies: Colors: red, green, gray, brown, blue. Models: 2 and 2A. Pictures: 2¼ x 3¼ and 2½ x 4¼ respectively. Prices: $3 and $4 without case, $5 and $6 with case.

For these Christmas opportunities, see your Kodak dealer. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

THERE COMES A TIME . . . .

THERE comes a time when all the advertising in the world cannot help you. That's when you sit down with your radio at home and ask it to *perform.*

At home! That's where the finer quality built into every Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Set comes out and says, "Put me to any test you like: I'm *here.*"

At home! There, as the months roll along, a radio shows how much skill and sincerity have gone into its making. There the quality of the set shows in the quality of the music and voices of the guests who come trooping through the air at your bidding.

At home! There the Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Set is most at home. With steady flow of unruffled melody—with mastery of distance—with dependability that never quits.

Your own choice of exquisite cabinets

Select your Atwater Kent from among many cabinet designs. Simple or elaborate—swinging doors or sliding doors or without doors—for large rooms or small rooms—prices for the thrifty or for those who need not think of expense. Only Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio gives you this variety of choice. Why wait, when you could be listening?

ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time), WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program—Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY A. ATWATER KENT, PRES. 4745 WISSAHICKON AVE., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Does your tooth brush ever *"show pink"?*

Neglected GUMS *are a needless threat to your teeth*

EVEN an occasional tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush should be taken seriously and corrected promptly.

For that little weak spot on the walls of your gums cannot be permitted to bleed—unheeded! It might be the forerunner of trouble far more serious.

Don't wait for gum troubles, prevent them!

As your dentist will tell you, unhealthy gums are responsible for the loss of thousands of good teeth. The host of gum disorders nearly always start with a slight bleeding—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, occasionally even the dread pyorrhea may follow!

* * * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-129
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© 1929

Ideas of oral hygiene and dental care have changed radically during the past few years! And it's common sense to use a tooth paste that guards your gums while it cleans your teeth.

Thousands of dentists personally recommend Ipana. For Ipana keeps your teeth immaculate. It tones your gums at the same time—sends the fresh blood coursing through them, to purify and strengthen the millions of cells!

Gum troubles attack when you least expect them. They are caused by creamy sauces; luscious, tempting salads—by the soft foods you eat and prefer. The modern diet gives the gums too little exercise to keep them firm and sound!

But Ipana is scientifically compounded to prevent damage. It stimulates the gum tissue, speeds circulation through the tiny veins. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating the gums.

So get Ipana and play safe. Its double protection makes it a wise economy, even though you pay a few cents more for it—with gum troubles the danger they are—with gum neglect the risk that dentists tell you it is!

Send the coupon for a 10-day sample of Ipana if you wish but, better still, get a large-size tube from your druggist. Tonight, begin the full month's test! Within 30 days your teeth will be cleaner—whiter; and your gums firmer—harder—sounder.

IPANA Tooth Paste

"The same advice I gave your Dad... LISTERINE, often"

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm, gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright, kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it!

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old-timers—bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Used full strength, Listerine kills, in 15 seconds, even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government. Three well-known bacteriological laboratories have demonstrated this amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Yet it is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full-strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle with full-strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.

How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs that lodge there.

It checks SORE THROAT *quickly*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

In using advertisements see page 6

EVER SINCE AMERICA WAS YOUNG
THE NAME BAKER HAS BEEN A
GUARANTY *of* SUPREME QUALITY!

It's for *your* children...

Can you accept less than Baker Quality?

Every mother who is interested in the nutritive needs of her children has a heartfelt interest also in knowing what Baker Quality means in cocoa.

It is that quality which causes you to reach for the Baker's Cocoa tin with the comforting conviction that here is the best possible cocoa that you can buy for your children—exactly as your mother and your grandmother did before you!

More specifically, Baker Quality is a matter of extremely choice cocoa beans, of scrupulous care in every step of their preparation, of fine, rich chocolate flavor, abundant nourishment, and a jealous adherence to the highest standards of production.

For ever since the Nation was young, "Baker" and "best" have meant the same to American mothers —and they still do!

That an overwhelming majority of modern nurses, dietitians, home economics teachers and other experts should also proclaim Baker's, "the best"—is not surprising.

Serve it often—not only children but all the family like that smooth chocolate flavor—and in every delectable cupful there is the extra nourishment of the world's best cocoa—the generous abundance of milk and the revitalizing glow of warmth.

BAKER'S ★ COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

©1929, G. F. Corp.

WALTER BAKER & CO., INC., Dorchester, Mass.

TO PAY MORE IS EXTRAVAGANCE, TO PAY LESS IS FALSE ECONOMY

"You should have used Ivory," *the manager said*

Scene: A fine department store*

Distressed Customer: "I thought I *was* being careful—and the salesgirl *told* me they would wash well."

Sympathetic Store Official: *"But Mrs. Holt, you should have used Ivory."*

December 1929 Good Housekeeping

IT happens that the actual conversation quoted was overheard in a department store in *Richmond, Virginia. But every store and many customers know to their sorrow that such conversations are not unusual. They happen every day. Little baby woolens shrunken to doll's size, lovely bridal lingerie bleached of its fresh tints, gay silks that have run sadly . . . back they come with complaints.

And it can't always be the fault of the stores. Merchandise is what reliable stores represent it to be. *But here is the trouble:* Customers often think the word "washable" means "washable *no matter how you wash it.*"

Salespeople know better. To them silks and woolens, rayons and celanese, washable leather

Let's Bring Back the Art of Leisurely Dining!

Good health demands it—and you'll be surprised how the Walnut Bowl will help

Hustle, bustle all day long! No wonder it's hard for the family to slow down at mealtime.

But, hard as it is, health authorities *insist* that you make them do it—by gentle persuasion if you can, or in some other way.

The best way to solve the problem is by tempting the family to linger at the table. Serve slowly—delay between courses—and encourage leisurely conversation. Then, at the end of the meal, call attention to the Walnut-fruit Bowl in the center of the table. Crack and eat a few Walnuts—and, first thing you know the family will be cracking Walnuts and talking over the happenings of the day.

Nature made the Walnut an aid to leisurely dining when she put a shell around it which insures a pause between bites. And, of course, fruit and nuts make an ideal "topping" for the meal, especially when you have allowed for their food elements in planning your menu balance.

Walnuts Add So Much To Other Foods

And don't forget that Walnuts have a place in the *kitchen*, too. Use them in breakfast waffles or muffins. Use them for eye and appetite appeal in salads. Use them in cakes, cookies, and popular home-made candies. And, by all means, add their flavory goodness to frozen desserts.

There's just one thing to remember: be sure to buy Walnuts as you buy other quality foods—under a quality-insuring brand. Diamond California Walnuts are the world's finest Walnuts. They're the pick of California's crop—hand-graded, machine-graded, vacuum-sorted and crack-tested. Naturally, there are different varieties and sizes, selling at different prices; but regardless of variety and size, Diamond Walnuts guarantee you *more and better kernels per pound.*

Look For The Diamond on The Shell!

And fortunately you can be sure of getting Diamond Walnuts. Just look for the Diamond, *branded on the shell!* If your eye tells you that at least 97% of the Walnuts offered you are Diamond *branded*—then you're getting *genuine* Diamond California Walnuts. And that protective symbol costs *you* nothing! We brand 20 pounds of Walnuts for a cent—thirty times as cheaply as we could pack them in cartons.

You'll Prize This Recipe Book

No other cook-book has so many novel recipes for using Walnuts as our *free* book, "For That Final Touch—Just Add Walnuts." It's fairly packed with suggestions you can use—for every-day meals, special dinners, light luncheons, and bridge teas. It's free—better write for it now!

LOWER PRICES THIS YEAR

Address Dept. G-8
CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California

A Purely Cooperative, Non-Profit Organization of 5120 Growers. Our Yearly Production Over 70,000,000 Pounds.

There are *two ways* to get Diamond quality: *in the shell* (each nut Diamond branded); or, *shelled* (mixed halves and pieces, kept always fresh and sweet, in two sizes of vacuum sealed tins, for instant use). Either way, you get California's finest—tender, mature, full-flavored kernels. You'll find the Shelled Walnuts wonderfully convenient for made-up dishes. Many women have proved that it pays to keep *both kinds* on hand!

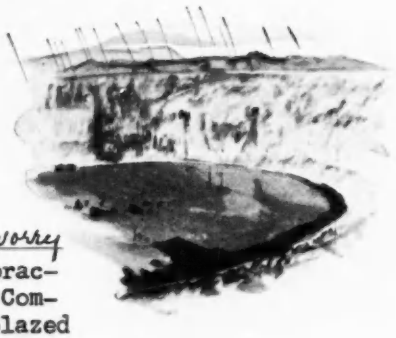
DIAMOND *branded* WALNUTS

CALIFORNIA'S FINEST

Sketched at the Yale Bowl

NEW FOOTWEAR STORM STYLES

BY FLOYD DAVIS



It rained—but why worry

Again the intensely practical members of the Coming Generation have blazed the trail for their elders! At the Yale Bowl, observers note, under-graduates of leading women's colleges fairly flaunted their new Zippers and Shower Boots, proud of the happy combination of style and sensibility embodied in them. If fall insists on being nasty, the Modern Miss will simply retaliate with smartness. . . aided and abetted by Goodrich artists.

Brown Shower Boot

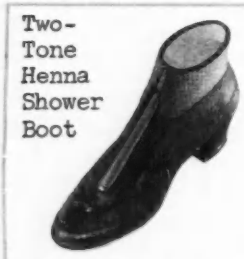
There's a comforting feeling in having one's feet snugly enclosed in Zippers or Shower Boots that arises not alone from their perfect fit and precisely right degree of warmth. It comes from the knowledge that smart. . .and costly . . . footwear will be fully protected, no matter what turn the weather takes.

Swagger Tan Fabric

They weigh seven ounces

FLATTERINGLY TRIM

The greatest achievement in the new fall designs is the amazing neatness of their cut and fit. Smooth across the instep... snug at the ankles.. they flatter any foot.



Two-Tone Henna Shower Boot

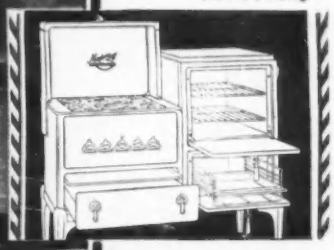
A new Washable All-Rubber Zipper

These new Goodrich Shower Boots are all rubber, washable, and tailored to meet the mode. They weigh only seven ounces, and are available in the smartest fall colors as well as handsome new two-tone combinations.

Goodrich Zippers

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

Patents Pending



1. *"Patrician"* Model shown [left] in Italian Grand Antique Marble Finish with Old Ivory Trim. Handles of Onyx Green Bakelite. Also *"Jonquil"* Model in Old Ivory with Peacock Green Trim.
2. The "Magic Chef" Oven is equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.
3. Cooking-top-cover spring-balanced, easy to operate. Utensils quickly covered.
4. "Magic Chef" Oven, is heavily insulated. Keeps kitchen cooler when baking.
5. Pipes, gas valves, bolts are concealed. Valves convertible by the turn of a screw into "safety" valves.
6. Unique Broiling-feature includes an extension carriage that brings broiling pan into full view for the easy turning of meats. Reversible broiling pan requires no rack.
7. Top burners of new, vertical-injection type have non-corrosive heads. Each burner can be used as a simmering or a giant burner.

Magic Chef... The New Vogue in Gas Ranges

HAVE you long desired to make your kitchen smart, modern, attractive, colorful? What has deterred you—the drab, inartistic, mechanical appearance of the necessary equipment?

Then here is good news for you! News that will quickly give you inspiration to remake your kitchen into a room possessing unquestioned style, beauty, charm and convenience—a room that you'll be proud to show to everybody!

Magic Chef, an ultra-modern, unusually beautiful and totally different gas range, is ready for your inspection. Sparkling, aristocratic, surpassing in style and beauty any cooking appliance heretofore designed, *Magic Chef* also is unusual in the number and the exceptional merit of its exclusive service features.

Of course, *Magic Chef* has the famous time- and labor-saving Red Wheel heat-controlled oven. It has, too, extreme durability and lasting efficiency that will make it the most profitable and pleasurable investment you ever made for your home.

Dealers in all gas-served communities are now displaying *Magic Chef*. See it! Judge its style and beauty for yourself! Inspect its remarkable service features. Compare it with other cooking appliances. Then place your order—and *Magic Chef* will soon be making *your* kitchen the envy of all who enter.

Magic Chef

★

UNLESS *the Gas Range has a* RED WHEEL *it is NOT a* LORAIN

~

$195.00

($210 West of the Rockies)

Arrangements can be made to pay out of income
Send for free booklet

~

If gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY · *Dept. A, 312 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.* · LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD

AND HERE'S YOUR FRUIT CAKE!

It's the sort of a fruit cake you've yearned for. We're extra proud of it ourselves. For we've made it so rich and fruity—packed it so full of nuts, pineapple and citron, plump, succulent raisins, cherries and other piquant things—that it seems almost too good to be true . . . Kept moist, of course, in its cellophane wrapper. And packed in this cheerful, red tin that soon will be fairly shouting Holiday Greetings to you from your grocer's counters . . . A fine gift for some friend, this cake—but a better one for your own table . . . In 2 and 5 lb. tins at your grocer's.

Baked by the NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY **"Uneeda Bakers"**

"Uneeda Bakers" Fruit Cake

December 1929 Good Housekeeping

If you can't get this cake at your grocer's, clip this coupon and mail it to the "Uneeda Bakers", 85 9th Ave., New York City, who will see that you are supplied.

_____2 lb. cake _____5 lb. cake

*My Name*_____

_____

*My Address*_____

_____

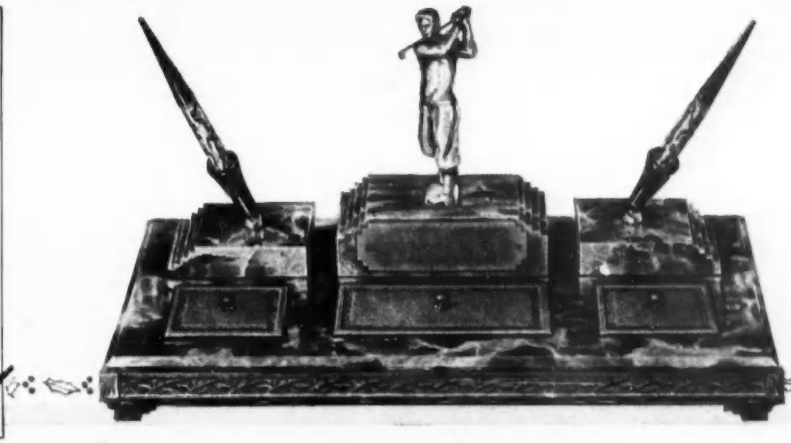
*My Grocer*_____

_____

*His Address*_____

_____

Pocket Cap & Clip **FREE** *with Every Desk Pen... Giving Two Pens in one. Convertible Duofold is Parker's Greeting & Surprise this Christmas*



"The Drive," base of green onyx, $250.00

For Christmas

Streamline Pens and Pencils

NEW MEMBERS

of the Parker Duofold

FAMILY

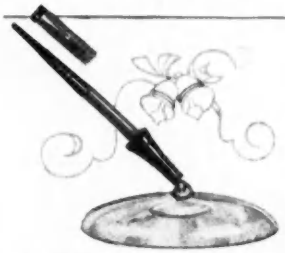
$14.00—*Black Glass, with convertible Senior Duofold Pen, including free Pocket Cap and Clip.*

With ParkerDuofold Junior Pen, $12.00.

$8.00—*Chromium Plated Base with Inlaid Enameled top in Green, Blue or Lavender, with convertible Pastel Pen to match, including Free Pocket Cap, in Traveling Case.*

$20.00—*Green Gold Base with Cloisonné enameled shield, with convertible Lady Duofold Pen, including Free Pocket Cap.*

$37.50—*Green Onyx Base, with two convertible Junior Duofold Pens, including Free Pocket Caps and Clips.*



$8.75—*Porcelain Base in Mottled Blue, Green, Mahogany or Pastel Shades, with convertible $5.00 Duofold Pen. Others, $7.25 and $6.50. Free Pocket Cap and Clip.*

Obtainable only in Parker Pens and Pencils is this beautiful, symmetrical *Streamline* shape; also a Pocket Cap and Clip with *every* Desk Set Pen—was extra—now free. This combination makes 2 Pens of one—for Pocket *and* for Desk Base.

Parker originated this double-duty feature—no other pen is convertible. Screwing on a tapered end transforms it to a Desk Pen. Removing the taper restores it to a Pocket Pen.

Thus those who give Parker Desk Sets will give a Pocket Duofold, too; and those who give Parker Pocket Pens alone [without desk bases] will be giving also half of a Desk Set. To have a desk set later their loved ones will not have to buy an extra pen. A base will be enough.

No other Pens and Pencils set so low or look so neat in the pocket as Parker's new *Streamline* Duofold with a clip that starts—not halfway down the cap—but at the *tip!*

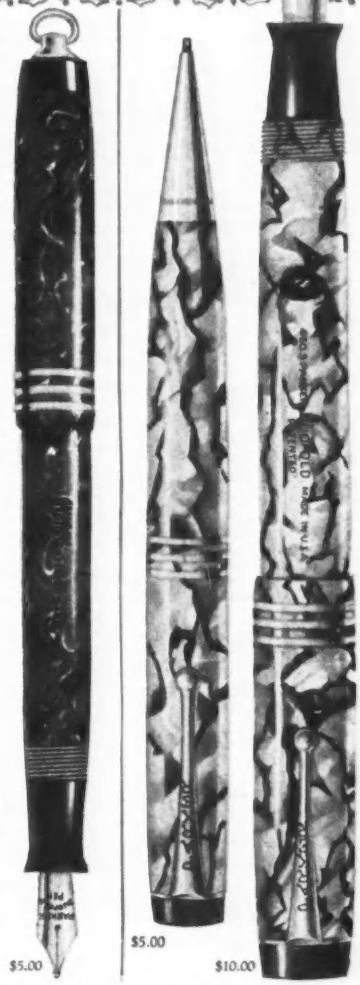
Pressureless Point, jewel-color Permanite Barrel [28% lighter than rubber, yet non-breakable], 24% greater ink capacity than average, size for size, and guaranteed forever against all defects.

Good dealers everywhere are ready with Parker's new Streamline shapes for Christmas.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Desk Lamp and Writing Accessories

$100.00—*Base of Bronzed metal with compartments for clips, pins, erasers, etc., with two convertible Duofold Black & Pearl Pens, including Free Pocket Caps and Clips. A De Luxe Christmas Gift for the Business Executive.*



$5.00 $5.00 $10.00

How to handle the Shopping Problem

SOME of your Christmas shopping will be done in the local stores. But a good share of it can take place right in the comfort of your own home — far from the milling holiday throng. * *

Your Fuller Man will spread before you a wide choice of Christmas suggestions. You can make selections calmly and deliberately from a large array of personal and household brushes, a few of which someone has written on the list in the picture. * * * *

This service and these articles can be had only from your Fuller Man. * * * * * *

To have your Fuller Man call right away just telephone the Fuller Brush Company Branch Office in your city. Say you would like to look over the Christmas assortment, packaged in attractive holly boxes. Or write The Fuller Brush Company, 3597 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. Ask for new booklet, «The Cleaning Problems of the Home». You will find it more than helpful. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. In Great Britain, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Morley House, 322 Regent St., London, W.1.)

Be Our Radio Guest
Your friendly Fuller Man invites you to listen Sunday Evenings, 9:45 to 10:15 (Eastern Standard Time) WJZ network of N.B.C.

Gifts from 60¢ to $5.15

Sparkling glass baking dishes · · refrigerator dishes · · new sectional plates · · glass tiles for hot dishes

Separately or in Christmas Sets

$1.25 — SECTIONAL PLATE: Serves vegetables and meat separately. Diameter, 10¾ in.

STOP RIGHT HERE—and check some of those worrisome gifts off your Christmas list. These sparkling glass dishes—with their constant service—will repeat the goodwill of your Christmas message for many years to come.

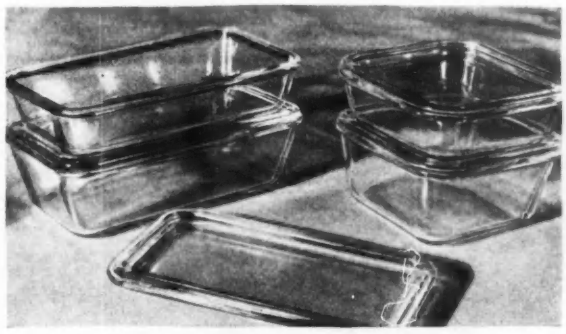
Here is a whole page of suggestions—modestly priced from 60¢ to $5.15.

There are glass tiles to keep hot dishes from marring polished table tops. New sectional plates for serving vegetables and meat separately; or for warming up left-overs.

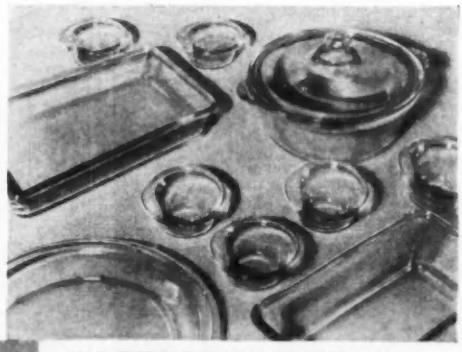
New three-purpose refrigerator dishes for storing foods in the ice box, for baking and serving.

The other Pyrex dishes for baking and serving make ideal gifts, separately or in Christmas Sets. They bake more evenly. They never discolor foods, or affect the taste. Never wear out, crack or craze. And they save dishwashing, time and money, because they make it possible to cook and serve in the same dish.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



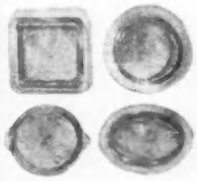
$4.40 FOR THIS SET of four refrigerator dishes. Cleverly designed for storing foods in the ice box, for baking and serving—these dishes save dishwashing, time and money. You can prepare foods in the morning and keep them fresh in the refrigerator in these tightly covered dishes until you are ready to cook them. Then bake them and serve them—all in the same dish. Countersunk covers prevent interchange of odors and keep foods fresh. Transparency enables you to see the contents. Separately they cost: Deep square, $1.00—Shallow square, 85¢—Deep oblong, $1.40—Shallow oblong, $1.15.



$5.15. THE ENTIRE EQUIPMENT to do all the everyday baking in the average household. The complete set makes a splendid Christmas gift.

Individual Prices: Covered casserole No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, 1½ qt. size	$1.75
Utility dish, No. 231, medium size	1.00
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size	.90
Loaf Pan, No. 212, medium size	.90
	$5.15

(*Left*) $3.25. AN IDEAL GIFT SELECTION which will be welcome in any household. See individual prices above.



60¢ and $1.00—GLASS TILES for hot dishes. For round, square, oval casseroles—$1.00. For teapot, 60¢.

Round, square and oval casseroles may be had in beautifully pierced metal frames—priced from $3.50 up, complete.

PIE PLATE and utility dish also may be had in handsome metal mountings—priced from $2.50 up, complete.

Guarantee: **Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from oven heat.**

FREE: **All-cooked-at-the-same-time-menus.** ***Send today for wonderful new Menu Bulletin***

Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-68, Corning, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

Name _____
(Please print name)

Address _____

Prices slightly higher in Canada and the West

In using advertisements see page 6

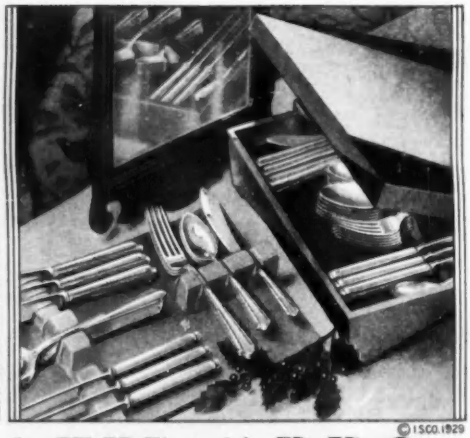
HANG HIGH THE HOLLY
BUT FIRST CHOOSE THE CORRECT GIFT

CHARM

PRIZE WINNING DESIGN

As old as Christmas is the tradition of silver gifts—and now the newest of lovely patterns is CHARM ✡✡✡ acclaimed by notable art critics and favored by the flattering preference of 15,000 American hostesses in a nation-wide ballot. ✡✡✡ Fashioned in genuine Inlaid Silverplate, with a price range to suit every convenience. ✡✡✡ Individual pieces from $1.50 to $10—such as jelly servers, bouillon spoons, bread trays. Starting Services for Six Covers as low as $34.25. Tea Sets matching Charm, Pageant, Century Patterns, at $55. Luxurious assortments $50, $85, $100 to $375. ✡✡✡ Holmes & Edwards Inlaid Silverplate—nearest to Sterling in quality—reflects year after year the good taste of the giver.

Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Bridgeport, Conn., also International Silver Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



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HOLMES & EDWARDS INLAID

"SOMETHING MORE THAN PLATE"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

"1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran"

What delicious healthful *Muffins* it makes!

LIGHT, fluffy muffins! The kind that melt in your mouth. Best of all, abounding in the flavor and health which Kellogg's ALL-BRAN can give.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, whether you eat it in hot breads or as a cereal, supplies your system with bulk in generous quantities. Doctors recommend it for healthful regularity. Because Kellogg's is ALL-BRAN, it is more effective than part-bran products.

Serve ALL-BRAN in some form every day. As a cereal with milk or cream. Sprinkle it on hot cereals—into soups. Use it in cooking. Two tablespoonfuls eaten daily—chronic cases with every meal—will correct faulty elimination.

Grocers everywhere sell Kellogg's ALL-BRAN with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.

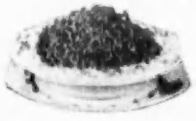
Add a handful of health to every recipe. Write for free recipes and health suggestions. Home Economics Department, Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Kellogg's ★
ALL-BRAN

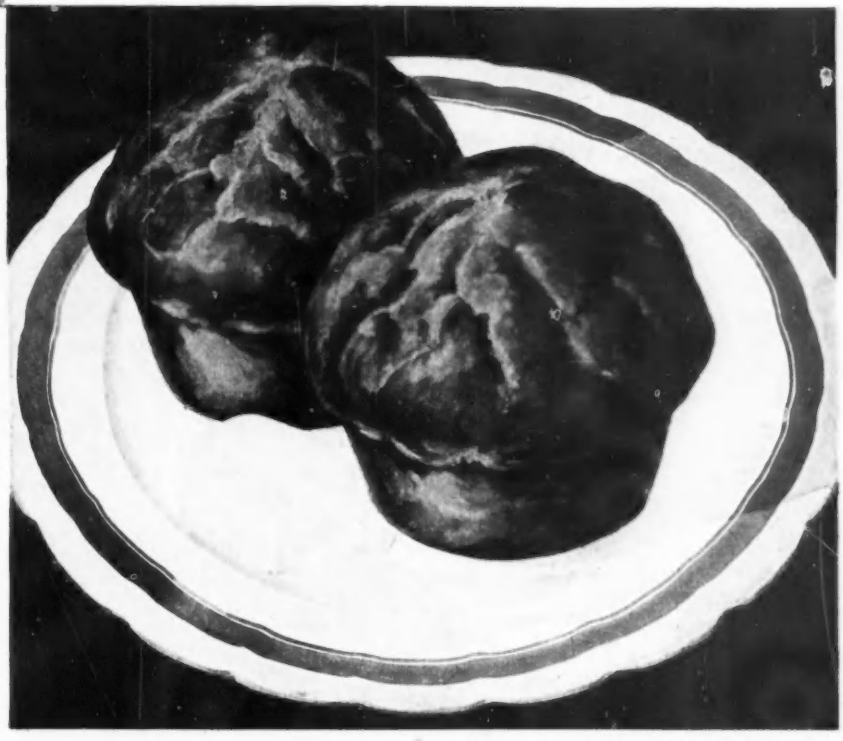
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN *Muffins*

2 tablespoons shortening	¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 egg	1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
1 cup flour	1 cup sour milk
½ teaspoon soda	

Cream shortening and sugar together, add the egg. Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and baking powder. To the creamed mixture add the ALL-BRAN, then the milk, alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins, and bake in a moderate oven (370° F.) for twenty minutes. Yield: 8 large or 12 medium-size muffins.



Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep Bran Flakes, Wheat Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Rice Krispies and Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.



Eventually
Why Not Now?

2 CAKES MEN LIKE

Easy to make, New *Simplified Way*

Mixing Time Less Than 6 Minutes, Either One! A New Development In Baking—"Kitchen-Tested" Flour

Betty Crocker broadcasts her Gold Medal Home Service Talks from 36 Radio Stations Tuesday and Thursday mornings.

10:45 A. M. Eastern Time. 9:45 A. M. Central Time. 9:45 A. M. Pacific Time

"Kitchen-tested" Recipes For Chocolate Roll, Jam Cake and 10 Other New Recipes Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads.

Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy.

All 12 of these simplified *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes are inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. To get a full set today — simply ask your grocer for GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour.

Recipes Change Every 3 Months

HERE are two cakes that men seem to like better than any others. Jam Cake and Chocolate Roll. Both, thanks to a new development in flour milling, are easy to make and virtually 99% certain of "coming out" perfectly.

By the development of an utterly new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife; *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking,* as every batch comes through the mill. Tested for cakes, pastry, biscuits and bread by a number of experts under the direction of the noted Cooking Authority, Betty Crocker, before it goes to you.

Thus GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour acts the *same way* with your recipes every time you use it. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

"Kitchen-tested" Flour, being unvaryingly uniform, eliminates that chance—eliminates "Good Luck" and "Bad Luck", guesswork and uncertainty, from home baking. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The ones for Chocolate Roll and Jam Cake, illustrated, are among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

Get GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour at your grocer's. Use it for *all* baking, from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries.

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